

The Times

LOS ANGELES

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THEATERS With Dates of Events.

OS ANGELES THEATER—

Matinee Today at 2:10, Last Tonight

"THE HEART OF MARYLAND"

Presented by DAVID BELASCO'S COMPANY. Miss Anna Kruger as Maryland Calvert.

Scenes now on sale. PRICES—\$2, 50c, 75c and \$1.00.

Tel. Mata 70.

OS ANGELES THEATER—THE MUSICAL EVENT

One Night Only, Tuesday, March 10, The Phenomenal

JAROSLAV KOCIAN

GREATER THAN EVER BEFORE, HE HAS SIMPLY HYPOPTIZED ALL SAN FRANCISCO.

Scenes now on sale. PRICES—\$2, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

Tel. Mata 70.

RPHEUM—Modern Vaudeville—TONIGHT.

MATINEE TODAY "LOLA Y BERRY"

The Spanish Waitress, Mrs. BERNARDINE, Jimmy

COLONIAL Dancers, from Europe. Last week's Walk of the Town, Comedy

and Music Hall, featuring JOHN T.

BELLOWS and Company, with MISS MARGARET ALBERTSON, presenting "Captain Bellos."

PRICES—Evening, two seats, 25c and 50c; taller 10c; box seats, 75c.

MATINEES—Evening, two seats, 25c; Saturday eve, Sunday, four seats, 25c; orchestra, box and loge

seats, 50c. Tel. Children, 700.

MOROSO'S BURBANK THEATER—LITERATURE,

MATINEE TODAY "PRINCE OTTO,"

Performance tonight. Last night of Hoyt's "A STRANGER

IN THE HOUSE," with MR. HARRY STUART and the Stuart Company, presenting

"A MUSEMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS—

With Dates of Events.

NORRIS & ROWE'S BIG SHOWS—

ENTREPRENEURS FIRST SHOW FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.

300—Performing Animals == 300

Probably the greatest collection of genuine novelties in the amusement world. Juvenile

Lifelike Riders, Daring Wiggle Characters, Midway Managers, Lifelike

Reptiles, Prized Animals, and the like. The most complete collection of novelties ever offered.

Tickets, Eleventh and Flower Sts.

CAWSTON OSTRICH FARM—South Pasadena—

150 GIGANTIC BIRDS

The largest flock of OSTRICH FEATHER BOAS, PLUMES, CAPES, MUFFS

AND FEATHERS in the country, for sale at Producer's Price.

CHUTES—Park, Theater, Zoo, Midway—CHUTES

Chutes Park, Los Angeles, California—CHUTES—DANISH

ACROBATS AND PARACHUTE JUMP BY EDITH FULLER AND FRANK DANISH.

Chutes Park, Los Angeles, and Children's Sc., except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays.

ELECTRIC THEATER

WITH DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 10, 1903—

Grand Opening of the Army of the Philippines

Admiral's Club, 11th Street, Los Angeles.

50 Pairs at \$1.19.

Men's Strictly All Wool

famous Dickey Ker-

nel medium colorings,

able sewed and tape

every pair bears the

They are in all sizes

nearly worth

ed as a \$1.19

per pair.

50 Pairs at \$1.19.

Men's Covers at 25c.

Front Cover—French back,

only trimmed with tabs,

back trimmings ref-

25c

50 Pairs at 48c.

Drawers—Umbrella style;

the finished with two rows

and lace or

48c

50 Pairs at 50c.

Cornet Covers—Finished

of tucks down back, rows

section across front, and

ribbon; newest 50c

50 Pairs at 50c.

Front Skirts 50c.

Front Skirts—With deep

in length of skirt 25c

50 Pairs at 39c.

Downs at 39c.

Men's Special Underwear

Trimmed with lace and

50c

50 Pairs at 39c.

Front Skirts 39c.

Front Skirts—With deep

in length of skirt 39c

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SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1903

SATURDAY, MARCH

LABOR. TROOPS STILL ON GUARD.

Keep Miners in Order at
Colorado City.

Strikers Warned not to Replace
Their Pickets.

All Bridge Workers Ordered Out.
No Change in the Wabash
Situation.

BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.—
COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo., March 6.—Bris.-Gen. Chase, in command of the troops at Colorado City, returned this evening after conferring with Gov. Peabody in Denver and stated that the Executive left it with him, and Col. J. H. Brown, legal adviser to the troops, and representative of the government, how long the strike should stay here.

"We will not move a single man," said Gen. Chase, "until the situation in Cripple Creek is cleared. Should the miners refuse to exchange the refund of the Mine Owners' Association, we accede to the request of the Western Federation of Miners, not to ship ore to the Colorado City mills, we are in a position to put 1200 to 1400 men in the hills."

An attempt to replace pickets on the part of the strikers today was met with an order from the military authorities that this shall not be done. The Federal troops were also warned not to place pickets around the houses of employees of the mills.

President Moyer of the federation was present with the leaders of the miners of the federation, and stated before he left that if the necessity arose a strike would be called in the Cripple Creek district. He also stated that the demand in the demand of the federation for the mine owners not to ship ore to the Colorado City mills.

NEW MACHINE.
DISPLACES GLASS BLOWERS.
(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)

PITTSBURGH, March 6.—A sensational move was made by the American Window Glass Company today when the Executive Committee of the corporation issued a notice to the workers of the factories of the American Window Glass Company will close for the season irrespective of what other companies will do.

The action of the American Glass Company in closing its factories and installing machines in order to compete with the window glass manufacturers has refused to come to any agreement concerning uniform closing of plants this spring.

BRIDGE WORKERS OUT.
GENERAL STRIKE CALLED.
(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)

PHILADELPHIA, March 6.—A general strike against the American Bridge Company was opened by the executive board of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers. This order includes all construction work in the hands of the company throughout the United States and Canada, and involves thousands of men.

An official of the union said today: "In New York the company locked out the Heating Engineers' Union. The same forces are at work here and 500 of our engineers to idleness. It was therefore thought that if the fight between us was to be forced by them it might end in a general strike." The New York union demands \$4.50 per day after May 1, and that is below the scale demanded by the Blacklader's Union."

WABASH SITUATION.

STATEMENT BY ATTORNEY.
(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)

ST. LOUIS, March 6.—The general officers of the Brotherhood of Firemen and Trainmen and committees who are here in relation to the impending strike situation on the Wabash to-day have issued a joint statement to brother members of the Wabash rail road, giving a resume of the situation, and advising them to pay no attention to the strike or to any other person, nor to any rumors which may be put in circulation. The statement further says:

"We are taking the necessary legal steps to protect our legal rights, and we believe we can furnish the complete facts and sufficient reasons for our action. Until we have had time to determine these organizations will respect the order of the court. We advise all officers and members, not only on the Wabash system, but elsewhere, to do likewise."

ENGLEWOOD'S ELEVATED.
ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION OF THE ENGLEWOOD Elevated Railroad Company were filed in the Recorder's office to-day. The company has been organized in connection with the "Alley L" to furnish a branch line from the latter to the elevated.

FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.
TOMAY'S departure for Southern California included Mrs. Frank Carte and her mother, Mrs. Louis Heyl; S. E. Barrett and Miss Wimberly Barrett. Mrs. Henry L. Pitney of the Metropole will leave for Los Angeles Sunday.

CHICAGO RENTS GO UP.

Chicago landlords announced an advance of 10 to 15 per cent. in rents of houses and apartments foring for \$25 a month and upward. The reason is the increased cost of building materials, greater demands of union labor and the advanced price of coal.

CALDWELL SURRENDERS.

Dr. J. M. Caldwell, pastor of the Union Avenue Methodist Church, who was recently indicted for having supported the strike. Elder A. H. Sheets his perchance as minister, and has withdrawn from the ministry and membership of the church.

TARKINGTON FOR MAYOR.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES—
INDIANAPOLIS, March 6.—Executive Dispatch. J. Booth Tarkington, the author and member of the Legislature, has been groomed for the Mayorship of Indianapolis, by a number of prominent Republican business men. It is thought Mayor Bookwalter is building up a strong political machine, and a candidate of more than ordinary prominence will be necessary to defeat him. Tarkington declined to discuss the matter.

MACHINISTS WANT MORE.

CHICAGO, March 6.—The American Rubber Manufacturing Company has made important concessions to its 3500 employees at the Chicago plant. Engineers are to receive the same wages for an eight-hour day as they had for a six-hour day, and will receive 10 cents more for the shorter day, and other employees are similarly affected.

Important Concessions.

CHICAGO, March 6.—The Associated Press—Mining Committee has agreed to make demands on May 1, for a 5 per cent. increase in wages, a regular nine-hour day, and a seven-hour day during slack seasons.

Carpenters Waive Vital Point.

CHICAGO, March 6.—Building contractors have succeeded in getting the

carpenters to waive their demands for the reinstatement of the sympathetic strike clause in the new working agreements. The carpenters form one of the largest and most important unions in the building trades, and their action is expected temporarily to stop the growth of the demand for the strike right.

Child Labor Bill.

BALTIMORE (Md.), March 6.—The child-labor bill which prohibits the employment of all children under 12 years old in factories and limit the hours of labor for all persons under 16 to 44½ hours a day, has passed both houses of the Legislature, and is now the law of the State.

No Change at Vancouver.

VANCOUVER (B. C.) March 6.—While some negotiations are in progress looking toward settlement of the strike of the United Brotherhood of the Railroad Employees that had been threatened in the practical change in the strike situation during the past twenty-four hours.

Strike for the Beer.

NEW YORK, March 6.—About 250 employees of the Tiffany Glass and Decorating Company are on a strike because their daily supply of beer has been cut off. The beer which is used in the water is unfit to drink, and that three days ago the company ordered that no more beer be allowed in the place. One day there was no concession of beer cans to and from the saloons.

WILL KEEP HATS ON.

DANBURY (Conn.) March 6.—The difficulty between the hat manufacturers and their employees has been adjusted.

**PASSENGER AGENTS
AGREE TO DISAGREE.**

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

C HICAGO, March 6.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) The mass-meeting of the western passenger representatives was concluded today, and the only agreement was to disagree upon what reforms are necessary under the provisions of the Elkins law.

Every proposition advanced received divided support, and the various questions left in a chaotic condition. The propositions voted on will have to go to the various associations interested, and it is likely that the lines composing them will be as powerless to agree upon a concerted course of action as the convention. Discussion over several of the reforms proposed produced serious differences, and those who are most conservative will be appointed capable and enlightened

BRYAN ON THE UNPLEDGED.

Nebraska Exponent Takes Democratic Organizers to Task—Shows How the Party Might Be Used by Trusts.
(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

LINCOLN (Neb.) March 6.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) William J. Bryan, in

ment if they thought that they could secure the endorsement of the majority of the Democrats at the primaries, but they know that this is an impossible now as it was in 1896, and therefore they will now, as in 1896, seek to be independent, but how difficult it is to suppress guerrilla bands. It was therefore to be hoped that Turkey would not be compelled to interfere and cause an unavoidable hitch. The government had the intention of carrying out the proposed reforms to the letter.

Any outbreaks that might occur would be suppressed solely by the regular troops, but the regulars are not underpaid, how difficult it is to suppress guerrilla bands. It was therefore to be hoped that Turkey would not be compelled to interfere and cause an unavoidable hitch.

The advocates of the Kansas City platform, if they would hold the party to the advocacy of Democratic principles, must proceed at once to perfect an organization within the party, the purpose of which will be then to fight at the primaries, and then to speak about the voice of the people is honest.

It is evidently their plan to secure uninstructed and yet secretly-pledged Democrats to the next national convention, and then at the convention to present an ambiguous platform and nominate a ticket selected by the great corporations. The party would be in the position it was in 1896. If this is done, the integrity of the party can be manifested, and it is to be hoped that the Republicans will be able to do the same.

"If a club can be organized in every precinct, delegates can be selected from men whose opinions are known, and these men can be instructed, as they were in 1896. If this is done, the integrity of the party can be manifested, and it is to be hoped that the Republicans will be able to do the same.

"The only way to meet the stealth and covert movements of the reorganizers is an open appeal to Democratic voters. The very fact that the reorganizers refuse to disclose their plans is proof positive that they are conscious that they are in the minority in the party. They would be glad to have the pretense of popular inden-

THE CITY AND MACEDONIANS.

Grand Visier Ferid Pasha Says the Party Has been Leaking for Several Months to Ameliorate Conditions.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)

CONSTANTINOPLE, March 6.—(By Atlantic Cable.) Ferid Pasha, the Grand Visier, was interviewed tonight, to find the statement of the colleague he made the other night that the government had been laboring for several months to ameliorate the conditions in Macedonia, where it was spending large sums, especially in the matter of providing better means of communication. The Grand Visier had also appointed capable and enlightened

officials in order gradually to form a new staff of gendarmerie for the whole of Macedonia, some first-class German officers having been secured for the post.

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SACRAMENTO. SAID BROWN WAS "FIXED."

Drew's Tongue Slips in the Heat of Debate.

He Appeals Virtuous Wrath With a Happy Amendment.

Poor Outlook for Code Revision Measures—Governor Vetoes the Nester Bill.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES
SACRAMENTO, March 6.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The entire evening session of the Assembly was consumed in the consideration of Senate Bill No. 198, about which there has been much discussion as to the Works Irrigation Bill. The title of the bill follows:

"An act requiring uniformity in the furnishing of water for sale or rental by any county or county of the State for irrigation purposes, agricultural purposes, and in the manner provided for in any county, and to prevent discrimination and abuse in such furnishing or in such rates, or the collection thereof, and prohibiting the collection of any rates in contravention of the act, and defining unlawful contracts, agreements and understandings in contravention of this act; and providing remedies to enable the stockholders of corporations engaged in the business of furnishing such water to sue such persons and their officers, agents and employees from violating the provisions of this act, or from unlawfully diverting or appropriating said water."

The discussion was long, and to many of the members tedious. For the bill, Drew Johnson, Fann, Traber and others spoke. While the bill had been opposed it. During the debate, Drew aroused Brown's ire by saying that he knew he was fixed, but when called to order by Brown, he said he knew Brown was fixed in his purpose. Drew vainly endeavored to save the bill by providing for prior right in the distribution of water. His amendment being lost, 19 to 46.

Then occurred one of the liveliest parliamentary battles of the session. After a hard fight the hour of adjournment came at 12:30 o'clock. Camp endeavored to strike out the portion of the bill, but his amendment was voted down. On final roll call the bill was passed by a vote of 49 to 15.

BROUGHTON LAW.

IT IS NOW AMENDED.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES
SACRAMENTO, March 6.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The amendments to the broughton street railway franchise law which were proposed by the city authorities of Los Angeles are now a part of that law. Gov. Pardee today affixed his signature to the bill, and the amendment will go into operation once. They are intended to prevent bogus bidding for franchises which may be offered for sale by municipal corporations.

Under the original law, after the bids for a franchise were opened the bidder who would raise the highest bid by 10 per cent, would run the price up as high as they wished. Advantage had often been taken of this provision for the purpose of preventing competing companies from securing franchises. Dummy bids at very high sums were produced. They were extreme acts to preclude the possibility of a raise of 10 per cent, necessarily they were accepted in good faith, and it would then be found that they were not bona fide.

There was no opposition to the same, and the railroad corporations having come to the conclusion that it was intended for their protection when they acted in good faith, as well as for the protection of the city which advertised franchises for sale.

It is more than probable that all the little men who were particularly interested will become laws, the only possible exception being the county boulevard bill. The opposition to this measure has not been altogether laid, and there may be some difficulty in passing it.

CODE REVISION BILLS.

ASSEMBLY SHIERS AT THEM.
BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES
SACRAMENTO, March 6.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The prospects of the ultimate passage of the much-disputed code revision bills are not as bright as the friends would desire; in fact, a doubt as to the success of this set of bills seems to pervade the Assembly. There are those who assert that some of the members are playing for an extra session, hoping that in the event the bills fall of the floor, Gov. Pardee will call a special session to consider them. The members of the Senate took an adjournment yesterday morning at 10 o'clock.

HOUSE PROCEEDINGS.
BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.
SACRAMENTO, March 6.—The appearance of \$150,000 in Senator Smith's bill providing for a California exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904, was reduced to \$100,000 by the Assembly, the morning upon the introduction of the bill. The Senate was also amended to provide for the appointment of two, instead of three commissioners. One of the commissioners was to be appointed by the Senate, and the other by the Assembly. The bill was then referred to the Senate Committee on Rules, and the other committee on the subject.

By Knight—Allowing corporations to consolidate their respective properties. By Belshinger—Relating to the registration of voters.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7.

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THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

H. G. OTIS...President and General Manager.
HARRY CHANDLER...Vice-President and Assistant General Manager.
MARIAN OTIS-CHANDLER...Secretary. ALBERT McFARLAND...Treasurer.
PUBLISHERS OF

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and Weekly Magazine.

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EVERY MORNING IN THE YEAR

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ADVERTISING. \$1.50.
SWORN CIRCULATION. Daily, net average for 1904, 18,000; for 1905, 19,200; for 1906, 20,000; for 1907, 20,500; for 1908, 21,000; for 1909, 21,500; for 1910, 22,000; for 1911, 22,500; for 1912, 23,000; for 1913, 23,500; for 1914, 24,000; for 1915, 24,500; for 1916, 25,000; for 1917, 25,500; for 1918, 26,000; for 1919, 26,500; for 1920, 27,000; for 1921, 27,500; for 1922, 28,000; for 1923, 28,500; for 1924, 29,000; for 1925, 29,500; for 1926, 30,000; for 1927, 30,500; for 1928, 31,000; for 1929, 31,500; for 1930, 32,000; for 1931, 32,500; for 1932, 33,000; for 1933, 33,500; for 1934, 34,000; for 1935, 34,500; for 1936, 35,000; for 1937, 35,500; for 1938, 36,000; for 1939, 36,500; for 1940, 37,000; for 1941, 37,500; for 1942, 38,000; for 1943, 38,500; for 1944, 39,000; for 1945, 39,500; for 1946, 40,000; for 1947, 40,500; for 1948, 41,000; for 1949, 41,500; for 1950, 42,000; for 1951, 42,500; for 1952, 43,000; for 1953, 43,500; for 1954, 44,000; for 1955, 44,500; for 1956, 45,000; for 1957, 45,500; for 1958, 46,000; for 1959, 46,500; for 1960, 47,000; for 1961, 47,500; for 1962, 48,000; for 1963, 48,500; for 1964, 49,000; for 1965, 49,500; for 1966, 50,000; for 1967, 50,500; for 1968, 51,000; for 1969, 51,500; for 1970, 52,000; for 1971, 52,500; for 1972, 53,000; for 1973, 53,500; for 1974, 54,000; for 1975, 54,500; for 1976, 55,000; for 1977, 55,500; for 1978, 56,000; for 1979, 56,500; for 1980, 57,000; for 1981, 57,500; for 1982, 58,000; for 1983, 58,500; for 1984, 59,000; for 1985, 59,500; for 1986, 60,000; for 1987, 60,500; for 1988, 61,000; for 1989, 61,500; for 1990, 62,000; for 1991, 62,500; for 1992, 63,000; for 1993, 63,500; for 1994, 64,000; for 1995, 64,500; for 1996, 65,000; for 1997, 65,500; for 1998, 66,000; for 1999, 66,500; for 2000, 67,000; for 2001, 67,500; for 2002, 68,000; for 2003, 68,500; for 2004, 69,000; for 2005, 69,500; for 2006, 70,000; for 2007, 70,500; for 2008, 71,000; for 2009, 71,500; for 2010, 72,000; for 2011, 72,500; for 2012, 73,000; for 2013, 73,500; for 2014, 74,000; for 2015, 74,500; for 2016, 75,000; for 2017, 75,500; for 2018, 76,000; for 2019, 76,500; for 2020, 77,000; for 2021, 77,500; for 2022, 78,000; for 2023, 78,500; for 2024, 79,000; for 2025, 79,500; for 2026, 80,000; for 2027, 80,500; for 2028, 81,000; for 2029, 81,500; for 2030, 82,000; for 2031, 82,500; for 2032, 83,000; for 2033, 83,500; for 2034, 84,000; for 2035, 84,500; for 2036, 85,000; for 2037, 85,500; for 2038, 86,000; for 2039, 86,500; for 2040, 87,000; for 2041, 87,500; for 2042, 88,000; for 2043, 88,500; for 2044, 89,000; for 2045, 89,500; for 2046, 90,000; for 2047, 90,500; for 2048, 91,000; for 2049, 91,500; for 2050, 92,000; for 2051, 92,500; for 2052, 93,000; for 2053, 93,500; for 2054, 94,000; for 2055, 94,500; for 2056, 95,000; for 2057, 95,500; for 2058, 96,000; for 2059, 96,500; for 2060, 97,000; for 2061, 97,500; for 2062, 98,000; for 2063, 98,500; for 2064, 99,000; for 2065, 99,500; for 2066, 100,000; for 2067, 100,500; for 2068, 101,000; for 2069, 101,500; for 2070, 102,000; for 2071, 102,500; for 2072, 103,000; for 2073, 103,500; for 2074, 104,000; for 2075, 104,500; for 2076, 105,000; for 2077, 105,500; for 2078, 106,000; for 2079, 106,500; for 2080, 107,000; for 2081, 107,500; for 2082, 108,000; for 2083, 108,500; for 2084, 109,000; for 2085, 109,500; for 2086, 110,000; for 2087, 110,500; for 2088, 111,000; for 2089, 111,500; for 2090, 112,000; for 2091, 112,500; for 2092, 113,000; for 2093, 113,500; for 2094, 114,000; for 2095, 114,500; for 2096, 115,000; for 2097, 115,500; for 2098, 116,000; for 2099, 116,500; for 2100, 117,000; for 2101, 117,500; for 2102, 118,000; for 2103, 118,500; for 2104, 119,000; for 2105, 119,500; for 2106, 120,000; for 2107, 120,500; for 2108, 121,000; for 2109, 121,500; for 2110, 122,000; for 2111, 122,500; for 2112, 123,000; for 2113, 123,500; for 2114, 124,000; for 2115, 124,500; for 2116, 125,000; for 2117, 125,500; for 2118, 126,000; for 2119, 126,500; for 2120, 127,000; for 2121, 127,500; for 2122, 128,000; for 2123, 128,500; for 2124, 129,000; for 2125, 129,500; for 2126, 130,000; for 2127, 130,500; for 2128, 131,000; for 2129, 131,500; for 2130, 132,000; for 2131, 132,500; for 2132, 133,000; for 2133, 133,500; for 2134, 134,000; for 2135, 134,500; for 2136, 135,000; for 2137, 135,500; for 2138, 136,000; for 2139, 136,500; for 2140, 137,000; for 2141, 137,500; for 2142, 138,000; for 2143, 138,500; for 2144, 139,000; for 2145, 139,500; for 2146, 140,000; for 2147, 140,500; for 2148, 141,000; for 2149, 141,500; for 2150, 142,000; for 2151, 142,500; for 2152, 143,000; for 2153, 143,500; for 2154, 144,000; for 2155, 144,500; for 2156, 145,000; for 2157, 145,500; for 2158, 146,000; for 2159, 146,500; for 2160, 147,000; for 2161, 147,500; for 2162, 148,000; for 2163, 148,500; for 2164, 149,000; for 2165, 149,500; for 2166, 150,000; for 2167, 150,500; for 2168, 151,000; for 2169, 151,500; for 2170, 152,000; for 2171, 152,500; for 2172, 153,000; for 2173, 153,500; for 2174, 154,000; for 2175, 154,500; for 2176, 155,000; for 2177, 155,500; for 2178, 156,000; for 2179, 156,500; for 2180, 157,000; for 2181, 157,500; for 2182, 158,000; for 2183, 158,500; for 2184, 159,000; for 2185, 159,500; for 2186, 160,000; for 2187, 160,500; for 2188, 161,000; for 2189, 161,500; for 2190, 162,000; for 2191, 162,500; for 2192, 163,000; for 2193, 163,500; for 2194, 164,000; for 2195, 164,500; for 2196, 165,000; for 2197, 165,500; for 2198, 166,000; for 2199, 166,500; for 2200, 167,000; for 2201, 167,500; for 2202, 168,000; for 2203, 168,500; for 2204, 169,000; for 2205, 169,500; for 2206, 170,000; for 2207, 170,500; for 2208, 171,000; for 2209, 171,500; for 2210, 172,000; for 2211, 172,500; for 2212, 173,000; for 2213, 173,500; for 2214, 174,000; for 2215, 174,500; for 2216, 175,000; for 2217, 175,500; for 2218, 176,000; for 2219, 176,500; for 2220, 177,000; for 2221, 177,500; for 2222, 178,000; for 2223, 178,500; for 2224, 179,000; for 2225, 179,500; for 2226, 180,000; for 2227, 180,500; for 2228, 181,000; for 2229, 181,500; for 2230, 182,000; for 2231, 182,500; for 2232, 183,000; for 2233, 183,500; for 2234, 184,000; for 2235, 184,500; for 2236, 185,000; for 2237, 185,500; for 2238, 186,000; for 2239, 186,500; for 2240, 187,000; for 2241, 187,500; for 2242, 188,000; for 2243, 188,500; for 2244, 189,000; for 2245, 189,500; for 2246, 190,000; for 2247, 190,500; for 2248, 191,000; for 2249, 191,500; for 2250, 192,000; for 2251, 192,500; for 2252, 193,000; for 2253, 193,500; for 2254, 194,000; for 2255, 194,500; for 2256, 195,000; for 2257, 195,500; for 2258, 196,000; for 2259, 196,500; for 2260, 197,000; for 2261, 197,500; for 2262, 198,000; for 2263, 198,500; for 2264, 199,000; for 2265, 199,500; for 2266, 200,000; for 2267, 200,500; for 2268, 201,000; for 2269, 201,500; for 2270, 202,000; for 2271, 202,500; for 2272, 203,000; for 2273, 203,500; for 2274, 204,000; for 2275, 204,500; for 2276, 205,000; for 2277, 205,500; for 2278, 206,000; for 2279, 206,500; for 2280, 207,000; for 2281, 207,500; for 2282, 208,000; for 2283, 208,500; for 2284, 209,000; for 2285, 209,500; for 2286, 210,000; for 2287, 210,500; for 2288, 211,000; for 2289, 211,500; for 2290, 212,000; for 2291, 212,500; for 2292, 213,000; for 2293, 213,500; for 2294, 214,000; for 2295, 214,500; for 2296, 215,000; for 2297, 215,500; for 2298, 216,000; for 2299, 216,500; for 2300, 217,000; for 2301, 217,500; for 2302, 218,000; for 2303, 218,500; for 2304, 219,000; for 2305, 219,500; for 2306, 220,000; for 2307, 220,500; for 2308, 221,000; for 2309, 221,500; for 2310, 222,000; for 2311, 222,500; for 2312, 223,000; for 2313, 223,500; for 2314, 224,000; for 2315, 224,500; for 2316, 225,000; for 2317, 225,500; for 2318, 226,000; for 2319, 226,500; for 2320, 227,000; for 2321, 227,500; for 2322, 228,000; for 2323, 228,500; for 2324, 229,000; for 2325, 229,500; for 2326, 230,000; for 2327, 230,500; for 2328, 231,000; for 2329, 231,500; for 2330, 232,000; for 2331, 232,500; for 2332, 233,000; for 2333, 233,500; for 2334, 234,000; for 2335, 234,500; for 2336, 235,000; for 2337, 235,500; for 2338, 236,000; for 2339, 236,500; for 2340, 237,000; for 2341, 237,500; for 2342, 238,000; for 2343, 238,500; for 2344, 239,000; for 2345, 239,500; for 2346, 240,000; for 2347, 240,500; for 2348, 241,000; for 2349, 241,500; for 2350, 242,000; for 2351, 242,500; for 2352, 243,000; for 2353, 243,500; for 2354, 244,000; for 2355, 244,500; for 2356, 245,000; for 2357, 245,500; for 2358, 246,000; for 2359, 246,500; for 2360, 247,000; for 2361, 247,500; for

Y. MARCH 7, 1903

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1903.

Los Angeles Daily Times

7

FOREIGN FACTS.

COMPILED BY E. T. PRICE.

This is the "Equality Store," where all people are treated alike.

Tattoo marks can be removed by the use of tannin and nitrate of silver.

Now to Liverpool, Britain's today the leading center for Europe.

More than 34,000 deaths from plague

were recorded in India in the week

ending January 16.

In Germany last year 1350 young men

received diplomas, as against

1300 ten years ago.

Bowling with the next term, common school students will be today

the class at St. Petersburg.

The British Columbia salmon prod-

uct for 1902 shows a falling off of nearly

50 per cent. from that of 1901.

France is the only country in the

world where the number of births has

declined in the last forty years.

The Krupp establishment at Essen is to be formed with Krupp's last will.

The anasite carbide field recently dis-

coved on Vancouver Island is now

estimated to cover a much larger

area than was first thought.

England is a tablespoonful

of land four or five times a day.

A newspaper in Japan says that last

May it had been impossible for Japanese

to retain the admiral

throughout this region. They

will reveal the facts in the case.

Vose
Pianos

Are especially celebrated for their sweet sing-tones. The Vose is an instrument that charms wherever heard, and pleases the finest musicians. Vose pianos have won for themselves a place among the standard pianos of the world. Their casings are very handsome.

Sales agents for the Pianos

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
MUSIC CO., 222-224 BROADWAY

"THE NAME IS EVERYTHING."

Esterbrook

on a pen has an about
name of its excell-

ESTERBROOK FALCON, NO. 048, the most popular pen in the world. Over 250 other styles to suit every purpose. All stationers have them; accept no substitutes.

THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.
New York, N.Y.
25 John Street.

Each year, each
is a new direction. It is the
greatest achievement that
has been made.

Kirschutz Optical Co.

Columbia Wool
and Yarns,
Merino Drapery Wool, Felt
Sheets, Wools, Japanese Embroidery
Linen Cloth.Beaman & Hensel
New Store.
211 South BroadwayThe Pantitorium
NO. 6 SIXTH STREETA specialty of CLEANING,
REPAIRING, DYEING AND ALTER-ING. LADIES' LINGERIE, CHILDREN'S
WEAR, ETC. PHILIP J. DIAZ.Mr. Mokarzel, of
the Unique Store of
Gifts of SilverSterling and
Finest Plate.

You will be impressed

more than ever with the

suitability of silver as a

wedding gift, once you've

seen our exhibit. Modest

yet exquisitely formed

individual serving pieces,

complete sets of table

silver tastefully engraved

for presentation. Come

in and see—quality be-

yond question—design

new and pretty.

Montgomery

Jewelry—Silvers

Dragon King, Spring and Fall

packer, liver, etc.—Smart set.

This is the "Equality Store," where all people are treated alike.

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throughout this region. They

will reveal the facts in the case.

Girls employed in German apothecaries

are worth \$2000 in our money,

Prussia had \$600 of these

girls in 1899. In 1899 their number was

less than thirty languages are

spoken in the Caucasus. The inhab-

ants are Russians, Armenians, Tan-

tars, Georgians and diverse Moham-

medians.

The completion of the railway to the

Estonia will make it possible next

summer to reach the fashionable Swiss

resorts, like Berlin, in twenty hours from

London.

The Russian Academy of Sciences of

fers a prize of \$1000 rubles for the best

thesis on the history of the two-hundredth anniversary of its foundation.

The average age of 145 professors

was 52 years, while the average age

over 25 years old. In Austria professors

are obliged to retire on a pension

of 60 years.

The telephone can no longer be legal

to be used by German physicians in diag-

nosing diseases, due to the increase

of the chances of fatal misun-

derstandings. Only in urgent cases to

make use of it is used.

Women get \$125 a month, which is ad-

vantageously below the maximum of

\$150 is reached. They are now well-

paid, though sums rated to

\$200 and \$400 respectively.

The demand for long necks in the

skins of geese has led to the horribly

cruel practice of tying geese alive

in different parts of India and Ceylon.

Greece for the Prevention of Cruelty

to Animals urges consumers to reject

such skins.

In Russia there are whole villages of

beggars. They go out at regular times

to collect alms, and on returning in

the same order. They are much

dreaded because of their chil-

dren and mutes in them in order to ex-

cite pitiful compassion.

The folk along the North Sea

flock to the coast, and the

travellers. One of these has ten times

the catching power of the old sailing

ships, and the number of men and

boys engaged is therefore tripled,

according to a report from Hull, Eng-

land, within a decade.

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dreaded because of their chil-

dren and mutes in them in order to ex-

cite pitiful compassion.

The place.

You can't very well miss it," said

Miss Karpel, who is the

assistant manager of the

Monte Carlo subdivision.

Disappointed.

Mr. Grumpe: That confounded doc-

tor charged me \$5 for telling me there

was nothing wrong with me.

Mr. Grumpe: Outrageous!

Mr. Grumpe: Yes; if he had discov-

ered dangerous symptoms I shouldn't

have minded it in the least. (Farm

and Fireman)

NEWARK.

(Monte Carlo Subdivision.)

Four miles east of city limits of Los An-

geles, on Salt Lake Railroad.

Four miles west of Los Angeles in the

tract Monday, March 9, 1903. For free trans-

portation to visit, call at 101 S. Main

Fourth street.

Wetherby-Kayser

Shoe Co.

315 S. BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES.

39 E. COLORADO ST., PASADENA.

Los Angeles, Spring and Fall

Montgomery

Jewelry—Silvers

Dragon King, Spring and Fall

packer, liver, etc.—Smart set.

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San Bernardino, Riverside and Orange Counties.

[NEWS REPORTS FROM TIMES CORRESPONDENTS]

CORPSE OF UNKNOWN FOUND CUT IN TWO.

MAN PRESUMABLY KILLED BY A TRAIN NEAR COLTON.

San Bernardino County's List of Death Mysteries Grows—Gregory Packing-house and Fruit at Highland Burned—Street Fair in May.

SAN BERNARDINO. March 6.—The Coroner laid an inquest today on the remains of an unknown man, who was cut in two by a freight train going east in the early morning hours, and found by the section foreman on a side-track south of the freight house at Colton. It is believed that the man was a tramp, who had been exhausted, went to sleep, and was run over and instantly killed when the train pulled out. It may have been a case of robbery, as nothing of even ordinary value was found in his pockets, except a letter addressed to Mrs. John C. Wood, San Francisco, and forwarded from there to Riverside. In inquest at Riverside develops the fact that Wood knows nothing of the dead man. Wood drives a Riverside delivery wagon. The only explanation he can give is that he lost a letter addressed to his wife, while taking it home from the postoffice, and the suspicion is that the man probably a tramp, picked it up and did not return it. The man was about 100 years old and had red mustache. His clothes neatly dressed. The third finger of his right hand was gone, having apparently been cut off years ago.

PACKING-HOUSE BURNED.

A. Gregory's large packing-house at Highland, was destroyed by fire last night, with a large quantity of oranges, lemons, and other fruit.

The cause of the fire is not known.

MAY STREET FAIR.

A street fair will be held in May. A meeting set the machinery in motion last night. It had been intended to have a "grand" affair, but the advertising was poor, so the amount ascribed to it was \$400.00. The following list of officers was assigned: Chairman of Executive Committee, Fred Ingerson; second, Henry R. Lefevre; Finance, George M. Cooley, chairman; Reception, J. H. Gill, chairman; Musical Director, Mr. Joseph E. Rich, chairman; Booths, George M. Steppen, chairman; Transportation, A. D. Denman, Jr., chairman; Advertising, O. K. Keeler, chairman; Programme Committee, E. D. Roberts; Advertising, Joseph Israel, chairman; Prizes, W. Awards, T. A. Johnson; Contests, W. A. Smith and Ball, O. P. Sloat, chairman; Parade and Firemen's Tournament, J. W. Catich, chairman; Agricultural, G. A. Moore, chairman; Box Office and Ticket Takers, E. J. Gilbert, chairman; Information Bureau, C. D. Whitcomb, chairman; Press and Publicity, H. C. McTarnahan, chairman.

THE LLOYD MIX-UP.

R. Lloyd is rapidly recovering from the effects of the injuries he received January 21, when he was shot by his nephew, William Boswell. His complete recovery is practically assured, and will occur in short time before it will be possible to proceed with the four criminal cases growing out of the shooting, which have been brought against Lloyd's Illinois.

As things stand now, Little Boxall is charged with assault by a deadly weapon, intent to commit murder; Frank Lloyd, son of the injured man, and Horace Little, Boxall's brother-in-law, are charged with complicity in the crime; while the elder Lloyd has stood with his hands crossed in the dock, the charge being of being a party to his niece, Miss Margaret Boxall.

SALT LAKE HUSTLING.

Sixty cars loaded with steel rails were hauled and were hauled westward across the country, consigned to Bagdad on the desert. Carloads of bridge material and grading machinery are arriving on the Mojave Desert, and will continue their westward activity during the coming months, when hundreds of graders and track men will be at work.

PICKING FICKS.

J. O'NELL and T. T. Reisch have returned to Los Angeles, where they have spent the past month, representing the chairman's committee of the railway conductors and trainmen, who have been in conference with the railroad officials relative to certain desired changes in the wage scale.

F. R. Tichener left today for Portland, Oregon, where he will reside.

E. D. Roberts and family have moved from Colton to their new home on West Second street.

An agreement on the estate of the late William A. Conn, a former State Senator, was filed yesterday. Conn was one of the earliest and at one time wealthiest settlers of the valley, owning vast tracts of valuable land in this vicinity.

The members of the Ladies' Bowling Club, with their husbands and friends, were entertained last evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Garner.

Souvenirs of California. The Times has had printed and bound in suitable folds a very appropriate and exceptionally-beautiful California souvenir views. They make a very appropriate and artistic souvenir of California for tourists and to take home with them. Price, 50 cents each. Extra charge, for postage or express, 15 cents. They are suitable for gift to friends and all agencies and news stands.

"All roads lead to Rome," and all telephones to the Times' office. Telephone your wants to Red 414, and our San Bernardino agency will take your ad, and send it to the mail office.

Hotel del Coronado has room now.

REDLANDS.

GREAT WATER CATCH.

REEDLANDS. Bear Valley, the greatest water-store reservoir near here, contains a depth of twenty-six feet six inches.

It is about 100 feet wide and ten feet of snow on the level. Irrigators will understand what a boon this is.

Souvenirs of California. The Times has had printed and bound in suitable folds form twenty-four large, original, and exceptionally-beautiful California souvenir views. They make a very appropriate and artistic souvenir of California for tourists and to take home with them. Price, 50 cents each. Extra charge, for postage or express, 15 cents. They are suitable for gift to friends and all agencies and news stands.

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A FORMER teacher of Secretary Cortland, now living in Pasadena, will receive readers of the Times' columns with an interesting incident in Mr. Cortland's early life.

O. H. Schumacher reports having caused a forty-pound lyin at the oil wells.

George Raddeok has gone to Covina for the benefit of his health.

Ed. Ashton, who has taken a room with them, Price, 50 cents each. Extra charge, for postage or express, 15 cents. On sale at Times office, Los Angeles, and at all agencies and news stands.

Plenty of room now at Coronado.

SANTA ANA.

ANAHEIM PUBLISHERS SUED.

SANTA ANA, March 6.—A suit has been commenced in the Superior Court by Edwin Bayne, of Anaheim against J. E. Vaijean, A. Vaijean and F. Vaijean, proprietors and editors of the Anaheim Plaindealer, to recover principal and interest on two promissory notes aggregating \$307. The notes were made in February and May, 1899, and had been accrued unpaid interest four years.

MILLIONS IN IT.

A trust deed was filed today for the Union Protection Company for 1014 acres of oil-bearing land in the northern part of Orange and the southern part of Los Angeles counties, to secure a bond issue of \$2,000,000. The recorders fee on the instrument amounted to \$64.50.

NEWSLETS.

In a challenge contest for the Tufts-Lyon medal yesterday afternoon, J. E. Vaughn won from Fred B. Mills by a score of 10-9. Mills, after winning 45 birds out of 56, and Vaughn 43.

G. W. Finkenauer has sold to N. A. Rheineck an eighteen-acre acre property, consisting of 1000 acres of oil-bearing land in the Blue addition to that of the driver of No. 1 station: some voice in the appointment of their driver, and another station accommodation.

The closer program reads:

"Unless some steps are taken to improve these conditions, we will resign in

LITTLE LOCALS.

Nearly 6000 public library books were circulated in February.

E. T. Twogood has received his commission as a notary public.

In response to a telegram from Los Angeles, Sheriff Coburn yesterday afternoon, Charles Leyman, who wanted to be wanted to answer an embelment charge. Leyman was found working for Contractor McNair on the Lemonwood Inn.

The Military band will give a concert in White Park Sunday afternoon.

Small "want" advertisements in The Times bring swift and sure returns. Telephone your wants to Red 414, and our Riverside agency will tell you your ad, and send it to the mail office.

NOVELTY FOR MEDICS.

Dr. Yamei Kin Addresses the Doctors and Tells Them How the Profession Does Things in China.

It was a remarkable meeting before the Los Angeles County Medical Association last night, and talk upon the practice of medicine among the Chinese.

Dr. Yamei Kin is the average little Chinese woman in appearance; she has high cheek bones, almond eyes and a decided Chinese nose, and wears a simple coiffure falling to the floor. She has the characteristic densely-black hair, but instead of being pasted to the head, is arranged in a series of fine, delicate, wavy loops.

Her language is the purest of the east Anglo-Saxon, rich and beautiful in modulation, and her rhetoric in near perfection. She possesses a sense of humor, and never permits an opportunity to escape unimproved. Her face lights up with pleasure and often drops with a smile.

Her audience laughed many times and applauded her sallies, which were always delivered with a twinkle taste and refinement. The eye and dress of her nationality.

She related a hand numberous instances in Chinese practice as indicating the exceptional vitality of the Chinese.

"I am a knight," she declared, "so strong and vigorous and possessing such vitality as the Chinese today."

She said she had been very kindly received by her medical friends in Peking, and told of her successful treatment of the wife of the Governor.

She said she had been making a tour of the country to this end of the month, and was gradual and soaked into the ground.

Work was begun this morning on the new building of the cold storage plant at his daughter's house near town.

The rainfall here at Fullerton is nearly two inches for the storm. Some gauges registered as high as 2.30 inches.

It will be worth many thousands of dollars to this end of the month.

Deposits in the local bank now foot up nearly \$100,000.

F. W. Fieldman is rapidly recovering from the effects of the injuries he received January 21, when he was shot by his nephew, William Boswell. His complete recovery is practically assured, and will occur in short time before it will be possible to proceed with the four criminal cases growing out of the shooting, which have been brought against Lloyd's Illinois.

As things stand now, Little Boxall is charged with assault by a deadly weapon, intent to commit murder; Frank Lloyd, son of the injured man, and Horace Little, Boxall's brother-in-law, are charged with complicity in the crime; while the elder Lloyd has stood with his hands crossed in the dock, the charge being of being a party to his niece, Miss Margaret Boxall.

SALT LAKE HUSTLING.

Sixty cars loaded with steel rails were hauled and were hauled westward across the country, consigned to Bagdad on the desert. Carloads of bridge material and grading machinery are arriving on the Mojave Desert, and will continue their westward activity during the coming months, when hundreds of graders and track men will be at work.

PICKING FICKS.

J. O'NELL and T. T. Reisch have returned to Los Angeles, where they have spent the past month, representing the chairman's committee of the railway conductors and trainmen, who have been in conference with the railroad officials relative to certain desired changes in the wage scale.

F. R. Tichener left today for Portland, Oregon, where he will reside.

E. D. Roberts and family have moved from Colton to their new home on West Second street.

An agreement on the estate of the late William A. Conn, a former State Senator, was filed yesterday. Conn was one of the earliest and at one time wealthiest settlers of the valley, owning vast tracts of valuable land in this vicinity.

The members of the Ladies' Bowling Club, with their husbands and friends, were entertained last evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Garner.

Souvenirs of California. The Times has had printed and bound in suitable folds a very appropriate and exceptionally-beautiful California souvenir views. They make a very appropriate and artistic souvenir of California for tourists and to take home with them. Price, 50 cents each. Extra charge, for postage or express, 15 cents. They are suitable for gift to friends and all agencies and news stands.

"All roads lead to Rome," and all telephones to the Times' office. Telephone your wants to Red 414, and our San Bernardino agency will take your ad, and send it to the mail office.

Hotel del Coronado has room now.

REDLANDS.

GREAT WATER CATCH.

REEDLANDS. Bear Valley, the

greatest water-store reservoir

near here, contains a depth of

twenty-six feet six inches.

It is about 100 feet wide and ten feet

of snow on the level. Irrigators

will understand what a boon this is.

Souvenirs of California. The Times

has had printed and bound in suitable

folds form twenty-four large, original,

and exceptionally-beautiful Califor-

nia souvenir views. They make a very

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REDLANDS.

THE CITY IN BRIEF.

NEWS AND BUSINESS.

Escaped Maniac Arrested.

Frank Harrison, who escaped from the Stockton Insane Asylum about a month ago, was arrested by detectives on Spring street yesterday evening and lodged in the City jail. He will be taken north this week.

Not a "Batherweight" Jolt.

Yesterday afternoon a street car ran into Whiting's delivery wagon at the corner of First and Lake streets, and the driver, who was carrying a scattering featherweight trunk and seriously injuring the driver.

Barn Mysteriously Burned.

Fire of unknown origin broke out in the barn in the rear of the house occupied by Harry Hildebrandt at No. 2760 Orchard avenue at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The loss on the building was \$500, and on the contents \$100.

For New Business Block.

The All Planning Music Company has been engaged for building for F. L. and F. M. Lee the three-story brick business block at Nos. 508 to 510 South Main street. The plans are by Alvin C. Smith & Wilson, and the improvement will cost \$20,000.

Valuable Accrue.

M. R. Smith sells to Wilber O. Dow, A. W. Ellington and C. H. Minton, through Nolan and Smith, thirty-five acres of land just east of the new Avenue, opposite Fifty-second street, with valuable improvements; consideration named, \$40,000. Buyers will subdivide.

Dead Natural Death.

An autopsy and a Coroner's jury determined the fact yesterday that Ralph P. Newton, the young man who was seized with convulsions on a Seventh-street bridge last night, died two hours later in the Good Samaritan Hospital, succumbed to an attack of heart trouble. There was no evidence to warrant the belief that he took poison.

Mother's Condition Critical.

Theodore Nordin, the machinist who was jammed between an elevator and the shaft in which it was ascending in the Los Angeles building Thursday morning, is now in a critical condition. Through examination of his injuries may be made to owing to the danger likely to be incurred. It is reported that his chances for recovery are poor.

Will Shine No More.

Early yesterday morning the body of Kitty Davis, fifteen years ago the notorious "Diamond Kitty" of the half world, was found on the sidewalk on Biquet street. The woman was evidently walking toward her room near by when she fell and died almost instantly. The body was removed to the Pathological morgue, where a Coroner's jury returned a verdict of death by apoplexy.

Illustrated China.

Rev. Louis Agassiz Gould gave a stereopticon lecture in the parlors of the W. W. H. House, law office of the State Bar, on the entertainment under the auspices of the California Badges Club, and a good-sized audience made up of the legal profession in the hall. The lecture, which was entertaining, was illustrated with photographic plates showing in a lifelike manner conditions they may exist in the Celestial Empire. The proceeds of the exhibition went to the aid of the home for self-supporting girls.

Verdict for Plaintiff.

The jury sitting in the United States Circuit Court on the case of L. Peter Bullis vs. Hubbard, involving a dispute over an option to purchase certain mining properties, including the famous mining claims Consolidated Gold Eagle, lost claim, and others, yesterday brought in a verdict of \$2000 for plaintiff. The amount sued for was \$10,000. Mr. H. H. Hubbard, attorney for the plaintiff, with John M. York, and A. R. Annable of Riverside, was attorney for the defendant.

Two Bills Approved.

Mrs. Robert N. Bullis, wife of ex-Senator Bullis, is quite ill at her home, No. 320 South Burlington avenue. She has not been well for several months, and the doctor has said she must be tried, including travel and rest, she has been but little benefited. A short time ago a trip was taken by herself and husband, but, as a result of the journey, she seemed to grow worse and was brought home again, where she might be least in comparative comfort. She is suffering from a complication of diseases, the dangerous symptom being heart weakness, which has given most trouble in her manifestations lately. Yesterday she was better than for several days and was reported resting quite easily in the evening.

Linen Outer Harbor.

Col. W. H. Hause, Corps of Engineers, United States Army, president of the board lately appointed to fix the lines of the outer harbor at San Pedro, has come to Los Angeles. One line of the outer harbor, desires that all applications and suggestions bearing upon the subject be submitted through the United States Engineers' office here before March 20. It is the intention of the board to consider proposed changes and to have a public hearing on them; the date to be determined later, the hearing to take place before the board, either in the city or in San Pedro. Letters to this effect have been sent to local yachting and shipping organizations that are waiting to build and buy, with the present lines of the outer harbor. Maps showing the location of existing lines and changes proposed by interested parties may be seen at the local government engineer's office, in the Bradbury building.

Today's Big Excursion.

The complimentary Chamber of Commerce excursion that will depart for Pasadena this afternoon over the Southern Pacific line will be the largest of its kind ever organized here. Last night 750 tickets had been engaged by members of the community, and many more can be accommodated. If you have put off your request for a ticket until this morning, you are forever too late.

It is never late to buy.

As it is necessary to carry the crowd, and the vehicle accommodations of the various townspeople of Ontario and Pomona, who are to be entertained, will be for long drives, will be severely taxed.

Train starts from the Salt Lake depot sharp at 10 o'clock. The Los Angeles train has arranged a special two-and-a-half minute service to the depot from First and Spring streets, a little before 8:30, to relieve the rush hour. The following "steering committee" has been appointed to have charge of the excursion: W. G. Johnson, W. Skinner, chairman; D. C. McGarvin, E. T. Barnes, B. F. Gardner, R. W. Burnham, C. H. Birley, C. O. Valentine, G. T. Green, Henry Albert, John Huguen, D. B. Thomas, F. L. Alles, W. B. Valentine.

Rudolph Aronson.

Rudolph Aronson, the well-known producer of the "Canno Theater and Room Garden" in New York, and director of some of the most popular operas ever presented in this country, "Ermine," arrived at the Van Nuys yesterday. Aronson comes here to break the ground for Jaroslav Kocian, the Bohemian violinist, who appears at the Los Angeles theater next Tuesday evening.

In conversation yesterday, Mr. Aronson said:

"I have since the days of Wieniawski has a violinist created such a sensation as has Kocian. It began in London, where he appeared first two years ago. At 17, he performed and performed the remarkable feat of playing twelve great concertos at that number of orchestral concerts, conducted by the famous Leopold Stokowski. Since coming to this country, Kocian has gained more laurels. It is the same name, the same success. Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and now San Francisco, all have gone wild with enthusiasm. After four performances in Los Angeles, I am standing by him. I have been obliged to arrange for another date in San Francisco to satisfy those who apparently can't get enough of him."

Richard Pearson Hobson.

Capt. Richard Pearson Hobson, who has been jokingly called the "Hero of the Merry Smack" by some who are perhaps just a little jealous of his success, gave a lecture at the Auditorium Tuesday evening, March 12, under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. Capt. Hobson will make but one appearance in Los Angeles, and that is Saturday evening, when he will be all taken up with his numerous dates through Southern California.

BREVITIES.

Rev. Dr. George W. Bass, Towling will preach at Christ Protestant Episcopal Church, 11th and Spring, corner Pico (12th St.) Sunday at 11 o'clock on "Sacred and Profane" and a reply to Dr. C. C. Collier's University sermon. Two Heights cars pass the door. The tenth thousand, with a new preface of Dr. Dowling's "Glimpses on 'Rationalizing Religion,'" will be published in April.

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without delay. No additional charge.

We employ clock builders to repair clocks.

Trust your clock with us for best workmanship at least cost.

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PEERLESS BRAND WINES

Are the Purest and Oldest, Port, Sherry, Muscat, Angelica—\$2.50, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 a Gallon.

Southern California Wine Co.,

220 W. Fourth St., Tel. M. 332.

J. Magnin & Co.

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Girls' New Dresses

In styles that the home dressmaker would never think of. And such a variety of styles in white and colored silks, satins, and velvets. We have a dress for girls of all ages ready to put right on. As we made as the particular mother would wish—girls like pretty. Almost every some new arrivals are shown.

Office Specialties.

We have everything used by the business man, the professional man in his office.

Announcements.

Invitations and Visiting Cards—you can rely upon us for correct forms.

Sanborn, Vail & Co.

357 S. Broadway.

We Are

Headquarters

For Ladies' Washable Neck Dressings

And Belts.

The largest assortment of Fine Exclusive Novelties in this city.

See our Windows.

MACHIN SHIRT CO.,

High Grade Shirt Makers, 124 S. Spring St.

DEATH RECORD.

BHAW—Died March 5, 190, at Belmont, Calif. Mrs. M. M. Shaw. Funeral services to take place Saturday morning at 10 a.m. at Belmont. Friends to call Saturday, March 6, at 1 p.m.

BELL—At El Segundo, Fifteenth street. Elizabeth Bell, beloved mother of the late Samuel Bell, 50, of El Segundo, died yesterday from the S. D. A. Church, 14 Carr street, at 9 p.m.

MURKAT—At San Gabriel, Thursday morning, March 5, John McKay, aged 41, a native of Canada, who had been here but a few days (Saturday) from his late residence.

MARSH—Eliza Jane Marsh, a native of Massachusetts, died yesterday at 10 a.m. at South Olive street, Pasadena, at 82 p.m. Friends invited. Everett Capron, son.

BEAUDON—At 106 Mission Ridge, March 5, 190, at 10 a.m. John Paul's parents, John and Mary, aged 45 years. Funeral from John H. Paul's parlor, 106 Mission Ridge, 2 p.m. Friends invited to attend. Interment Evergreen Cemetery.

LINDHOLM—At 18 Wall street, March 5, 190, at 10 a.m. Carl Lindholm, aged 21 years. Funeral from the undertaking parlor of Cunningham & D'Orsay, 122 S. Spring street, Saturday morning at 10 a.m. Interment Rosedale.

HORN—At 1025 S. Spring street, William T. Houston, a native of Pennsylvania, aged 26 years. Funeral from his home, 1025 S. Spring street, between Second and Third streets, Saturday morning at 10 a.m. Friends invited.

ASKERV—At residence, No. 202 Union avenue, Edward Askerv, aged 27 years. Funeral from his home, 2 p.m.

FUNERAL NOTICE.

The funeral services of Julius Wadsworth, beloved son of Thomas S. and Mary A. Wadsworth, will be held Saturday morning at 2 p.m. Private interment at Hollywood Cemetery.

FUNERAL NOTICE.

The funeral services of Robert Swinerton of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 8, F. & A. M., will be held at St. Athanasius Church, on Custer street, at 10 a.m. Saturday morning. Friends invited. Everett Capron, son.

BEAUDON—At 106 Mission Ridge, March 5, 190, at 10 a.m. John Paul's parents, John and Mary, aged 45 years. Funeral from John H. Paul's parlor, 106 Mission Ridge, 2 p.m. Friends invited to attend. Interment Evergreen Cemetery.

W. H. Sutck.

Funeral director and embalmer. Lady assistant, 321 South Figueroa street, Tel. Main 162. Orr & Hines Co.

Funeral director and embalmer. Lady assistant, 321 South Figueroa street, Tel. Main 162.

Brown Bros.' Lady Undertaker.

Has charge of all ladies' clothing. Tel. Main 162.

Dexter Samson Co., funeral directors. Lady assistant, 321 S. Spring. "Phone Main 612.

Robert Sharp & Son, undertakers.

Lady assistant, Embalming a specialty. No. 612 South Spring street. Tel. Main 162.

Pierro Bros. & Co., undertakers.

30 S. Flower. Tel. S. 12; lady attendant,

Peck & Chase Co., undertakers.

22 South Hill. Tel. M. 61; lady attendant,

Richard Pearson Hobson.

269 South Spring. Tel. Main 612.

W. H. Cooper, Jr.

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RDAY, MARCH

Business Sheet
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UP YEAR.

by Bros.
South Broadway.Full Choice
of any
Business S
n Stock
59.55grand final clean-up of all
over from the past year, selling our highest grade
marked \$20, \$17.50, \$15 and
one reserved. We do this
space for our new goods
all end the sale one week from
date. Pick any Business
store at \$9.55.

De President Suspenders

Suspenders are well known
as a standard article. They are very comfortable
and have many strong
features. Everyhaven't Tried
\$3.00 Sho
of what we mean by
designed, satisfactory
about these shoes
worth \$5.00, for they
we are able to prove
that the Harris
pect any \$3.50 shoeReliable Goods. Popular Prices.
J. B. BLACKSTONE CO.,
Telephone DRY GOODS Spring and Third Sts.Fancy Articles
AN IMPORTANT SHOWING

Every item mentioned here represents something new; a style or shape that's out of the ordinary, and they are half a dozen taken at random from a hundred or more ideas. Look them over while you're in today.

Real is back and side combs
Shell with filigree mountings
Goods, genuine pearl setings. Real shell hair pins in odd designs.Smart Wave Hair Retainers
in imitation shell
with white or black
hair, finished with pretty
metal buckles and ornaments
an article that holds in shape
all loose locks.New of walrus, seal and carved
Wrist leathers, black, French
Bags gray and tan, with gun
metal, rose, gold and oxidized frames,
beautifully ornamented, long chains, all new
shaped and popular colors. Some are shown with
pretty little coin purses inside to
match.in several styles and
shapes the new
royal copper gun
axidized and French gray
stone settings. Every

at popular prices.

For Lasting Qualities
The Sterling Stands Alone.

We intend paying \$500 or more there is no other piano

class with the Sterling in durability; while its matchless

is a delight to the vocalist, pure and full, yet remarkable

its brilliancy.

The Huntington is another high-class instrument—soundly and

solidly made, possessing a rich tone and a quick, responsive ve-

Ge. J. Birkel Co.

345-347 S. Spring St.

be reduced at once. All

A wonderful variety of

Curio Store

Spring St.

TURES DISEASE

29 S. Broadway. Tel.

BEAUTIFUL HAIR

It is always healthy hair. The

the scalp must be a healthy scalp.

The Bennett Toilet Products

CLOTHES AND SPONGES

It's Easy to Dye Hair

DIAMOND DYE

Plain directions every time.

most dye is strong, simple and

directions given.

DIAMOND DYE

H. J. WHITLOW

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GHIRARDELLI'S GROUND CHOCOLATE

A Spring Drink

Of Purity and Goodness . . .

Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate

refreshing, palatable, refreshing beverage, that nourishes the body,

strengthens the nerves and makes the brain clear and vigorous.

Look for hermetically sealed cans. Never sold in bulk.

REV. SCHAEFFLER NOV.

To 1926 W. Eighth &

Bed 712. He is in

good health and has

power to cure all kinds

trouble. Having been

nearly three years

him as a last resort.

WATCH FOR

\$2000 Prize Com

on BORAX.

Conditions Published in

For Souvenir Spoons,

BAILEY'S

Large Use of Brass and

Lowest Cash Price.

SHIREY, MC CONNEY &

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DAVE THE BAKER

—C. R. B. MO.

The Best in Town.

The GOLD DUST twine do your work'

Los Angeles Daily Times

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1903.

IN TWO PARTS.

Part II—8 Pages.

PRICE 3 CENTS

HOLDS COOKS
ABOVE BOOKS.Champion of Pies Sued for
Alleged Brutality.Sister of Queen's Secretary is
Injured Plaintiff.Claims Her Kindness to Aged
Maj. Kinley Brought on
Dire Trouble.

Brutal treatment of a woman who was acting as a Good Samaritan and comforter of a bedridden companion, the defendant, is the subject of a suit for \$1000 that was filed in the Superior Court for Los Angeles county yesterday by Mrs. Christina Van de Goorberg against A. Bailey. The complaint charges Bailey with criminal assault on Mrs. Van de Goorberg and causing her to remain for a week in shock to the nervous system of the plaintiff.

The parties to the suit have lived until recently on ranches between Burbank and Monte Vista, but both are now in Los Angeles. Mrs. Van de Goorberg and her husband have taken a house in the city for the benefit of her health, and Bailey has just undergone a critical operation at a local hospital for the relief of a grievous ailment.

The trouble all started over kindling shown by Mrs. Van de Goorberg to Maj. Isaac Kinley, who served with the Thirty-sixth Indiana Regiment during the Civil War, and who for eight years was a member from Indiana of the House of Representatives. Kinley overheard him talking to his wife, and for the past few years he has lived on a 120-acre ranch a few miles from Monte Vista.

A year or so ago Maj. Kinley, who was living alone, received a visit from his niece, Mrs. Alice Bailey, who had been a school teacher in the State of Washington. She stepped into her uncle's household and assumed charge of Affairs. She found him to be a simple man, illiterate, and she began to teach him. He requested later she was joined by her husband, a carpenter, and the couple lived there with the old man until the old man died.

Bailey returned north to resume school teaching. Bailey remained with Maj. Kinley, and through the infirmity of the owner, directed affairs at the ranch.

Two miles away lived Mrs. Van de Goorberg and her husband. Bailey tired of household duties, and he came to Maj. Kinley's suggestion he asked Mrs. Van de Goorberg if she wouldn't come to the house each day and help with the cooking and other housework.

After the old man died, and for several days everything went smoothly.

Mrs. Van de Goorberg is an educated woman, speaking several foreign languages. Her sister for eight years was secretary of modern languages to Emma Queen Regent of Holland, at The Hague, and the family is one of high standing in the community of tulips. Maj. Kinley also is well educated, and despite his years his mental faculties are remarkable. His husband made money for the rest of the world and for the works of the masters of literature than for pines and other products of the forest. He is a good man, skillful, and he began to read to him as he lay helpless on his bed. This she did, and she also wrote letters for him to his relatives in the East, citizens in most cases who have been prominent in public life.

Bailey liked not this order of things. He was a man of strong character, and he made his desires known. It is said that Bailey thought the daily visitor was becoming too well posted on the business affairs of the ranch, and that he made attempts to discourage the visitor. Mrs. Van de Goorberg says she was told by Bailey on several occasions to stay away from the house, and that Maj. Kinley always overruled these orders.

Bailey's choler rose on each succeeding visit, and on February 17, according to Mrs. Van de Goorberg, he came to see him, and he assaulted Mrs. Van de Goorberg. She was in the room with Maj. Kinley when Bailey entered, and after a few words she alleged that he struck her, and she fell to the floor.

When she had arisen she asserts that he shoved her forcibly into another room, where he laid her upon a sofa, so that then he grazed her and flung her from the rear door of the house, and down the rear wall into a pool of mud.

She then got up and called for assistance, and with two men returned to the house, thinking that Bailey might have done violence to Maj. Kinley. He was found lying on the floor, having suffered a severe blow in the head, and since then has been brought to Los Angeles. He is now at the home of his daughter, by the name of Mrs. Lillian Bailey, at Bellavista Avenue and Figueroa Street.

When interviewed last night, he was extremely severe in his denunciation of his treatment of Mrs. Van de Goorberg.

Bailey in turn has filed a lien on the property of Maj. Kinley, claiming \$1000 for services rendered in care of the old man.

Attorney Will D. Gould represents Mrs. Van de Goorberg in her suit, and also has been retained to prosecute the case of Maj. Kinley.

Developments of a sensational nature are promised in both cases.

Seize Arrives.

Frank Seize, manager of the Chicago National League ball team, reached this city late Thursday night. He says that the club will be here about next Wednesday and will remain two weeks.

Chess.

R. B. Griffith, the well-known local player, will play ten or twelve opponents simultaneously, at the rooms of the Chess Club on Fourth street, on Next Wednesday evening, beginning at 8 o'clock.

Long in Piddle.

"My goodness!" exclaimed the humorist's wife. "I wish you'd clean out your desk occasionally. What is it that makes it smell so nasty?"

"It's that leap year joke I thought of in 1897, and won't be able to use until 1904," Philadelphia Press.

Bad Combination.

Silas: Mary Ann has a hat trimmed with rooster feathers and cherries.

Cyrus: H'm! Hope she won't wear it in the winter house.

Silas: Why not?

Cyrus: Because that ain't the place for cocktails and cherries.—Chicago News.

BALL SEASON IS UPON US—
NEW PLAYERS AT WORK.

THE Los Angeles Ball Club for the present season commenced its work yesterday afternoon on the Chutes diamond, and from now on to the beginning of play on March 25, there will be tri-weekly if not daily practice. The boys, on the whole, made a good showing.

Those taking exercise were Crawath, Dillon, Hollingsworth, Toman, and Drinkwater. Spalding belied the diamond was full of players not belonging to the club, among those being Raymer, Buck Franks and Householder and a number of amateurs.

The star of the day was Hollingsworth, who made a good impression on the spectators. He is as fast as Buck Franks and throws about as well, and that is saying a good deal. Buck cannot be shown anything except by Monte Cross and a very few others. The class of the diamond is not in first-class shape, but their occasional mistakes or lack of ginger can be overlooked, for they have just finished a quick recovery and are ready wing. Toman at short wave as good as he ever was at his best last season, and Jack Lawler made a number of fine running catches in the field, as did the other players. His lines were not in first-class shape, but their occasional mistakes or lack of ginger can be overlooked, for they have just finished a quick recovery and are ready wing. Toman at short wave as good as he ever was at his best last season, and Jack Lawler made a number of fine running catches in the field, as did the other players. 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SATURDAY, MARCH

THE PUBLIC SERVICE—OFFICIAL DOINGS.

SUMMARY OF THE DAY.

Yesterday the Board of Public Works took favorable action on the petitions of the Hill-street Improvement Association asking that the sidewalks on certain portions of the street be widened to eighteen feet.

Discussion of drug contract ended in bids being taken under advisement by the Council Committee.

Ward and Hause, the highwaymen, were sentenced to twenty-five years each in Judge Smith's court yesterday.

Smith Shafter, the old man who was boxed up in the Long Beach wharf, was sentenced to the city of Long Beach for \$400 damages.

Junkman Wiser cited the law of Moses in Police Court yesterday, when arrested for disturbing the peace of his divorced wife.

AT THE CITY HALL.

HILL-STREET SIDEWALK CAUSES DISCUSSION.

IMPROVEMENT PETITIONS FAVERED BY COUNCIL COMMITTEE.

Board of Public Works listens to arguments for and against the plan of the Hill-street Improvement Association—Drug Contract Before Supply Committee.

After an animated debate before the Board of Public Works yesterday afternoon, E. D. Silcox and H. S. Spivak, representing the Hill-street Improvement Association, secured a favorable recommendation on two petitions asking that the street be widened.

This was the unanimous opinion of the board that the improvement of the Hill-street would be in the best interests of the entire city. A protest, signed by ten property owners and representing nearly 1000 feet of frontage, mostly between Seventh and Eighth streets, was filed to divide the contract between the Tanner Drug Company and Off & Vaughn, giving each the right to supply those businesses upon which the specifications were based.

The plan did not suit Health Officer Powers, who said such a scheme would entail endless trouble on his department.

President Silcox of the association said they were trying to profit by the experience of property owners on other streets who now realize that wide sidewalks in securing wide sidewalks at a time when property was comparatively cheap.

"We believe it will be greatly for our benefit to have the sidewalks on Hill street widened to eighteen feet, and the sidewalk widened whenever Broadway, property values immediately went up. We have worked long and carefully for the improvement of the street, and our petitioners before you today are backed by more than half of the property owners on Hill street."

One of the petitions to which President Silcox had referred asked the Council to commence proceedings to widen the sidewalk on the west side of Hill street, from Sixth to Pico street, to the width of eighteen feet, and the other requested that an ordinance be passed to widen the sidewalk between Fourth and Sixth streets, on the west side of Hill street, at the same width. The Council concurred in the second of the property owners on the west side of Hill street, between Fourth and Fifth streets, giving the extra width to the city.

The Hill-street Improvement Association asks the Council to grant a like strip along the Central Park frontage, between Fifth and Sixth streets, and to widen the sidewalk on the west side of Hill street, between Third and Fourth, widened six feet.

Briefly stated, if the Hill Street Improvement Association gets its way, the width of earth on both sides of Hill street from Third to Pico will be the unit of measurement for all sidewalk widths, excepting the sidewalk on the west side of Hill street, from Sixth to Second streets, which is under way to have the sidewalk on the west side of Hill street, between Third and Fourth, widened six feet.

Attorney M. J. McGarry, representing Daniel Cunningham, presented the petition to the Council, and said that many of them would suffer damage to their property by reason of permanent improvements on the line of the sidewalk, but that the value of the greater damage suffered by other property owners, the amount which they would have to pay would be greater than the amount of damage done to them. From this intricate argument the attorney evolved the conclusion that his client would suffer no damage for which he would have to pay.

Mr. Cunningham and J. R. Vogel also addressed the board regarding the improvement. They said they opposed it because there was no need for it.

Mr. Silcox alleged that Mr. Cunningham had had a car in the back of his lot, which had been cited for the reason why the house could not be moved back.

"What is such a shanty, when considered in the light of an improvement of that magnitude?" declared Mr. Silcox. "You want to know what the country looks like, you have only to look at the front of the main house."

To this arrangement Mr. Cunningham, who is a member of the Board of Education, and Chairman Nofziger, who was present, agreed to stop the exchange of pleasantries.

During the discussion Mr. Silcox declared that he was ready and willing to pay the damages that would be incurred by widening the sidewalks to the width of the full length of Hill street on the east side of Mr. Cunningham's property for it.

Because of the opposition of the First Methodist Church and several other brick blocks, the association finally abandoned the idea of widening the street on the east side, north of Sixth street.

After discussion of all the phases of the street widening, Davenport moved that the petitions be granted, providing the property owners in the assessment district would pay the cost of moving back a coping along the park frontage. Carried.

MOVED MEN AND TEAMS.

It remained for the Improvement Association of Tropico to remind the Council of the bad condition of Avenue 20, which is one of the main roads leading into Los Angeles. Yesterday the board received a letter which had been elicited from the residents of Tropico, asking that action be taken to improve the thoroughfare.

"I was out there this morning," said Nofziger, "and the street is in very bad condition. It is absolutely impossible to take some action to repair the surface. I suggest to me that the Council should be asked to supply the Street Superintendent with an extra force of twenty men and teams, with which to fix the street."

Other members of the board agreed and it was so ordered. Doubtless the Committee will be heard from

when the question comes to a vote next Monday.

After looking at a number of maps illustrating the overhead crossing on Sunset boulevard over Lake Shore avenue, the board decided that the city is too poor just now to provide funds to build the bridge, and the action was deferred until the end of the fiscal year.

DRUG CONTRACT.

"This drug contract is the meanest thing with which this committee has to do," declared Councilman Todd yesterday. "It has nothing to do with the welfare of the Supply Committee."

One druggist had just finished telling another that a certain commodity could not be purchased in ton lots for \$1000, at which it was offered the city at retail.

"There is certainly something wrong with this business," declared Davenport, considering the tip of the junior druggist. "I am going to speak to him about it."

"I know something about this business and I am on the committee to protect the city. I believe the city should be allowed to make it unlawful to ride bicycles on the sidewalks in the unincorporated towns throughout the county."

AT THE COURT HOUSE.

"My kid would have enjoyed it."

COMPLAINT OF MAN BESEIGED IN A CANDY STORE.

He Was an Old Soldier and Had Lost His Sweet Tooth, and the Dentist Failed. He Is Now Suing the City of Long Beach for Damages.

The old man, who was boxed up in the Long Beach wharf, has sued the seaside city for \$5000 damages.

It is one of the queenest farces ever enacted.

Smith Shafter, the man who was boxed, kept a small candy store under the long wharf.

Last summer the city authorities decided to close the bottom of the pier, and simply went to work and boarded up Shafter's candy store tight as a sardine can, and placed a special officer there, to see that the boards would not be taken off.

As Shafter wouldn't get out, they boxed him up with the candy. He says in the suit that he was persecuted against his imprisonment, but that it was of no avail.

After being in a state of siege for several days, and presumably existing on a diet of striped stick candy and sugar, he got it up. He fell on the pier, and his balance was lost, and he slipped and Wiser threatened to come with a gun and shoot him, which was the cause of the swearing to a constable.

The Sun Drug Company takes the stand that the city is to blame for the difference that makes an old soldier seem so ridiculous low on many items.

Frank Wolfe, manager of the Sun Drug Company, who was the highest bidder, said he was the only one to supply those commodities upon which the specifications were based, and the quality of the goods and the bids were equal.

Drugs, however, can be supplied by other companies.

President Silcox of the association said they were trying to profit by the experience of property owners on other streets who now realize that wide sidewalks in securing wide sidewalks at a time when property was comparatively cheap.

"We difference does that make an old soldier seem so ridiculous low on many items?" demanded the representative of Off & Vaughn.

"If these bids are to be considered, then it is only fair and just to divide the contract between the Tanner Drug Company and Off & Vaughn, giving each the right to supply those commodities upon which the specifications were based, and the quality of the goods and the bids were equal."

Smith Shafter, the man who was boxed, has retained Johnston Jones, Esq., to prosecute his case.

HAMS AND JUSTICE.

IN SOUTH PASADENA.

The horrible suspicion of a South Pasadena man that somebody was trying to sell him a bum ham, made a job for the District Attorney yesterday.

The man with the name came into collision with a carpenter named C. H. Purcell, and then they both collided with the law. Purcell was examined yesterday at South Pasadena for assault with a deadly weapon.

Some constables were awarded yesterday for services rendered. Tanner Drug Company, and Sun Drug Company, fire department medics and stipple; Off & Vaughn, sulphur and salve; Diamond Coal Company, bread; Gilman & Company, pepper and mustard; Stockwell & Bradford, coffee; Stoll & Thayer, stationery.

EARTH ON SIDEWALK.

Much anger has been aroused in the breast of T. Welsendanger and other citizens living on the line of the Third-street tunnel because several loads of earth on Hill street have been left on the sidewalk at the west portal.

In a communication to the Council, Supervisor Welsendanger yesterday scored for failing to remove the obstruction.

"I have not removed the dirt simply to protect the city," said the man, "but to keep the damage from spreading."

Yesterday Deputy District Attorney Kress consented to allow Purcell to remain on bail.

When he had paid up and was about to leave town, he was stopped by Sheriff Thayer, who was feeling the warmth of his popularity.

Thayer had been told of a constable who had been shot and was found dead.

In the course of the animated conversation that followed, the peddler offered to sell or pawn the tools.

The carpenter, though they looked like good ones, did not like the measuring machine that Thayer tried to weigh with. He told him he would buy the hammer, but that Thayer would not give him the tools.

So Purcell went to the candy-store and have the hams weighed there.

A day or so ago he came around again, and evidently forgot about tackling Purcell before. He asked him if he didn't want to buy some hams to sell.

"But you know she got a divorce, and you have no right to give her her?"

"I don't know, excuse me; listen to me—she was not divorced according to Moses' law. I don't know sometimes."

After telling Wiser that he was not so stupid, he didn't execute Moses' law in that court, Justice Chambers sentenced him to pay a fine of \$20, and pledge his word that he would not again go near his wife.

Larceny Without Theft.

C. H. Butterfield finds himself in an ugly scrape, through a dose of horse, but the legal department finds it hard to find a fine point on his hands to hold.

Butterfield is a carpenter down on his luck, and his friend, J. A. Green, wishing to help him out, volunteered to help Butterfield get a carpenter's tools if he should find a job. Yesterday Butterfield went to a hardware store to buy a job of tools, and paid \$10 for a set of tools.

Butterfield then took on a load of horse and went into a pawnshop and either offered to sell or pawn the tools.

He was given a fine point on his hands to hold.

Yesterday he was arrested by Sheriff Kress to answer for his conduct.

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A Tailor Dressed Man At a Ready-to-wear Price.

Rather ambiguous language probably but when you sift it down, it thoroughly describes our exact meaning, or we offer you union made clothing, of the skillful tailors who make garment after garment, and finish to those individual tailor could turn out—and yet being made at a factory where hundreds of the same pattern are made at one time, are produced at much less price and consequently can be resold to the general public at a saving of from one-third to one-half what you would pay if a single tailor made for you. With this in mind, we are especially anxious to let you know that our new lines are already in, we are specially featuring several good assortments of clothing to close out our fall and winter lines.

SMALL LOTS \$12.50 TO \$15.00 SUITS—the balance of the large assortment recently featured by special sale including all wool Cheviots, Tweeds, Worsts and Cassimeres; single or double breast style, all lined with best Italian lining; sizes 32 to 44; prices \$12.50 to \$15.00.

Priced to close choice..... \$6.95

MEN'S NEW SPRING SUITS—a handsome line of Cheviots and Worsts; single breasted style; best Italian cloth lining; broad shoulder effect; handsome range of colors; strings and patterns; sizes 32 to 46; equal other's \$12.50 values. Our price..... \$10.00

MEN'S VISCOSA OVERCOATS—in the popular 44 inch length; broad shoulder effect; perfectly finished; lined with best silk; buttoned through with silk velvet collar; sizes 32 to 44 and have sold up to now at \$15.00. Priced to close..... \$11.50

HEAVY CHEVIOT ULSTERS—possibly you will not have much use for them this season but they are such good values you can afford to buy now and lay them away until another year. They are elegantly made and lined; have deep strong side pockets and have sold up to now at \$10.00. Clearance price..... \$6.95

MEN'S ALL WOOL PANTS—line of Worsts and Cheviots; pants serviceable colorings and patterns; thoroughly well made; serviceable waistbands; sizes 32 to 44 and have sold up to now at \$2.00 and \$2.50 values priced to close..... \$1.65

MEN'S FINE WORSTED PANTS—neat pattern; medium and dark colors; serviceable waistbands; sizes 32 to 44; actual \$4.00; but are priced at per pair..... \$3.50

LADIES' \$1.50 AND \$2.00 HOSIERY AT 59c

A SUPERIOR QUALITY IMPORTED FRENCH LISLE HOSE—In embroidered lace ankles, black lace with embroidered ankles, all-over lace Lisles in fancy colors, also black and white. They are absolutely worth from \$1.50 to \$2.00, but are priced at per pair. **59c**

Ladies' Neckwear.

FANCY TOP COLLARS—new designs; white, black and colors; heavily embroidered; neatly finished; full line of colors..... **35c**

FANCY STOCK COLLARS—most popular of the newest designs; neatly trimmed and finished; full line of colors; also black and white; and combinations of dull shades; bow and tie effects; good value..... **\$1.00**

LIBERTY SILK NECK RUFFS—white and their combinations; long flowing ruffles; neatly finished with Judy running; very full and expressive; good value; all good value at \$1.50..... **\$1.49**

PRICED AT

LADIES' KID GLOVES—clasp style; fancy embroidered bases; various shades in most popular colors; three different finger lengths; made with leather tips; good value where at \$2.00 per pair..... **\$1.50**

PRICED AT

SECOND FLOOR

Hand Made Tailored Hats—For street wear; flat rott Turbans of Chiffon and chif braid; white, black and champagne; trimmed with straw ornaments, silk drapery and cord. Price..... **\$2.50**

Street and Tailored Hats—Turban and flat shapes of Chiffon and chif braid with velvet or braid edge; trimmed with brush aigrette, large flat quills, velvet rosettes and ornaments. Price..... **\$7.50**

Dress and Street Hats—the children's hats of lace and satin braids, the trimmings of black silk roses and ribbons; the street hats of satin straw caught with large quills, velvet ribbons and ornaments; price..... **\$10.00**

SECOND FLOOR

Children's School Shoes Underpriced

These are not old goods but part of the over-production of several of the largest factories in the country made for commercial sale. Children of a school age are too young to be hard on shoes, so we can purchase reliable shoes at a material saving of money is a come proposition to any parent. We are satisfied that you will agree with us that the following lines cannot be bought elsewhere in the city at anywhere near our price.

MISSSES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES—an assortment of \$1.50 and \$1.00 values; good quality Dengals; lace up patent leather tip; spring heel; the misses' in sizes 8 1/2 to 10 1/2; the children's 12 to 15. PRICED AT CHOICE PER PAIR.

CHILDREN'S DOGWOOD KID SHOES—patent leather lace up extension sole; lace style with hooks; comfortable; neat and dressy; sizes 6 to 12. PRICED AT PER PAIR.

YOUTH'S \$1.50 SCHOOL SHOES—good quality kid; lace up with extension sole and patent leather tip; sizes 11 1/2 to 12 1/2. PRICED AT PER PAIR.

MISSSES' \$1.50 SCHOOL SHOES—good quality kid; lace up with extension sole and patent leather tip; sizes 11 1/2 to 12 1/2. PRICED AT PER PAIR.

INFANTS' 50¢ KID SHOES—lace or button styles; made with turned soles; have patent leather tips and are in sizes 3 to 8 1/2. SALE 45¢ PRICED AT PER PAIR.

CHILDREN'S 50¢ KID SHOES—lace up turned soles; spring heels; patent leather tips; a half made serviceable shoe in sizes 5 1/2 to 8. PRICED AT PER PAIR.

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CHILDREN'S 50¢ KID SHOES—lace up turned soles; spring heels; patent leather tips; a half made serviceable shoe in sizes 5 1/2 to 8. PRICED AT PER PAIR.

SECOND FLOOR

Children's School Shoes Underpriced

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Illustrated Weekly Magazine.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

MARCH 8, 1903.

FIVE CENTS.

"HOW SWEET A THING IT IS TO SEE BRETHREN DWELLING IN UNITY"



This is what the Irish Nationalists think will happen when the proposed bill for the amelioration of the condition of the Irish country passes Parliament.

OUR ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

A MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

California in tone and color, Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, thunders the deserts, the valleys and the plains.

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Editorials by Eliza A. Otis.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

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THE EXTENT OF OUR DOMAIN.

THIS great country of ours at the time when the Declaration of Independence was issued to the world was but a mere infant in size compared with what it is today. How closely it hugged our Atlantic borders, while the vast West behind it was practically further from its life than the Old World is today. What did our Revolutionary fathers know of the unpeopled wilderness lying between them and these Pacific shores. And never once did they dream of the march of American civilization across the continent upon highways bordered by bands of steel, while across the mighty distance the lightnings traversed the air, the swift couriers of speech, placing the Atlantic and Pacific dwellers in constant communication with each other. We have grown in every direction, north, south, east and west, and we take pride in the great land over which floats the Stars and the Stripes.

But there are really but few people, even among the most intelligent, who realize fully the extent of our domain. Take, for instance, Alaska. But few people appreciate what an empire of space is embraced in our Alaskan possessions alone. The lowest boundary is 50 deg. 40 min. north, and the highest, the Arctic Ocean. The eastern limit is 130 deg. west of Greenwich, and the western, 187 deg. 20 min. San Francisco is about five hundred miles nearer the farthest point of Maine than it is to the western coast of Attoe, the most remote of the Aleutian Islands. Thus San Francisco is only about two hundred and fifty miles short of being the geographical center of the United States.

One-sixth of the area of the United States is represented by our Alaskan possessions, once belonging to the Muscovite Czar. A portion of this Arctic land is a region girdled with fire, for it is the seat of several active volcanoes, which tower thousands of feet upward above the sea, their lofty crests mantled with eternal snows, and frowning forever upon the valleys at their base.

Of Alaska, a recent writer says: "Of the ethnologically interesting aboriginal inhabitants of Alaska—the Thlinket Indians, with their totem poles, the clever Aleuts in their kayaks braving the sea, the jovial Eskimos—I did not propose to speak, but the mention of the trading companies reminds me that while here is a country, that with all its hardships of climate, might yet support a large population. . . . The coun-

try so far has been merely exploited. . . . An area of land covering nearly 600,000 square miles, even if situated near the North Pole, must show considerable diversity of conditions, and cannot be described by wholesale characterizations. The information regarding Alaska is now increasing almost as rapidly as that of Africa did a few years ago as a result of systematic exploration. We find that there is as good an opportunity for a population of over two millions as there is in Norway, and the thousands of Americans who visit annually the fjords and glaciers and forest-clad hills of Norway should know that for grandeur and variety of scenery of the same sort, their home possession far excels that of the Scandinavian peninsula."

As we regard the facts in reference to the extent of Alaska given above, and the growth of our country from the Atlantic to the Pacific borders, what a grand mare of empire do these facts suggest. We have a country upon which the sun never sets. As its first rising beams shed their light upon its far Atlantic shores, the last warm glow of the sunset is resting upon those fastest Aleutian isles that lie asleep upon the waters of the eastern hemisphere. What a country, and what a mighty destiny is ours, if we be but true to liberty and the right.

LET US CONSIDER THE QUESTION.

WE hear good words from across the seas from the lips of that great man and marvelous surgeon, Dr. Lorens, who proved such a benefactor to the afflicted while in this country. Since his return to his home in Vienna, he has been unsparing in his praise of American physicians, nurses and hospitals, declaring that "they lead the world."

His enthusiasm is also great for our "magnificent charities," which have built our great hospitals, and so thoroughly equipped them for the work of healing, and the skillful practice of surgery and medicine. But in the face of all this the great man finds somewhat to marvel at. It is a problem to him that in the midst of so much intelligence, and practical scientific medical knowledge, American communities will sustain and be made the prey of such a great army of alleged healers, belonging to the school of Christian Science, faith cure and the like.

What wonder that he marvels? We also marvel ourselves when we stop to consider it. Is it that we, as a people like to be humbugged, that we are forever running after some new thing, through which we hope to obtain emancipation from the illusory idea that flesh is heir to? It is a subject worthy of our honest consideration. Let us consider it.

REMARKS BY MEN OF THE TIMES.

Edison may succeed in putting the horse out of business, but it will be a long time before anybody invents a substitute for the goat as a tomato-can destroyer.

The breakfast food fad seems to be losing its popularity, and Boston is now priding itself on its conservatism in sticking to pie throughout the whole excitement.

The critics say that Rudyard Kipling is "no poet," but as long as publishers eagerly pay him fifty cents a word for the stuff he recites off, the opinions of critics will not materially disturb his slumbers.

The month of March is, on the whole, more certain to bring rain than any other month of the year in Southern California. This is indicated by the records of rainfall extending over a long term of years. If we are blessed with an abundance of "the later rains," this month, the agriculturists of Southern California will rejoice in the most bountiful harvests they have had for years.

Tourists who have traveled extensively over country roads, in California and other States, declare that the roads of Los Angeles county are the worst they have found anywhere on the continent of North America—and they are doubtless right in the assertion. This is emphatically as it ought not to be. In no part of the country are the facilities better for building good roads than they are in Los Angeles county. We have the best of materials, and the climate is such that good roads, once built, would last longer than in most sections. Isn't it about time for us to "get together" on this proposition?

A dispatch from Schenectady, N. Y., under date of March 1, states that "the Potter case has been settled by the painters' union abandoning its position, and William Potter will be allowed to go to work as a union painter and at the same time remain a member of the militia." This is well. The action of the Schenectady painters' union in suspending Potter because he belonged to the militia has served to call widespread attention to some of the methods of unionism, and to bring those methods under public condemnation. If the union's foresight had been equal to its hindsight, it would not have placed itself in so reprehensible a position.

One is reminded of the well-known saying about shipping coal to Newcastle, by the announcement that an experimental shipment of sixty boxes of fresh fruit had reached New York from South Africa, consisting of plums, peaches and nectarines, grown on the estates of the Cecil Rhodes Fruit Farms Company, and that a portion of the shipment had been forwarded to California. The fruit is said to have arrived in perfect condition, after its voyage around three-fourths of the earth. This should encourage California fruit growers to experiment with fresh-fruit shipments to all parts of the world during the season when it is so plentiful here. To make this a success, however, the very greatest care must be devoted to packing, not only in order to preserve the fruit, but to please the eye of the purchaser.

Bits of Verse.

ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

Oh, I have climbed and climbed the hill
Of mountains far above the clouds
Which wrapped them round like gauze,
Hiding from view the birds' swift flight.

The glory of the vale, the sea,
The forests with their swaying trees,
And life with all its mysteries,
Till there seemed left but sky and me.

The lonely vastness did appall,
My spirit seemed to drink so deep
Of silence, and the lonely sweep
Of that sky-world which over all

The world I loved, the world I knew,
Hung like some strange creation there,
Cloud-paved and silent everywhere,
Beneath the vast and sun-filled blue.

As if the world were blotted out,
The world where I had lived and loved,
The sweet, glad world where I had run,
Had heard the voice of childhood shout.

In joyousness of being sweet,
Yet here alone, alone was I,
With cloud below, above, the sky,
No paths familiar to my feet.

Then rose the wind and seemed to brush
Familiar notes into my ear,
In cadence wondrous full and clear—
Clear as the notes that Pan might wear.

As through the wooded ways he went,
Or through the vales and o'er the hills,
When Morn with golden sunbeams fills
The spaces of the continent.

And then the mantled heights aside
Their garments threw, the clouds were gone,
A bannered army off they drift,
And lo! once more the valleys wide,

The sea, blue as the sky's o'erhead.
The forests all light crowned and fair,
The world I loved was everywhere
Again beneath my feet outspread.

ELIZA.

March, 1892.

A Sea Lyric.

There is no music that man has heard
Like the voice of the minstrel Sea,
Whose major and minor chords are found
With infinite mystery.

For the Sea is a harp, and the winds of Heaven
Play over his rhythmic breast,
And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
The song of a vast unrest.

There is no passion that man has known
Like the love of the deep-souled Sea,
Whose tide responds to the Moon's soft pull—
With marvelous melody—

For the Sea is a harp, and the winds of Heaven
Play over his rhythmic breast,
And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
The song of a vast unrest.

There is no sorrow that man has known
Like the grief of the wordless Main,
Whose Titan bosom forever throbs
With an untranslated pain—

For the Sea is a harp, and the winds of Heaven
Play over his rhythmic breast,
And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
The song of a vast unrest.

—[William Hamilton Hayne, in Atlantic Monthly.]

CURRENT COMMENT.

The Sultan of Morocco calls Secretary Hayne "a veritable Vizier." Now will John be good?—Commercial-Appeal.

The Missouri man who condemns bad sports greatest of crimes will never be a success as a novelist.—[Philadelphia Inquirer.]

Now that Dr. Loeb of Chicago has discovered for St. Vitus dance, let him cast about for some for cake walk.—[Kansas City Star.]

The Newmark man who kissed a widow and a return caravans from her broomstick had an "eye for the widow's might."—[New York World.]

An exchange thinks a harmless old bachelorette make a brute of a husband. By that same token, old maid, might make a devil of a wife.—[Daily Mail.]

If report is true, perhaps after all Louisville has not lived in vain. He is said to have been the inventor of the expressive phrase "nothing doing." Moineau Leader.

The department stores are not advertising ties in sackcloth and ashes this Lent. Lent you will prevail, and it is believed that the Lent will easily exceed the demand.—[Anaconda Standard.]

Kentuckians are terrorized by the flood. terrible thing about the floods is that they are composed of an infinite number of chasers, whether in the way of proper forerunners.—[Baltimore Sun.]

It is heard from Chicago that beef is now as pork. This might be very assuring but the probability that it is an optimistic way of stating that pork now costs as much as beef.—[Chicago Daily News.]

From the number of rising statesmen who form so prominent a feature of the present advertisements the average mortal is beginning to wonder whether czarism is a prerequisite for success or only a perquisite of the office.—[Chicago Daily News.]

Holland's Backwoods. By Frank G. Carpenter.

THE RURAL DUTCH.

HOW THE PEOPLE DRESS AND LIVE IN THE COUNTRY.

From Our Own Correspondent.

IF YOU want to see the Dutch as they are you must go to the backwoods of Holland. You will find there districts where the people dress the same from generation to generation and where their customs are unchanged by the ages. This is so on some of the islands of Holland, lying in the mouth of the Scheldt and also in the Holland on the edge of the German Ocean.

Take for instance the Island of Marken, in the Zuider Zee, not far from this great city of Amsterdam. It is to be another world. The people look down upon our clothing and dress as the Dutch did fifty years ago.

The men wear bloomers so full at the hips that could make a dress skirt out of one pair of trousers. They have roundabouts or shirt waists of black wool, with big silver buttons running in two rows down to waist, where the trousers are fastened by buttons large as an after-dinner coffee cup saucer. The trousers stop at the root of the calf and below are woolen stockings and clogs.

The women wear gorgeous red and white caps, red garters and white skirts, which fall to the knees and have blue or black stockings and clogs. Their hair comes down almost to the eyes, ending in a fringe of braided hair which covers the ears, a curl of hair hanging down each cheek to the shoulder.

I went out to Marken one day and spent the day photographing the people and houses. I had no trouble getting good pictures, for every man, woman and child was ready to pose for a certain number of pennies, the little ones trotted along at my heels in their caps, begging me to take their pictures and then asking money. Even the men demanded money when photographed, and I think the burgomaster himself would be posed for less than a guilder. I usually paid 4 cents a person, and a little more when I photographed the houses.

The houses of Marken are low, one and a half story houses, with ridge roofs painted black, built along the streets in little villages here and there over the land. I entered one at the invitation of the owner, old Dutchman, who wore a pair of trousers each leg which was as big as a two-bushel bag. His whole house was not more than twenty-four feet square, but was so clean that you could see your face in everything in it. The floors were scrubbed like a kitchen floor on Saturday night, and the plates on the walls shone. About the room were cupboards, each containing a bed, with the whitest of pillows and quilts prettily embroidered. The kitchen utensils were few, and two brass candlesticks, which shone like glass, stood on a shelf under the plates.

Dutch Farmhouse.

In my way to Marken I stopped at Broeck, a little village town in the midst of the meadows, to see a cheese factory. The factory was house, stable and cheese-making establishment combined. This is so throughout the dairy region of Holland. The hay is stored away in the garret, and one-half of the house given up to the cows, which are brought indoors during the winter and kept there.

The stable part of the house had accommodation for forty cows, two for each stall, and it was cleaner than the average American kitchen. The cows were out during my visit, but I walked with clean feet from stall to stall, making notes of the arrangements. The walls of the stalls are painted black to the height of the cows' white above that. In front of each stall there is a trough with lace curtains over it, and at the back a trough six inches deep, which is flooded daily with water kept so clean that there is little perceptible odor, as far as that the Dutch say that cow smells are slight, and the farmers do not mind them at all.

Dutch Tie Up Their Cows' Tails.

Very interested in the arrangements to keep the cows clean. Every cow is well bedded, and it has, in addition, a rope the size of a clothesline with a strap loop at each end to hold up her tail. One end of the rope is fastened to the rafters just over the cow, so raising her that there is no danger of it being flirted through the milk or into the eye of the milker.

In a room adjoining this was the cheese room with a great pile of fresh Edam cheese on the racks. The cheese was of a rich yellow color and more delicious than we have in the United States. I was shown cheese presses, and as I examined them I noticed American oil stoves on the shelves near by, an indication that the American invasion has evidently made its place in this out-of-the-way factory. The old man who owned the establishment explained the process of cheese-making, bobbing the gold horns over the fire and fro as she did so.

The Dutch country people! They are the quaintest of all characters of the Netherlands, and they remind you of the pictures of Holland you see in the galleries. The people of the towns dress about the same as we do, but in the back districts are girls with lace and helmets of gold, silver and brass, and also screw gold horns sticking out on each side of the head. The women working in the fields wear black hats and wide lace skirts, and it is not uncommon to find a young man with a thick mop of hair cut straight off at neck, a richly embroidered shirt, a roundabout with enormous silver buttons and trousers of velveteen which like enormous bags tied in at the knee.

The Dutch are plain and simple in their ways. They are sober-looking, but they can laugh upon occasions, many of them are hospitable.

Land of Small Farms.

More than half of the farmers of Holland own the land which they farm, but the holdings are compara-

tively small. There are not in the whole country two hundred farms, each containing more than two hundred and fifty acres, and 80,000 of the farms have each less than fifteen acres. Indeed, a large part of Holland is tracts of heath and of swamp and water, which are good for nothing. There are 2,500,000 acres in pasture, and more than 600,000 acres in forests, so that the land actually cultivated does not comprise more than one-third of the country.

The people are more devoted to stock farming and dairying than to tilling the soil. The country raises excellent grass, and there are now here something like a million and a half cattle, chiefly Holsteins. There are a million and a quarter hogs, more than half a million horses and 750,000 sheep.

Aalkmar and Its Dutch Cheeses.

Some of the chief dairy regions are in the North, and at Aalkmar is a famous cheese market, to which the people from seventy or eighty villages bring in their cheese for sale. Each cheese is marked with the initials of its maker. The stock is spread out on waxed cloths, and is bought by the wholesale merchants who ship it to all parts of the world. Holland exported about \$5,000,000 worth of cheese in 1900, the bulk of the product going to England, Belgium, Germany and France.

Thousands of tons of this are sold at Aalkmar, the stuff being brought in in wagons over the road, on barges up the canals and by the small farmers in dog carts. The price of cheese makes good or bad times in the dairy regions, and by the rise or fall of a cent or so a pound the farmer is happy or miserable.

I am surprised to see how well the Dutch care for their cattle. They treat them like children, and are careful that nothing is done to excite or disturb them. On a

and that the smaller ones are much more expensive than the steel structures of a similar kind in America.

Money in Bulbs.

The Dutch make money out of gardening, and especially flower gardening. They raise vegetables and fruits for England, but their peaches and pears lack flavor, though they are full of juice. They taste to me much like the fruits of Japan, which has about the same climate.

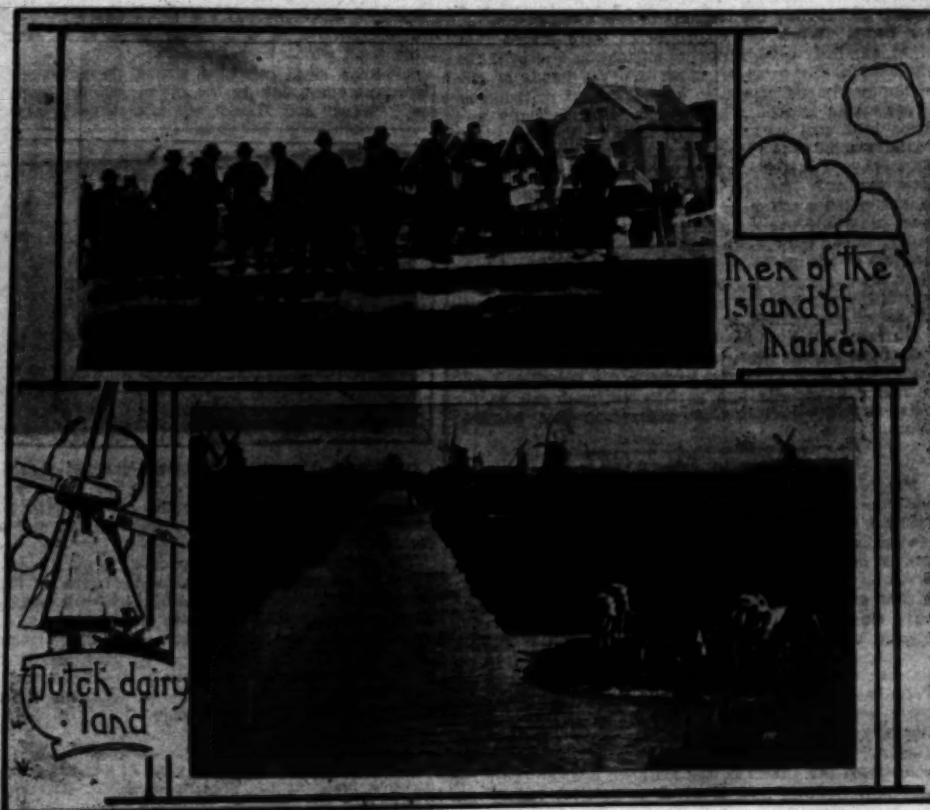
There are parts of Holland, however, which are just right for flowers. Take the region about Haarlem, where more bulbs are raised than at any place in the world. The soil there is a mixture of sand and loam just fitted for the best of tulips, hyacinths and gladioli. There are syndicates and individuals at Haarlem who do a big business in bulb raising. They have patches of tulips, hyacinths and other bulbs acres in extent. The hyacinths load the air with their perfume and the fields are of such colors that in passing through on the railroad at certain times of the year, you seem to be traveling over a crazy quilt more gorgeous than any ever put together in reality.

There are in all about 2000 different kinds of tulips raised here; 2000 varieties of gladioli and 1700 hyacinths. The bulbs are planted in trenches, with the large plants in the center and the small ones at the side. The varieties are kept separate, each row being labeled with its own name.

The most of the bulbs exported by Holland are raised near Haarlem, and this means an amount equal to about \$5,000,000 annually, much of which comes from the United States.

The Seat of the Tulip Craze.

It was at Haarlem that the best tulips were raised during the great craze, when such bulbs brought thirty



cold day if in the fields they are blanketed, and when hot the blankets are often kept on as a protection from the flies. The cows are fed in the fields, and the milking is done in the pasture, the farmers claiming that the animals should not be worried by being driven into the stable. On large farms the milk is collected by wagons, and on the small ones the milkmaids often bring it in themselves, using a yoke which fits over the shoulders, with a bucket hung to each end.

In France I found the cattle tied to stakes to keep them from destroying the crops next the pastures. Here in Holland nothing is tethered or watched. There are but few fences, but little canals two or three feet wide take their places. The gate to a field is often a drawbridge, which is let down when the animals pass in or out, but at other times remains up. Other bridges have gates built upon them, and it looks funny to see such gates standing here and there alone in the fields.

The farmers are everywhere thrifty. Nothing goes to waste. The haystacks are roofed with boards or thatched in such a way that the thatch can be lowered as the hay is fed out. All woodwork is painted, and rot and rust are not to be seen. Indeed, the only things that show signs of decay here are the windmills, some of which are hundreds of years old. In some cases these have been replaced by steam or oil engines, but they still do a great deal of pumping and grinding. You see them everywhere upon the Dutch landscape; some are huge affairs with arms thirty or more feet long, and great stone or brick towers rising high above the rest of the landscape. Many furnish the power for grist mills. Some saw lumber and others grind flour and food for the stock. It takes only two men for a large mill, so that the expense of running is slight. I am told that a large mill costs one or two thousand dollars,

weight in gold. That was about the only time that the Dutch lost their heads and went wild over speculation. They speculate still, but most of their enterprises are on an investment basis. During the tulip craze, along about when Boston was started, one Haarlem tulip bulb brought \$1500, with a team of gray horses and a carriage thrown in, and an Amsterdam bulb was sold for twelve acres of land. Both of these bulbs were of the variety known as the Semper Augustus, of which there were then only two in existence. At the same time, other varieties brought enormous sums. Tulip buying was a regular business, and men grew rich and poor from the trade. Some Dutch mortgaged their houses to buy tulips, and the loss of a peck of bulbs caused a man's ruin.

The Dutch tulips now sell for ordinary prices, but they are still handled on business principles, and both cultivation and marketing have been reduced to a science. The bulbs are set out in September and October. They are carefully cultivated by skilled workmen, many of the farms employing hundreds of hands. They are packed for the market just so and are shipped to seed and flower dealers all over the world.

Low Wages.

I doubt if the ordinary Dutch farmer makes money. Take the 80,000 who have less than fifteen acres. They cannot at best produce more than a living. Indeed, some of these are selling their farms and renting others. Lands are high and rents are calculated at about 3 percent of the land values.

Wages are very low. A good farm hand can be hired for from 30 to 40 cents a day, and a common price is \$60 a year, with a suit of clothes and a pair of boots thrown in. Many of the farm hands now go off to Belgium and France at harvest time, so that labor is scarce.

There is also an exodus from the country to the cities and the factories, where the wages are higher.

Even in the cities the wages paid seem ridiculous in comparison with those of the United States. The government usually pays as much as any one. Here are some figures recently published as to what men received who worked on state contracts: Common workmen got 5 cents an hour, carpenters 6½ cents and masons and bricklayers 7 cents. Blacksmiths received 7 cents an hour, and turners, planers, fitters and iron workers 8 cents. The wages in the factories are no better, and the hours of work range all the way from nine to thirteen per day. On the farms both men and women work, and the women, as a rule, do as much as the men.

In the factories there are also women and children. Children are allowed in the factories at the age of 12. The little ones go to their labors at 6 o'clock, starting work on nothing but a cup of hot coffee or perhaps a piece of rye bread, and coming home to breakfast at 8. They go back an hour later, and lay off for dinner from 12 to 1, when they return to complete the day. The wages paid children are but a few cents a day, and boys start into a trade as low as 20 cents a week. There are fixed rules as to apprentices, some shops refusing to take them because there are no laws by which they can hold them after they have learned enough to be of value.

Of late, however, technical schools have been established, and the children will have a better chance to learn trades than in the past.

Amsterdam, Holland.

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A TOAST TO TEACHING.

This story I had from a man who was present: A wealthy woman who affects patronage of education drove up one morning to the school of which she is a trustee and invited the teachers to spend the evening at her home. When the refreshments were served that night, one little cake, which by mistake had escaped the vigilance of the overseer, came into the hands of one of the guests and proved to have a curved omission as if something had been bitten out. The discovery was made in a cosy corner, where some of the irreverent young women of the teaching staff were making merry. Annabel, who is a musical accompanist, whispered to the girls that this was the second successive evening she had attended a reception in this house, once as a hired entertainer and once as a guest. She suggested that the things to eat were what were left over by the "society people" of the night before. At this revelation there were indignant looks, but the teachers' inviolable safeguard, the sense of humor, came to the rescue, and the holder of the telltale wafer lifted it up and proposed, *sotto voce*: "Here's health to us; the rag-tag and bob-tail of the learned professions; beloved by children; tolerated by youth; forgotten by maturity; considered municipally, financially and socially as good enough for what is left." —[William McAndrew, in the *World's Work*]

PATTI'S FORTUNE.

Mme. Adelina Patti has earned at least \$5,000,000 with her wonderful voice. During one single year she netted \$350,000, a sum much greater than many a successful lawyer or doctor earns in a lifetime. Day after day, during one part of her career, she made within two or three hours over \$5000, and was coining money at a rate which, if it could have been maintained, would have made her a millionaire within three years. The highest figure ever paid to a singer at Covent Garden was the sum of \$18,000 paid to Mme. Patti in 1870 for sixteen appearances, or \$1000 each appearance. Mme. Patti has, however, beaten this record in her American tours, when she obtained, as she did at New Orleans in the '80's, as much as \$8000 a night. This "prima donna assoluta" has many simple methods of preserving her voice from the effects of the artificial heat of the stage and concert room, one of which is gargling the throat, when she rises, with salt and water. Her fees for singing have been " princely;" but she probably "bears the palm" in her profession for being paid for not singing, for at one season at Covent Garden, besides her \$3000 a performance, she was paid a "retainer" of \$60,000 not to sing elsewhere for a certain period. She was probably the original of the insurance of voice. Hers is "underwritten" for \$5000 a performance, or for \$40,000 for total loss of voice. Only twice has she drawn the insurance, although she is nearly 60 years old.—[Chicago News.]

WHAT MAKES THINGS GROW?

According to Maurice Springer, a recent French writer on the subject, the energy of growth is closely related to electric energy, and may be identical with it. At any rate, growth-energy is closely connected with the phenomenon called osmosis; that is, molecular pressure due to differences of density in adjacent liquid masses. Such molecular pressure in the cells of the body he believes to be the phenomenon that underlies the multiplication of these cells in growth; and osmosis has been shown by experiment to be closely connected with electricity. The writer referred to believes that we shall soon be able to measure growth-energy as we now do heat or electricity, and perhaps control it so as to produce tall or short families or races at our pleasure.—[Success.]

ENORMOUS TRADE IN TOBACCO.

The enormous extent of the tobacco business in America may be realized from the fact that 7,000,000,000 cigars, 3,000,000,000 cigarettes and 280,000,000 pounds of manufactured tobacco and 15,000,000 pounds of snuff are produced every year. The retail value of all the smoking and chewing tobacco, in its various forms, approaches \$500,000,000 annually. It is indeed a business of royal proportions, and its control is worth fighting for.—[Leslie's Monthly.]

Weather Signs.

PROPHETIES THE SAILOR READS IN SUNSET SKIES.

By a Special Contributor.

AS THE sun god passed behind the pearl and violet curtain hung across the farther rim of the Pacific Ocean, one night not long since, he seemed to pause on a low-lying leaden ledge there, while he flung back a bouquet of petal-like red clouds, trailing them over the western sky as a springtime breeze frolics almond blooms through orchard reaches.

Then it was that a rosy-faced old man, once a seafarer, deserted his lounging bench in the sun, glanced at the sky splendors, and shook out his long gray curls with a knowing nod: "Old Triton will be flitting little tunes on his twisted shell somewhere before long," he remarked as he turned homeward.

Signs of Storm.

"Think there's a storm brewing?" sympathetically inquired another lover of sunny ease.

"See those brassy trimmings to the southward? Wind and showers, I should say. Just remember it tomorrow, and see for yourself," he replied.

The most significant of the sunset weather symbols may be easily named. Classify them by colors and by clouds. The primal signs of the evening skies, reading them by colors, are pink, crimson-red, yellow and gray. Shape is of higher importance than color in clouds, thin, long-drawn, brushy or curl-like patches kinds into which they have been divided: Cirrus clouds, thin, long-drawn, brushy or curl-like patches, the cat's tail of the sailor and the mare's tail of the landsman; cumulonimbus clouds, billowy masses often piled up like gigantic bales of wool; stratus clouds, low-lying banks stretching horizontally; and nimbus or rainclouds proper, ragged-edged, gray-tinted, often covering the sky in seasons of continued rains. After these are the mixed clouds, which are made up of fragments in different groupings, and really more interesting than those from which they spring.

Scientists have patiently picked these heavenly delineations apart, letting the pieces fall in "mist," "vapor," "wind" and "rain," but nature-lovers and west-



CRIMSON ABOVE A LEADEN BANK—RAIN.

window-dreamers, in California, are wont to say, "a yellow sunset for wind, pink for fog, red and leaden for rain."

The reader of sky signs, especially of our sunset skies, has an unfailing and ever-changing mine of innocent pleasure for his own. It is wealth as color—sumptuous as it is ethereal; and he follows the kaleidoscopic splendors, day by day, with eager eyes. The inquisitive thought: Will his prognostication prove correct? lures the student onward; and later, when it comes true, he turns back with a gratified I-told-you-so expression, then Janus-like, looks both ways.

Wind-mark Sunsets.

The clear, calm, unmarked close of day has its own appointed place in the great procession; but might be considered the interval between sunset, or the background to the moving pictures of the heavens. Taking distinct colors next, our golden sunsets cover a wide range of shades, indeed; running from pale, delicate yellow to dusky copper. The unclouded, extremely brassy-looking sunset, or the afterglow shining upward in sharp spokes of a sunburst invariably foretell the coming of wind, either high or moderate, determined by its intensity or degree of brightness.

Golds, glittering and unsullied, that burn like living flame, indicate cooler weather; but thick or muddy-looking yellows presage moisture, and a silken net of fairy rain-ropes lowered, or the sunburst turned upside down, generally brings more wet weather.

A pronounced type of the wind-mark sunset occurred in the first week in February of last year. Keen, like burnished brass, it was, and stretched half-way around the horizon, its outline rising against the sky like a vast forest. Its glow lasted more than half an hour, during which it faded and flamed up, died away and rose, like a burning sea replenished again and again. It was followed in twenty-four hours by a very high wind, which lasted several days; and brought frost, hail and snow in several exposed sections.

A yellow sunset that sinks into peachblow and mel-lows till it simulates a soft crepe-like fabric, trailing along the horizon in a scarf, suggests fog in the morning, with a sunny, breezy afternoon; or, veering to amber and pearl for a clear morning and foggy evening.

Pink that is the ghost of a red sunset and that thickens till it oversteps the border line into the cloud kingdom, to lift an outstretched raven's wing, forecasts foggy weather, ending in showers; or, the west all raven's-wing clouds and the east suffused with crimson, as if the sun had boarded his long-abandoned myth ship, made a new century speed trip around, to rise again that day, foreshadows fog ending in rain.

Red sunsets, if a great red rose laid against violet that

deepens to plum, or when made up of crimson bands separated by leaden, If the red zigzags a pathway down shot with brassy feathers, a storm Southern California, rain and wind.

Signs That Came True.

These sunsets were seen before the present year; and a red-rose sun of the month in last year brought the turbulence on the ocean, seaman's worst sea they had known between San Francisco in twenty years.

The heavy rainfall in Central California, 1900, was preceded by a vivid red sun, three crimson bars laid between purple and the sun, as it passed down, turned blood-red disk.

A mackerel sky, cirro-stratus clouds like strolling sheep reluctantly leaving for the fold, form the warning signs.

"Mackerels' scales and mares' tails" Make lofty ships to carry less when the fleece at nightfall slowly reddens, darkens or when these clouds ride black sand on a shallow river's bed, the shoalings spatter the sky with without a tinge of coloring, there will be cooler weather.

These mixed clouds are most frequent months; but the variations in sky signs earth is not in the same place it was the year before. One cloud does not in one season of study make a summer altogether!

Cirro-stratus clouds in three white two storms of more than passing note of which occurred in May. The three stretched across the sky from north to south, to exquisite apricot, then orange, then blow of the season," in which the most eventful trip across the channel.

Southern California's weather was lightning—last year, in June, was the bands of white that took on rose, changing to amber and melting into sunset sent down an afterglow of fire.

Cumulo-stratus clouds revel in fast sky with faces unknown or wondrous giants, with beasts unwritten about, mounted turtles, donjons, and shining minnows; thrilling cloud shapes are merely the for change of weather—any kind of a sunset is succeeded by one in which the bivouac behind an unshaded velvety meadow the weather-wise sun lover contentedly may be a beautiful warm day tomorrow."

THE GAGE OF THE SEA.

I.

we have handled a boast of our power. We have flung down the gage of the From the coasts of the East to the seas Our pennons have flaunted free;

With the pride of our wondrous treasure. With the zeal of our youthful hour. We have measured our strength with a We have scoffed at their pomp of power.

The banner of Stars, unrended, Has flown thro' the storm and the wave. It has shone thro' the smoke when the It has followed the typhoon's track.

Yet, dream not that days of glory, The deeds that our fathers wrought Can carry the boast of an unarmed hand And fight the fight to be fought.

II.

Not thus did the old sea rulers Who fashioned the laws of the main. Not thus did the kings of the ancient seas. Not thus wrought the builders of fleets.

The stalwart old burghers of Holland, In the days when she wept the wave, Tid her broom at the head of a thousand And ten thousand hearts of the brave.

Look now to the proud sea islands At the gate of the northern seas—! Cities of ships with thunderous lips Speak stern command on the broad.

And the Teuton giant yonder— Think you he dreams, in his hold, Of a phantom peace when war shall come And the weak shall keep from the world.

III.

No! Not in the plaint of the slumbering And not in the miser's plea May be found the shield of the mighty Set down by the coast of the sea.

When the winds shall burst upon us With the hall of the fire-ringed seas We shall look in vain to the deeds of our fathers And the strength of our unarmed sons.

Set down by the seas of half the world We shall turn to the sea or land And out of her breast from the land Shall come strange armed men:

The boast we made, in our hour of trial Shall crumble beneath their hosts And our fame of the sea, that we had Shall be blown on the winds of the world.

—[John Jerome Rodney, in the *Los Angeles Times*.]

President's New Secretary

REMARKABLE CAREER OF THE MAN WHO SUCCEEDS CORTELYOU.

From a Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON (D. C.) March 1.—Of all young Americans in their thirties the most conspicuous in our national life today is William Loeb, just elevated to the difficult and responsible office of Secretary to the President.

Secretary Loeb is only thirty-six. He receives a Senator's salary of \$5000 a year. His rank is but one step above that of our department heads. His new office has been a stepping stone to the Cabinet, once to the office of Ambassador. A brilliant future would appear to await him. The bright star of the young man of national life has been rapidly in the ascendant during past six years. It is nearer the zenith today than before in our entire history.

The new secretary is entitled to an "honorable" before his name. An incumbent of his office must now be confirmed by the Senate. Just before President McKinley's first term, the title of the office was changed from "private secretary" to "secretary." "Mr. Secretary" is the same form of address applied to Cabinet members employed by White House visitors who greet Loeb—at least by those versed in official etiquette.

Secretary Loeb has been known as "Roosevelt's right-hand man" since the head of the nation came here as President in 1901. He has been nearer to the President than any other man, young or old, during the past two and a half, having stood in the same relation to him as did Mr. Cortelyou to President McKinley, during the incumbency of the late John Addison Porter as Secretary to the President.

AmERICAN OFFICER.

Provide over the busiest office in all of the American small task for a young man in the thirties. But he "watched the wheels go round" for many months before he took his station at the throttle controlling them. Under present conditions, it would be well-nigh a herculean task for a "green" man to assume these responsibilities. Before entering upon his White House duties, Secretary Porter received some tutoring from his immediate predecessor, Secretary Thurber, and even from the former Private Secretary Lamont for ad-

ditional help. A perfectly clean desk greeted Secretary Loeb when he assumed his office. Such had been the perfect executive ability of Secretary Cortelyou that no unfinished business was carried forward.

Secretary Loeb's new office in the much-criticized White House annex, which Democratic Representatives only referred to in public debate as a "western dug-out," "chicken coop," "carriage barn" and coal house," is in the center of the south side of the little white building. He sits at a broad, flat-top mahogany desk facing the door, through which all visitors enter. In his right hand is a smaller desk occupied by Assistant Secretary Barraclough. On his left is a large room filled with stenographers; on his right, a doorway leading to the President's private office. The secretary's room is furnished in mahogany and his massive desk stands upon a handsome India rug. He faces a cheerful fire, kept burning during the chill winter days. Mr. Simmons, a veteran colored messenger, who has been with the White House since Johnson's administration, guards the secretary's door leading into the combined hallway and reception room, in which the waiting President and secretary must now present themselves. Simmons is the buffer between the impatient crowd and the secretary. He owes his long service of office to his success in " sizing up" strangers. No one can see the President without first seeing Secretary Loeb, and no one can see Secretary Loeb without seeing Simmons and inducing that functionary to open his card.

Routine.

Loeb's routine is as follows: The official team of the government allows an incumbent of his office to have up to the new executive office building soon after breakfast. By that time a goodly collection of Senators, Representatives and other callers have arrived and given their cards to Simmons. The secretary, however, goes over the important letters sorted out in the morning's mail, receives the cards and at 10 o'clock despatches to Simmons those visitors who may be intended to see the President. These fortunate ones enter groups in the secretary's office, and directly after the eastward opens and the President enters, begins the first "round-up" of the morning, and strangers making his initial call departs amazed at the courtesy with which the head of the nation disposes of callers. The President grasps the hands of the callers and says, "Good morning, I am very glad to see you indeed—I am very sorry that I cannot do more for you—but remember that in the case of Senator Blank I refused to give a commission on the same grounds. However, I can help you sometime in another office." "Good morning, Congressmen—yes, I think that you are intended to—just step into my private office." "Good day, Major—I will give the matter my immediate attention and you shall hear from me at the earliest possible moment." And so he "cleans up the office" and disappears.

He begins the daily routine on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. The secretary has had and posted the "White House Rules," which state that on those days the President will receive Senators and Representatives between 10 and 12, and other callers between 12 and 1, so far as the public business admits. Tuesdays and Fridays being Cabinet days, callers are received by the President. After Mr. Roosevelt has disposed of the first room full of callers he has invited the more confidential interviews with his time in his short career that he had a personal acquaintance with all of the public men frequenting the State capital. Since serving as stenographer to the

but brief treatment. And thus the crowd is sifted down until time for luncheon.

A Sad Invitation.

On Secretary Loeb's first day at his new post, a grief-stricken woman, with a little girl weeping at her side, begged between her sobs that she might see the President to gain a commutation for her husband, sentenced to be hanged in Alaska. The last boat which could take word to stay the execution was to start before many hours. The man had deserted her and his children for another woman, but she was fighting a brave battle for his life. The Attorney-General had reported against the condemned man, and the unfortunate woman had to be gently turned away. This was the new secretary's initiation.

Mr. Loeb will serve as the mouthpiece through which the President will talk to the press. While taking some highly-trusted newspaper men into his confidence, the President never grants interviews in which he is quoted. The secretary provides the press correspondents with lists of appointments and statements in regard to the official acts of the President, or, when necessary, furnishes in personal interviews such further particulars as he deems wise to divulge. But he follows the rule adopted by his predecessors of refusing to indicate the prospects of candidates to office or the probable action of the President on matters under discussion.

While letters are now coming into the White House at the rate of about 300 a day, the President sees but few of these. But far be it from the fact that the secretary scans all of those remaining. They pass through the hands of a clerk, who skims off the cream of each day's correspondence. The secretary answers the more important letters, but is too busy a man to write these replies himself. He dictates to his stenographer or indicates a reply which that trained amanuensis frames.

Launched on Wave of Office-seekers.

In office-seeking times a secretary to the President suffers his worst trials and tribulations. Secretary Loeb came into office facing a temporary wave of this nuisance resulting from the establishment of the new Department of Commerce and Labor. But as a result of the well-nigh complete civil service reform now extending over the great executive establishment, office-seek-



WILLIAM LOEB, JR., AT HIS NEW DESK.

ing will never become so much of a nuisance as it has been in times gone by.

Fact and a wide acquaintance with men of affairs are the main keynotes to Secretary Loeb's success. He is not a college man. He commenced his career as a messenger-boy, at 12, but later received a High School education and a thorough training in stenography. His first employment after graduation, was in the office of a newspaper correspondent, where speed and a willingness to adapt himself to irregular hours were the prime requisites. Then he found better pay in the offices of business men until Bishop Doane selected him as his amanuensis.

In his make-up there was none of the nomadic spirit characteristic of the average young man with equal self-reliance. He was born in Albany of stolid German parentage, and as he matured he gained the friendship of the influential men who frequented the empire capital. Unlike his predecessor, he had a taste for politics, and at an early age became the chief lieutenant of Eugene Burlingame, the then Republican leader of Albany. He was secretary of the Republican county committee when scarcely more than a youth, and served two years as vice-president of the Unconditional Republican Club.

When only twenty-two, he was elected official stenographer of the lower house of the New York Legislature, a position which demanded great skill, and which was fraught with many responsibilities for one of his few years.

Meeting With Roosevelt.

During the first few months of Mr. Roosevelt's administration as Governor of New York, Mr. Loeb served as one of the four executive stenographers. Had he been a young man of mediocre ability, he would never have attracted the strenuous Rough Rider's attention. As it was, Mr. Loeb had so much improved his time in his short career that he had a personal acquaintance with all of the public men frequenting the State capital. Since serving as stenographer to the

Assembly, he had been private secretary to a Lieutenant-Governor, a president pro tem. of the State Senate, a speaker of the Assembly and a candidate for the office of Governor. With the latter, Mr. Fassett, he had toured the State during a spirited campaign. He had reported the debates of the constitutional convention and had been stenographer to the District Attorney and grand jury. Gov. Roosevelt soon realized that a young man with such experience and wide acquaintance would be valuable to him as his private and confidential secretary. Mr. Loeb received the promotion. And he has been "Roosevelt's right-hand man" ever since.

Prior to President Buchanan's administration, each President had to furnish his own private secretary and pay for such services out of his own pocket; and in those days the presidential salary was but \$25,000 a year. But the work of the Presidential office was as nothing in those early times compared with what it is now. No books were kept, and all official letters were answered in the executive departments.

The first official private secretary authorized by Congress received \$2500 a year. Fifteen or twenty years later, this was increased to \$3500. It was during President Cleveland's regime that it was raised to \$5000, the present figure.

Thrice Led to Cabinet.

Two men besides Secretary Cortelyou have found this office a stepping stone to the Cabinet. These are John Hay, the present Secretary of State, and Daniel H. Lamont, Secretary of War during President Cleveland's second administration. John Hay, immediately after being admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of Illinois in 1861, was offered the position of assistant secretary to President Lincoln, and accepted it. Later, he was appointed adjutant and aide-de-camp to Lincoln, whom he served in the capacity of military secretary. Lincoln's only civil private secretary was John G. Nicolay, who has collaborated with Secretary Hay in the preparation of a notable life of the great Civil War Presidents.

Gen. Horace Porter, our present Ambassador to France, served President Grant as military secretary and attaché, but both Hay and Porter did military service after relinquishing their duties at the White House, while the former's subsequent stepping stones to the Cabinet were secretarialships in several of our legations abroad, and the office of Assistant Secretary of State.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, JR.

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UNSPOKEN WORDS.

The kindly words that ring within the heart

And thrill it with their sympathetic tone,

But die ere spoken, fail to play their part

And claim a merit that is not their own.

The kindly word unspoken is a sin—

A sin that wraps itself in purest guise

And tells the heart that, doubting, looks within

That not in speech, but thought, the virtue lies.

But 'tis not so; another heart may thirst

For that kind word, as Hagar in the wild—

Poor, banished Hagar!—prayed a well might burst

From out the hand to save her parching child.

And loving eyes that cannot see the mind

Will watch the expected movement of the lip.

Ah! can ye' let its cutting silence wind

Around that heart and scathe it like a whip?

Unspoken words, like treasures in the mine,

Are valueless until we give them birth;

Like unfound gold their hidden beauties shine,

Which God has made to bless and gild the earth.

How sad' twould be to see a master's hand

Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless lute!

But oh! what pain when, at God's own command,

A heart-string thrills with kindness, but is muted

Then hide it not, the music of the soul.

Dear sympathy, expressed with kindly voice,

But let it like a shining river roll

To deserts dry—to hearts that would rejoice,

Oh! let the symphony of kindly words

Sound for the poor, the friendless, and the weak;

And He will bless you—He who struck these chords

Will strike another when in turn you seek.

—[John Boyle O'Reilly.]

THE FLOOR OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

If the waters of the Pacific could be drained, there would be revealed a vast stretch of territory comprising enormous plateaus, great valleys for which no parallels exist on the land surface—lofty mountains, beside which the Himalaya and the Andes would look like hillocks, and tremendous hollows or basins, only to be compared with those on the face of the moon.

While there are great mountains, and huge basins or "deeps" the plateau areas are by far the most extensive. Relatively speaking, the floor of the Pacific as now at last revealed on the plateau areas, is level. There are undulations and depressions, but the general area is about the same depth below the surface.

Soundings develop a mean depth of from 2500 to 2700 fathoms. In shallower spots there is a mean depth of from 2300 to 2400 fathoms. Deeper spots show from 2800 to 3000 fathoms.—[Leslie's Monthly.]

A LITTLE MINISTER.

Far up the crag, 'twixt sea and sky,

Where winds tempestuous, blowing by,

Leave giant boulders swept and bare;

Where jagged lightnings fitful flare,

And petrels sound their stormy cry—

A dainty bluebell, sweet and shy,

Lifted its head complacently,

As guarded by the tenderest care,

Far up the crag.

And now, whenever fear draws nigh,

In thought I stand 'twixt sea and sky,

And, as of old in my despair,

I bless the Power that set it there—

That tiny thing with courage high,

Far up the crag!

—[Florence Marie Coates, in the Outlook.]

Life in Panama.

CONDITIONS NOT ENCOURAGING TO PLEASURE SEEKERS.

From a Special Correspondent.

CITY OF PANAMA, Feb. 18.—This is truly a land of impossibilities. The people are wretchedly poor, and yet the statistics show that they buy more liquor than flour. From the balcony of the Grand Central Hotel you can see blue mountains in the distance, which invite you across the blazing interval, offering cool, shady relief from torrid heat, but it is nearer to New York or London, because there are no roads leading to the mountains. Religious zeal is so strong that the rifle is the arbiter, instead of the prayer-book. From a high place in Panama you can see more water than land, and yet you have to pay for a drink. It is a novelty for an American to find such an item as "one pitcher of ice water, 20 cents," on his hotel bill.

Ice costs 12½ cents per pound, and water is peddled through the streets of Panama, as kerosene is sold in American cities. It is hauled in tanks and sold for 5 cents for each five-gallon can. During the dry season the price is doubled. Probably this does not seem expensive, but if you stop to figure up how much it would cost at this rate to supply the average American household, you will soon see why it is that the poor here, to

the intention of opening an eating-house, who said: "This is no place for a white man, let alone a white woman. It has cost me several hundred dollars of hard-earned money to find this out, but I am willing to lose it all and quit. I am going back to the States on the first steamer."

Familiarity Breeds Indifference.

The people on the Isthmus talk very bravely on the subject. Like all other self-respecting folks they have local pride. They will tell you that conditions are nothing like what they were formerly, and that now they are not nearly so bad as they are represented to be. They may be right in the first instance, but anyone who has been here lately will agree that it would be next to impossible to do Panama an injustice in referring to its present sanitary conditions, no matter how unfavorable this mention might be. People can become accustomed to almost anything, and by long familiarity with their surroundings they do not seem so bad to residents of the Isthmus as they do to outsiders who see them for the first time. The little funeral train which plies back and forth so industriously between Colon and Monkey Hill, arouses no comment among the natives, but it is likely to cause the stranger to go look in the glass to see if his tongue is coated, and to begin to inquire around for some information on the first symptoms of yellow fever.

Buzzard Scavengers.

The presence of those feathered gluttons, the buzzards, that are always gorging themselves on the rotten

The duty on all merchandise coming 30 per cent. of its value, and this makes it so costly that the poor native has to live on things which grow wild at home; these hot countries are food stuffs, and is blocked on them the totals always have come out of the little end of the business of importing tobacco and cigarettes being the highest bidder for six years. The assessment on goods of this character is so changeable the inference has been made that the government needs money when it comes into port. Disposing of it is to be a popular way of raising money for even the gambling privilege has been mentioned. If the strip conceded to the city of Panama, the owner of other concessions may soon find them

Plenty of Room for Development.

Many are looking to the Isthmus as a safe investment. There is plenty of room if one judges by what has not been done. It would be hard to find a similar area of land on the edge of the beaten track of the world where more industries have not taken root. An important business is the banana trade, confined to the districts bordering on the canal, account of there being no roads in the country are used for highways. Natives bring their bananas in canoes, loading them until they are sunk down almost to the water's edge.



Aerial View of Panama Canal.



Hospital near city of Panama.

whom a dime looks as big as a cart wheel, have to economize on this great necessity of life. The peddlers procure their supply from seep wells and natural springs at the base of a mountain, a short distance from Panama. Generally an excavation is made, partly covered over, and the water runs in as fast as it is taken out. I rode out on one of these carts, examined some of the wells, and by so doing became an immediate convert to bottled lithia for the remainder of my stay. Not one of them was clean. Pieces of plank, old shoes and rotten vegetables were floating around in them. In one well I saw an old pair of trousers, and in another a dead parrot.

Warning to Would-be Residents.

Panama is quite a city, just how large it is impossible to say, because none of the officials have ever taken the trouble to have the inhabitants counted; the population is estimated to be about 25,000. With the exception of those who live in two hotels and probably a half-dozen residences, that have large tanks in which rain water is caught and stored, the people depend upon these seep wells and springs, thus making the quality of their supply as bad as the quantity is small. A gentleman who has made a study of the causes of disease in Panama told me that the closets in two-thirds of the houses were made without any way of cleaning them, thus forcing the inmates to breathe the foul air from the cesspools of filth. I dwell upon the poor conditions of living in Panama, disagreeable as the subject is, because there will be a great influx of Americans to the Isthmus as soon as it is definitely settled that we are to put the canal through, and it is well to let all who contemplate coming here know what they may expect to contend with. Some are arriving in advance who are altogether ignorant of what they are coming to. I met one woman from New Orleans who came with

things lying around, apparently without ever getting their fill, receive no notice from the inhabitants, but the visitor wavers between disgust for the birds for having such repulsive appetites, and censure for the community for furnishing them with the means for gratifying the same. Any place that is dirty enough to be a popular hang-out for several thousand buzzards can hardly qualify as a health resort. Our Consul in Panama, H. A. Gudger, acted as mediator for the two parties during the revolution, and he told me that on his trips back and forth between their camps he saw thousands of buzzards despoiling the dead. No burials were attempted at all, and these loathsome scavenger birds soon cleaned the bones of horses, men and everything left in the wake of battle.

The commission recommends that a year or more be devoted to cleaning up and improving the conditions which prevail along the route and in the terminals of the canal before the actual work of construction is commenced. This is a very wise plan, and until this work is done the safe policy for all who have any regard for their health is to stay away.

Little Foreign Trade.

The foreign trade of Panama is very small. It buys less in a year than Cuba does in a month. More European goods are used than American because our merchants have made no attempt to control the market. As far as Panama is individually concerned they have probably made money by leaving her alone, because the rule is twelve months' credit, and experience has shown that these long-time accounts for small sums are not worth fooling with. The European business men would probably not be so keen for trade of this kind, if it were not in accordance with their policy to cultivate the whole Central and South American field, with the expectation of sowing up, on general results,

handle them so skillfully that they never have an accident, and deliver their freight in good condition for 20 cents for a large bunch and 10 cents for one. The difference between this price and bananas sell for at your grocery or fruit store is that someone makes a big profit on this.

There are fourteen steamers that carry bananas from Panama to American ports, about two thousand business passing through Mobile and New Orleans.

Half of Land Uninhabited.

Panama's land boundaries are Costa Rica on the north and Venezuela on the other. It is estimated that half of its territory is uninhabited, on account of the swampy condition of a great portion of it and the other the inaccessibility of the same, on account of lack of roads. About one-third of the population lives along the canal route and in the terminals. One of the best chances for a future for the Isthmus is said to be truck gardens, trying to raise. The army of laborers that will be employed for several years in the construction of the canal will consume large quantities of supplies, and after the work is completed the same will pass through will afford a market for this sort of provider.

The Chinese do most of the garden work, and they do it well, but they are not good at producing poultry as it is practiced. It is a good hotel, conducted on the American plan, and there is no hotel at all except the one maintained by the railroad. The accommodations on the boat on the Isthmus, but they are not good.

Bananas for Doctors.

During the period when the French were at the height of its operations large numbers

caused by physicians of good standing. Many among the better classes of people were so afraid of fever that they wanted a good physician by them constantly if they had the slightest symptom. In many instances the imagination of these fearful ones made fat fees for the doctors, while at the same time the quacks found a profitable field among the ignorant lower classes.

It will require general and extensive improvement to make Panama a modern city. A system of waterworks will have to be constructed; the streets must be paved; the electric plant is a home-made affair that does not work regularly and renders poor service when it is at its best; the street cars are crude and poorly patronized; there is no telephone system except a private line operated by the railroad company. All this offers variety enough to allow a choice for improvement companies, contractors, and skilled artisans.

It was remarked to me that if it were possible for the American people to journey across the Isthmus of Panama in a great personally-conducted party, and see for themselves things as they are, and be brought to a realization of what this long-talked-of canal really means to them, and to the rest of the world, how enthusiastically they would unite in its support, sweeping aside all opposition, brooking no delay, until the mighty task was done and Yankee genius had scored its greatest triumph.

FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

TOURISTS' TALK.

CONVERSATION OVERHEARD ON THE FERRY AT SAN DIEGO.

By a Special Contributor.

"So that's Coronado! Hum; looks like an island with a string tied to it." Miss O'Maha readjusted her "noose" pinchers and then went on: "But it's larger than I'd supposed, and so is the bay."

"There are a great many large things in this part of the country," briskly replied her cousin, Sue City. "There's a pumpkin in the Chamber of Commerce that weighs 100 pounds, and its circumference is over six and one-half feet."

"Nonsense; you'll be trying to make me believe next that those long-billed things flying over our heads are California hummingbirds."

"No, those are pelicans, fishing. Just watch that big one take a header down below. He will get what he went after, and stow it away in that hammock under his foot, for future reference. Those birds have 'eyes like a haggle,' but I saw one make a miscalculation yesterday that will lay him up for repairs awhile. As I stood near the bow of this boat a pelican made a sudden swoop, and came down swat against a porpoise, which chanced to rise at that moment. It was a regular bull-and-million, but the ferry ploughed 'em both under before they had time to fix the blame. Over at the beach is a cosy, little picnic booth down by the wrecked pier, and I headed for that first, to watch the surf roll in, but a pair of spooney lovers reached the nook ahead of me, so I went on down to the monkey cage. There I found a sort of South American revolution in progress. The whole lot of missing-links were swearing mad about something or other. They tore around, made new oaths and mentioned all the mean things they ever heard about each other. It reminded me of the political conventions I used to report for Iowa Home."

"Are you doing any specials out here?"
"No; just taking a rest, but I have so many 'experiments' every time I stir out, that it is a temptation to meet them up. While crossing the boulevard to reach the hotel at noon yesterday, I enjoyed (?) the distinction of nearly being run over by a noted millionaire's (Gates) automobile, which came hurtling down the pike of the poor old man. It was with considerable satisfaction that I afterward read an account of that same Gates automobile being stuck in the mud on a country road, from which it had to be towed by such picturesquely-named horses."

"Well, but the air-tastes good. It's better than a book," said the Nebraska tourist.

"Well, sir, you've swallowed a breaker or two, and the doctor will pull on you. It's actually worse than our old Big Muddy. But come inside and see if you can't stop snoring for five minutes. Why don't you take some molasses syrup, or something?"

"I have taken quinine till my head feels like a boxful of bees."

"What ails you, anyway? Grippe, hay fever or influenza?"

"Yes, I guess so. I caught it, or it caught me, on that draughty old overland train."

"The wind howled and wailed in mournful cadenzas; The door flew open and in flew-en-sa," quoted Cousin Sue.

"Now, look here; protested the invalid, "it's bad enough to be afflicted as I am, without having to endure such dislocated rhyming."

"Nothing the matter with that poetry, except that its feet are not mates. Mercy, what a bump! We must have run over a whale."

"Be serious, Sue, and don't tell me so many 'ferry-tales'."

"My dear Miss O'Maha, I have been merely supplying you with facts; please remember that you are a tenderfoot, while I have been out here a whole week."

REX WILSON.

FISH EJECTED BY VOLCANOES.

The stories of dead fish thrown out by volcanoes have been revived by the recent West India catastrophes. In particular, great quantities of them are reported to have been cast into the sea from the Island of St. Vincent. It is pointed out by a French expert, M. Girardin, that these fish are simply the denizens of the lakes formed in the craters during their long periods of inactivity. A crater first becomes clogged, then fills with water, and the water is in time peopled with fish that find access to it through subterranean channels. When volcanic activity is resumed, the first thing that occurs is an explosion that blows the lake—water, fish and all—into the air, and distributes it over the neighboring land and water surfaces—(Success).

Cortelyou in Youth.

A FORMER TEACHER TELLS OF HIS NORMAL-SCHOOL LIFE.

By a Special Contributor.

IN 1878, George Bruce Cortelyou, who was recently appointed and sworn in the first Secretary of the newly-created Department of Commerce and Labor, appeared in the upper hall of the old school building of the Westfield State Normal School. He came with others who wished to prepare themselves for teaching in the public schools of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. At that time he was 16 years old, and not fully grown to his present stature. Looking over the applicants for admission with the proverbially-critical eye of the teacher, I observed that the dark, pale, straight-haired young man at a distance in front of me bore the stamp of cultured and refined ancestry and environment, and also of good individual character. At that early age his personal appearance was marked by quiet dignity and modest self-possession. When his papers were handed in, we learned that his name was Cortelyou. Being an unfamiliar one in New England, its right pronunciation was puzzling to his teachers, and led to some discussion, and an inquiry of him how he called it.

Admitted without conditions, he quietly took his place in the ranks of the pupils, and studied faithfully for three years, after the Normal methods, and fitted himself to teach in all grades of public schools, including high schools.

The Westfield Normal School was a strenuous one in its discipline and requirements. Founded in 1839, it is, with one exception, the oldest Normal school in America, and it held an exalted position in the State as an educator of teachers in methods of instruction. It always exacted logical work and clear thinking; and tolerated no triflers among its members.

A Thorough Student.

Mr. Cortelyou's school work was not so brilliantly done by him as it often was by exceptionally bright and, I may add, shallower students; but he possessed far greater thoroughness and accuracy and the spirit of investigation, while in industry he outdid all others. All the details of his tasks were carefully worked out, and he never was in arrears with his work. Nothing was put over into the next day, and when Cortelyou was called up he responded with a recitation, "You may sit," was an expression used by a certain teacher in the school when failure was imminent, but it was never addressed to him. He was an independent thinker, seldom needing to ask for personal elucidation of particular points, the class teaching being sufficient for him.

Proof Against Female Fascination.

A large boarding-hall built at great expense by the State was the home of the pupils during their school course of study, the young men occupying the north wing of the lower floor. The dining-room, where they all took their daily meals, had six long extension tables. At the foot of one of these Mr. Cortelyou sat, carved the meats, and served to their meals a dozen bright-eyed, jolly Massachusetts maidens from 16 to 20 years of age. Meeting them as he did three times daily at the table and hourly in school time, he naturally became well acquainted with them, and just as naturally they greatly admired and petted him. The Normal young ladies usually succeeded in turning the heads of their male co-students in this home life; but their girlish attractions were wasted on Mr. Cortelyou, who, indeed, enjoyed their friendship, but never lost his heart to them; in that respect differing from and contrasting greatly to his advantage with the young man who, later, became his brother-in-law, the latter being frequently engaged to various and sundry charmers of his own classmates, and of other classes.

"We have no chance with Cortelyou," roguishly remarked one of his friends; "he has left a pretty girl behind him."

Certainly, if that were true, he was as loyal and as true-hearted an admirer of his absent fair lady as ever was knight of the olden time. The lady, who, after several years, became his wife, was never a member of the "Normal." But her sister, Miss Jessie Hinds, and her brother were graduates of the Westfield school. Miss Jessie was one of a large family of daughters, and was beautiful in person and fine in character. The brother was for a time a member of the Normal corps of teachers.

An Excellent Musician.

Though an amateur, Mr. Cortelyou was, in his school days, an excellent musician. When the literary society of the school occasionally held a public meeting in the "upper hall" at the last hour of the session, it always gave pleasure to his teachers and schoolmates alike when the young pupil president of the society somewhat stiffly announced, "Mr. Cortelyou will now play a solo." In his manner he illustrated Goethe's famous saying: "Ohne Hast, ohne Rast." After the announcement Cortelyou unfastening, unfastening, paused a moment, then took his piece of music from his desk, rose deliberately, walked slowly down to the other end of the long room, and sat down at the piano, rose, adjusted the stool to his liking, placed the music on the rack, looked at the notes, paused; about this time there was an uneasy feeling in the audience and a mental query, "Why doesn't Cortelyou begin?" Finally, he invariably adjusted with both hands his eye glasses, commenced immediately after to play, and continued to the end without break or mistake. The final motion before playing became so well known that it was recognized as an essential preliminary of all his work.

Every Friday evening there was a recreation hour in the south parlors when pantomimes, charades and tableaux were enacted by pupils and teachers.

On such occasions the personal peculiarities of pupils were sometimes good-naturedly travestied. "Cortelyou settling his glasses" was an earmark by which he was

recognized, and it was always applauded and received with a ripple of merriment. Referring to the brief stay of motion between his separate movements the principal of the school often said, "I like the way Cortelyou does. He never doubles his track. If I had to solve a problem in five minutes or die, I would spend three minutes of the five in thinking how I would solve it. That is Cortelyou's method."

His Record in English.

I still have in my possession a long, narrow, black book in which he recorded the rank of every Normal pupil that studied English literature under me during the many years of my teaching. As I turn its leaves, I find the names of men now well known in educational circles, grave principals of Normal and high schools, professors of language and science, rectors of Episcopal churches, pastors of Methodist and Congregational churches, book publishers, and men eminent in other positions opposite the record of their work. The record opposite the name Cortelyou shows an average in History of English Language, Shakespeare, Ivanhoe, Macaulay's Essay on Johnson, Milton, Addison, Swift and Scott, of 96.

In classes other than mine he maintained also a high standing, but I have not the data of his work. Though attaining to this high average he was not a book-worm, nor a grind, but was an excellent assimilator of knowledge.

His Opinions Respected.

While Mr. Cortelyou was a serious boy he was not melancholy nor even sober; on the contrary he was always cheerful. He seemed usually to be thoughtful and was not given to much talking, though he was in no way taciturn. His opinion had weight with the school authorities. Often when measures already prevailing or in contemplation were discussed, the opinions of the pupils were considered and weighed according to the character and judgment of the individual. The views of the light, thoughtless pupil were passed over. But when it was said, "Mr. Cortelyou thinks so," though his ideas might be directly opposed to the course held or adopted, they carried an influence that would doubtless have surprised him, had he been aware of the value that his teachers attached to his opinions.

This esteem was based somewhat on the fact that he was never obtrusive or meddlesome in the discipline and management of the school; but chiefly it was due to the confidence that he inspired by his impartial, unprejudiced breadth of character, and to respect for his judgment. Sometimes he exhibited boyish antics; but so seldom did he break out into undue trickiness that it caused strong surprise when it occurred. A certain domestic regulation having stirred up the boys to unusual restiveness, one of the teachers wryly remarked, "Even Mr. Cortelyou is cutting up," and the opinion of the faculty was that the new ruling was injudicious and would have to be abandoned if Cortelyou rebelled. A Graceful Usher.

Several times a year the Westfield Normal engaged a lecturer and invited its friends in the community to hear the lecture with them. On such occasions the young men of the school were pressed into service as ushers, since the girls were sometimes made ill by going repeatedly up and down the long, steep, narrow stairs that led up to the assembly hall on the third floor.

Mr. Cortelyou was never called upon for this work until his senior year, mostly, I think, because of an instinctive shrinking from asking anything of him that resembled service. However, at this particular time nearly all the other young men were in classrooms, and Principal Scott requested Cortelyou to usher the guests to the study hall. The school building, while not very large, was bewildering to people unfamiliar with it, and they lost their way in their wanderings through the rooms, disturbed recitations by opening doors of classrooms and hurrying distractingly through them. Therefore, it was necessary to meet guests at the entrance and guide them to the right place.

When I came into the lecture-room ten minutes before the hour for beginning, I saw Cortelyou toiling up the very steep stairs—the hardest ones to climb in Massachusetts—with a venerable lady and a companion behind him. If he had been Earl Marshal of England directing a coronation procession, his manner could not have been more superb, as he headed the old lady to her seat and waved her attendant a place. Then he hastened—all a Cortelyou could hasten—down to the entrance, and soon came up again with other townspeople, whom he seated with the same grand air. Deprecating the putting of Mr. Cortelyou to "base uses," I remonstrated, with the freedom that long association permits; and Principal Scott asked "What's the matter? Isn't he doing well?" "Magnificently," I replied; "but he is too good to spend his time on such matters." "Oh," replied Mr. Scott, "I think he is a superb usher."

Principal Praised.

The next morning, just before the opening of school, as the instructors sat together on the platform, the lecture was discussed, when the principal, turning to the corps of teachers said with a flash of merriment in his eyes, "Cortelyou ushered." Being an emotional man, tears immediately struck into his eyes, as they always did when he was particularly pleased. "Cortelyou's ushering" became proverbial in the faculty and the magnificent yet unpretentious stateliness of his courtesy to the little old ladies whom he escorted as if they were queens, exhibited a quality that was before unsuspected. Later, when he was master of ceremonies at Mrs. McKinley's New Year receptions, his old school acquaintances knew that he was the lad that could marshal the guests and lend honor even to a President's drawing-room.

In observing his life-course since his Normal graduation, it is evident that he owes his brilliant success to his great industry and habit of doing everything well. Buffon says, "La génie, c'est la patience." That is the secret of Mr. Cortelyou's genius, and his rise to the position of Cabinet Minister. He possesses infinite patience to work out details. "He never doubles his track," as his principal said. After his graduation he worked evenings with the patience that constitutes genius to perfect himself in stenography, and fitted himself for the exacting position of confidential clerk. Though I have never seen him since that January day in 1882 when he delivered in excellent form his graduating essay, and took his teacher's diploma, I recognize the same admirable qualities in his later life that distinguished him in his teens, that have advanced him from teacher to confidential clerk, that made him invaluable to three Presidents, and finally raised him to membership in the national Cabinet.

Laura Prentice Stevens.

[From advance chapters of "Mexico, Old and New," by Edward C. Butler, formerly Secretary of the American Legation in Mexico. Copyright applied for.]

Last 'Tzin of the Aztecs.

CUAUHTEMOC AND HIS REMARKABLE CAREER AS A RULER.

By a Special Contributor.

THE virgin Valley of Mexico had been rudely awakened from its slumber of centuries, and the dense forests that enfolded Anahuac were strangely astir. Although the Spaniards had been driven from Tenochtitlan, flying eastward to escape extermination, rumors reached Cuauhtemoc that a second attempt was under foot. He continued to gather the Aztec warriors round the capital. The forests that descended to the borders of the lakes were full of warriors. The old traditions of their predecessors suggested themselves to the wary Aztecs; the pilgrimage of the Toltecs from Huehuetlapayan in the year 667 A.D., and their empire that had flourished in Mexico till the year 1081; then the influx of the Chichimecans, the sun worshippers, also from the north, and their occupancy of the Mexican table lands until the first news reached them that the Aztecs of the distant California were moving southward.

The Aztecs were then governed by Huitzitzin and Tecpaltzin. They left Azatlan, a country located in the region now ranging between Los Angeles and San Diego. This was in the year 1180. They moved eastward and southward until they reached Huexotlhuacan, today known as Culiacan. At that point they were said to have discovered their god of war, Huitzilopoxtil, and thence carried it in all their wanderings, on a litter of willow boughs. Their route took them past Zacaletas, Ameca and Colima, and then going east they reached Tula, the ancient and abandoned seat of the Toltecs.

In the year 1216, after fifty-six years of pilgrimage, the Aztecs reached Zumpango, on the edge of the Valley of Mexico, thence passing seven years later to Tizayucan, where Huitzillihuatl, their first King, was born. Then commenced the most strenuous period in their history, for a century should elapse ere they could commence to establish their capital, and that within a few miles of the spot they first reached in 1216. The baby King was carried in their future wanderings round the Valley of Mexico, till he assumed command. Skirting the valley by way of Guadalupe, they reached the Grasshopper Hill, Chapultepec, and finally located for a time at Acoculco. They were at the time a despised, little tribe, half-hunters, half-fishermen. It was an indomitable tribe, however, and soon their island homes commenced to blossom into beauty, although in their agricultural pursuits they were constantly on the defensive. Though housed in huts of reed and rush, they had rare dreams, those ancient nation builders, dreams of a rock-bound city of palace and temple, rising from the fretted foam of the lake. For fifty-two years they thus lived, subject to constant oppression by the jealous tribes that surrounded them, until they were forced into vassalage to the King of Acolhuacan. Being vanquished, they were carried captive to Tizapan, a picturesque spot located in the foothills of Ajusco. Years later the Xochimilcos attacked the Acolhuans, and the latter called on the Aztecs for help.

Herrile Sacrifices.

For the first time the bravery and military prowess of the Aztecs were noted, but their savagery in battle horrified the Acolhuans. It was the custom of the latter to reward their soldiers according to the number of the prisoners which they would bring into the camp-alive. The Aztecs brought no prisoners, and were subjected to sneers until they brought out great sacks full of human ears, the ears of the Xochimilcos they had slain. This horrified the Acolhuans, and the horror deepened when the next day the Aztecs offered up in human sacrifice four of the unfortunate Xochimilcos whom they had kept alive for that purpose. These, the first human sacrifices, so horrified the tribes living in the Valley of Mexico, that they shunned the Aztecs, and hated them thereafter. The Aztecs then took up their home among the floating islands of Ixtacalco; rather, they built the islands themselves, planting long-rooted growths that settled to the bottom of the lake, they massed thereon soil and vegetation, until they had garden patches all over the lake. Long since these chinampas or floating islands have ceased to float, and one can find them, lining the great Viga Canal for miles, to the eastward of the City of Mexico. The Aztecs lived there till the year 1325, when, after subjugating the surrounding tribes, they established their rock-bound homes upon the lake, as they had dreamed a century before.

All these heroic reminiscences of his race recurred to the valiant Cuauhtemoc, as he prepared for the new defense of his empire. His was not an imperial coronation, as was that of Moctezuma II. The latter had been inaugurated with a pomp and ceremony never surpassed by any Aztec monarch. Returning from the Sacred War, with 20,000 prisoners, the human sacrifices continued for days. A crown of miter shape, curiously wrought and ornamented with gold, gems and feather work, was placed upon the head of the Emperor by the Prince of Texcoco, the most powerful of the royal allies. Not such was the stormy coronation of Cuauhtemoc. Like Napoleon, he was self-crowned, for those were days of battle, breast to breast, with the Spaniards, and the Aztec Emperor had not the time nor the inclination to submit to the religious rite.

Thousands of Human Hearts.

Following the defeat or flight of the Spaniards, the Aztecs celebrated the deliverance of Mexico by sacrifices of human hearts by the thousand, some Tlaxcalan and some Spanish, all offered to the god of war, who was supposed to have driven the strangers from the Valley of Mexico. At the temple of Huitzilopoxtil,

gladiatorial combats were ordered. This typical Aztec ceremony was presided over by six priests; Topiltzin, the chief priest, clad in a crimson vestment, with a headgear of vari-colored feathers, performed the preliminary ceremonies to the nondescript god of stone. The other priests, in white robes, bordered with black, their faces hideous with pigment and mouths painted white, assisted in the savage ceremonies. Thousands of people crowded about the temascal, or round platform, eight feet high, upon which the combat was to take place. The victims, who were prisoners of war, included some of the unfortunate Tlaxcalans, who had fallen alive into the hands of the Aztecs during the running fight of Noche Triste. They were tied by one foot to the platform, and armed with a short spear and shield, and confronted by Aztec warriors, fully armed, who played with them as a cat plays with a mouse. The prisoner thus was soon overcome. As soon as he fell, and even if still alive, he was hung on the sacrificial stone of dark-green basalt. When on the convex surface, the chief priest opened the breast of the victim and cut out the heart, which was then held up toward the sun, and the bleeding trophy was then placed in the hollow mouth of the hideous idol. For days the dismal sacrifices continued, while the wild prayers and chants of the priests were offered up in savage thanksgiving.

Ceremonies Waived.

Cuauhtemoc, the young chieftain, who modestly waived all rites of inauguration, was content to figure as a cacique in the defense of his country. He soon had renewed opportunity to meet the masterful Spaniards. After the disastrous retreat of July, 1520, Cortez succeeded in refitting a second expedition, at Tlaxcala. On December 24, 1520, he again marched toward Mexico. He had then an army of 512 infantry, of whom 118 carried muskets or cross-bows, eighty-six cavalry, an artillery force of three battering cannon and fifteen field pieces. He had also with him a host of Tlaxcalan allies. One week later he arrived at Texcoco, overlooking the capital, preparing for its recapture. At Tlaxcala he had arranged for the construction, in sections, of the fleet of brigantines, with which he now proposed to reattack the City of Mexico. It was a task of magnitude, and one that called into play all the inventive genius of the Spaniards. The entire material had to be brought from the mountains of Puebla, in the vicinity of Tlaxcala. The beams, planks, masts, cordage, sails and ironwork, and the other numerous articles necessary for the construction of the thirteen brigantines, had to be brought thus nearly 100 miles, overland, through a mountainous country. The Tlaxcalans furnished 8000 tamenes, or slaves, to carry the material on their shoulders, and appointed 15,000 warriors to accompany and defend them. Sandoval led this column. He placed the tamenes in the center, and the soldiers all about them. Thus he escorted the Tlaxcalan convoy to Texcoco. The brigantines were each furnished with one small cannon and a crew of twenty-five Spanish soldiers, and Cortez himself commanded the fleet. The big boats were launched on April 28, 1521, and soon had their sails spread to the breeze, the first sails that had whitened the lakes of Mexico. The Indian canoe men tried to contest their passage, but, like great birds, the brigantines fairly flew through the fleets of canoes and flatboats that darkened the waters; and before sunset Cortez commanded the water approaches to the capital.

The Emperor Captured.

Cuauhtemoc was but 22 years of age when he thus commenced the defense of Mexico, for the second time. As well as he could he fortified the city. Already he had gathered corn in immense quantities in the granaries of the palace, and had mobilized almost every available warrior in the empire—some on land and some on lake. Days of battle followed. Frequently the Spaniards succeeded in penetrating to the center of the city, only to be driven back. Cortez had his headquarters at Tecpan de Santiago, part of the old city, to which he had fought his way. Cuauhtemoc, finding the stock of grain running low, tried to save his family, sending them to the mainland in canoes. But the party were surprised by Tlaxcalans and Spaniards, and Cuauhtemoc and his following were captured and taken before Cortez.

On August 14, the day after the capture of the Emperor, Cortez returned to the Amaxic Ward of the city, where he received the prisoners. They were Cuauhtemoc, Lord of Mexico; Coanacotzin, Lord of Texcoco, and Tetlepanquetzatzin, Lord of Tlacopan. The Lord of Mexico was accompanied by a group of nobles, who brought to the Spaniards the limited treasury captured in the convoy of Cuauhtemoc. Cortez asked the Emperor for the whereabouts of the royal treasure lost on the night of the fight of the Noche Triste, the previous summer. The conflict ceased with the capture of the Emperor. It had lasted seventy-five days, and 100,000 Aztecs had perished in battle, while over 150,000 had fallen victims to famine and pestilence. Of the population of 300,000, scarcely 40,000 remained in the city when Cortez entered, on August 13, 1521, and most of them were spent with fatigue and famine. The city was one vast ruin, one cemetery of unburied dead. Such was the pestilential condition, that Cortez moved to Coyoacan until the city could be cleared and cleansed. He then assumed control in Mexico City as Governor and Captain-General.

Hanged to a Tree.

Cuauhtemoc remained a prisoner of Cortez for four years. During an expedition to Hiburn, Cortez suspected Cuauhtemoc of organizing a revolt, and caused the great Aztec to be executed. He left him hanging to a solitary cypress near Iancanac, in the dismal swamps of Chiapas. During the occupancy of Coyoacan, Cortez stained his career by the disgraceful torture of Cuauhtemoc and Tetlepanquetzatzin, in order to force from them a revelation of the whereabouts of the royal treasure of Moctezuma II. The noted Mexican poet, Guillermo Prieto, thus briefly and simply describes that occurrence:

"The conquerors, filled with the pride of their conquest and thirsting for riches, made every possible investigation to discover the treasures which, with or

without reason, they supposed to exist; they sent to discover them, and even threatened to kill them if he failed to find them, and in turn Cuauhtemoc to uncover the hidden treasures. The emperor refused, and then the Spaniard ordered Cuauhtemoc to be tied to a post, then he was bathed with oil, and fire was set to the stand. The Aztec hero suffered the barbarous torment without a word of complaint, without a groan. Fresh was being roasted in the fire. Hearing this, his secretary, he turned, and with serene countenance said, 'Weak and faint-hearted man, am I reviling you?'

Some time since this wonderful epoch in history was immortalized in a large painting by the Mexican artist, Luis Izquierdo. The picture measures, being 10x17 feet. It represented Cuauhtemoc, his brother, Lord of Tlacopan; the Emperor, Julian de Alderete, and a group of Spaniards. The torture did not avail to wring from Cuauhtemoc, the information desired by Cortez. The Emperor smiled at him in scorn, and said he had the treasure in the lake four days before the day he added, that it would never be found.

Treasure Never Found.

No one has ever located the treasure of Moctezuma II, be it small or great. Believing it to be buried in the great Pedregal south of the City of Mexico, numerous excavations have been instituted, to no avail. In 1559, Baron de Cusca, a Belgian took the excavations in the Pedregal. He was a messenier in the work, a pretty woman, who was blindfolded over the jagged rocks, but located nothing. The experiment cost the Baron about \$1000, nothing was finally unearthed save a few pearls and turquoise. Later, Mr. Carrasco, an Englishman, organized a search party. About a mile from Cuauhtemoc, among some blow-holes, were found some old Aztec and other structures. In 1559, Hilario Cuauhtemoc, descendant of Moctezuma, made search, but found nothing of the treasure.

It is tradition that Moctezuma had a country built on the Pedregal, where he accumulated his treasure. History does not corroborate this. Neither Humboldt, Baturao, Hernandez, Clavijo nor Oroco y Berna mention that palace, but state that he did have such establishment at Chapultepec and the Pedregal. As a rule, the treasure was buried with the king. In the Ahuitzotl, the predecessor of Moctezuma II, the sum of forty slaves were required to carry the royal to the tomb. Not so with Moctezuma. He was buried with Aztec honors, nor in accordance with the rites of his religion.

The heroism of Cuauhtemoc, the last Texcoco ruler, has been further immortalized by the government of Mexico, in a magnificent statue, Paseo de la Reforma, the great boulevard which encircles the City of Mexico with the gates of Cuauhtemoc. On the 21st of August of each year, the Indian ceremonials round this monument is more or less typical. Indians have been known to congregate by the thousands, lay wreaths and roses at the base of the monument. It used to be a unique and novel sight. The Indians from the Sierra, with their tooting head-gear and scarlet perches, contrasted with the curious Puebla aborigines, and occasionally a tall, slender tecuan from the isthmus of Tehuantepec. Indians seem carved out of bronze. The Indians in Mexico are, as a rule, a stately set of men. President Diaz is of the Zapotec stock.

Modernizing Influences.

This statue was erected on August 21, 1887. Indians brought in large wreaths of Salazar flowers, with beautiful flowers worked in, with the artistic so characteristically Mexican. They would lay base of the monument till nothing was seen but the heroic figure of the last Aztec Emperor rising, pathetically motionless, from the perfumed pile. Strange music would beat about that high-pitched Indian bands, with curious instruments, as if vanishing into life their eternal here. But Mexico is giving way to Mexico the New. As Juan Alfonso, the Mexican Ingerson, once said: "Los dioses (The gods are going). The mantle of modern influence is coldly settling down forever upon Old Mexico. Sentiment finds no elbow-room, and is crowded to the past. The ancient aqueducts are being replaced by water-mains. The old-time city gates, with the garrison of beleaguerment, are gone. The time-stage-coaches are no longer seen thundering on the streets of modernized Mexico. The very themselves are smooth thoroughfares, with suggestion of the cobble pavements of the past. The old-fashioned petroleum lamps, swinging across the dimly-lighted streets, are all but quenched with the witchery of electricity. The queer dances of the Indian devotees at Guadalupe, fast being robbed of Aztec primitiveness, are the Cuauhtemoc festivities of midsummer. Fast on the flank of the great Aztec monument are the notes of the Mexican National Railroad, whose shrill engines drown out the rude "music" of the little bands.

A few garlands of evergreens clasp the green bronze that form the stately pile. The red element is missing. Like the scared deer of the native forests, they seem to fear the open and sharp eye of the white man. The usual official are conducted in semi-Aztec style. The quaint nature of the monument, so like the Egyptian, so truly Aztec, is half-buried in the evergreen against the grotesque panels and fluted columns, the green, white and red of the national banner.

The erection of this monument was entrusted to City Council to Francisco Jimenez, a Mexican sculptor. Jesus Contreras, cast the bronze and it was inaugurated by President Diaz on August 21 of that year. The idea of the work came from Valhalla. The sacrifice of Cuauhtemoc raised the rank of a demi-god. He is represented as upon the pinnacle of an ancient teocalli or temple, characteristic costume of an Aztec warrior, the tufted cap crowning his fine forehead, the red green feathers, title of his rank; his breast hardened cotton and fiber, a sweeping mantle of shoulders, and his spear poised, aimed toward the East, as if to meet the Children of the Sun, coming so long prophesied by the Aztecs. They were adored as neither welcomed nor honored. EDWARD C. BUTLER.

Mexico, January 28, 1892.

*After Cottontails.***JUNN SPORT IN THE DELIGHTFUL MATILIJJA REGION.**

By a Special Contributor.

UP IN the Matilija in June, when, at the first streak of dawn, the birds begin chirruping and twittering, and the gray-coated lizards dart over the canvas of the tent roof (their tiny claw-like feet scratching in a most distracting manner on its rough surface); when the ripple of the brook just beyond the closed tent flap takes on a louder tone and suddenly splashes hint at leaping trout or the morning dip of some feathered songster, the suggested fascinations of daybreak grow too strong and the morning nap shrinks into a thing of comparative insignificance. These enticing invitations to be out and doing are all-compelling, and to the lover of a little quiet sport now is the appointed hour, for on the sparsely-wooded slopes and in the sagebrush-fringed clearings of the Matilija, just before sun-up, cottontail and jack rabbit hold high carnival. Not even the sagacious Flip is needed to start them from their burrows, but Flip has long been up and doing, sniffing about the camp kitchen, which is al fresco; snapping at the lazy turtles crawling out of the stream in search of sunbathed stones grown chill during the night, and darting off frantically through the undergrowth at every whisper of the dry leaves, hoping to surprise a brace of young quail.

The man, therefore, who is looking for a fat bag of game and a savory stew at evening bestirs himself.

The sonorous and labored breathing of the camp cook can be heard from the A tent beyond, and none but one looking for trouble would think of arousing the feminine inmates of camp, so, by manful exertions, a hasty breakfast of griddle cakes and coffee is prepared. To the production of this generally goes the cook's jealous-ously-guarded supply of breakfast firewood, and that



RESULT OF A MORNING'S HUNT.

every available fish in the camp outfit is called into requisition and left unwashed causes no concern.

All the voices of early morning are calling, and the muffled atmosphere, spicy with the fragrant odors of bay, sage and wild rose, is delightfully invigorating.

As he trudges, with his gun over his shoulder, along the stream and crevasses through the dense chaparral in the early dawn, here for the hunt, the sentimentalists gives pause to wonder if the cottontails also find the air stimulating, and a startled scurry through the low brush, the glimpse of white like a flash of light, assures him that the timid hare is insensible neither to the infusions of the hour nor to those of the situation.

Flip dashes from boulder to boulder, sniffing cautiously, if suspiciously, about wayside clumps of cacti whose few full pads hang empty where some long-eared fox rabbit has already slaked his thirst with the juice.

But now the mists from the sea come rolling in a heavy fog. Slowly it settles, like a gray-white blanket, hushing the songs of the birds to a plaintive call.

Coming into the open, where the shelving rocks on either side of the narrow gorge spread out, revealing wooded slopes dotted with live oak still showing green under the overhanging vapor, the hunter drinks his fill of fresh salt air. Trudging over stream and boulder, ascending rising knolls and dropping again into pocket clearings, while the mist softly rises as gently as it fell, he takes on new vigor.

In the tangled brusk of the foothills, half hidden by the gaudy acauanas, resting on some huge boulder, the sentimentalists contemplates the beauty of the scene. Now the fog lifts, and the silence is broken only by the soft, drip, drip from the near-by trees.

Beyond lies the great panorama of undulating hills and barren rocks, hemmed in by mountains, toward the summits of which the white clouds are drifting.

But the stillness is suddenly broken. Flip, sniffing about impatiently, has started a rabbit from the brush.

A scurry, a dash, a dash—some powder and shot wasted for the first coveted victim escaped the game bag, but the sentimentalists is awake.

And, as if response to the voice of the shotgun, one cottontail and then another dashes through the open to see the fun. Sorry sport it is to some of them. They bound in long, swift leaps from covert to covert, cocking up a knowing eye and confusing the amateur sportsman—not by their agility but by their numbers, which disconcert him as did the pigs of the famous farmer who complained he could count them all but one, that "few around so he couldn't keep his eye on him."

But over the advice, with his "pump gun," which never stops pumping so long as there is a rabbit in sight, and his lineage in the Matilija, where every square yard of a rabbit-haunted region has bushes of shot

scattered over it, and every amateur succeeds in toppling over here a cottontail and there a great jack who straightens out and dies game without the squeal so characteristic to the former.

Jacks are numerous, but cottontails are "good and plenty." After a few hours of this sport come suggestions of the slaughter-house, and the sentimentalists, thrusting aside all temptation to pose among his fellow-campers as a Nirmod, whistles to Flip, the insatiable, and would start for camp; but to his consternation, as he makes a sortie for various captures, he realizes he has bagged more fat rabbits than one man can carry. Flip, however useful in retrieving, is no beast of burden, and the moment is fraught with some embarrassment.

Luckily up on the ridge a solitary horseman is discerned and his services enlisted.

Entrance into camp, with the sun not yet high overhead, is triumphant, and the appetite even of a sentimentalist so keen that the ominous frowns of the camp cook, still engaged at the dish-washing, fail to discourage an invasion into the sacred precincts of the camp kitchen for a ten o'clock luncheon.

ISABEL BATES WINSLOW.

GUAM FRUIT VENDERS.**INTERESTING SPECIMENS OF A PRIMITIVE PEOPLE.**

By a Special Contributor.

It is seldom that a vessel anchors in the little bay upon which the picturesque town of San Luis d'Arpa is situated, on the island of Guam, but when such a rare event does occur great is the excitement among the fruit vendors of that isolated place.

Perhaps it may be six in the morning after the night that your ship sails into the harbor, and a bright tropical sun sheds its first rays on Orote Point, lighting up the flat, brilliantly-verdured tableland that juts out into the water and sends curiously, and, as it seems, mechanically-carved masses of rock down into the ocean. At this early hour, everything is calm in this chief harbor of the Ladrones Islands. But soon figures begin to move along the water front, and in a short time the inhabitants have turned out en masse to welcome the visitors.

At length, swarms of coconut-wood canoes put from the shore with all the speed that paddles and native skill can command. A curious sight they are, these long canoes, bending high from the water at both ends, manned by three, four, five, or six dark-skinned islanders, propelled by two or three paddles, and laden with a mass of tropical fruits. And these are the fruit vendors of Guam Island on a peddling tour to make use of the unusual opportunity to gather in a few American dimes and nickels.

The canoes gather around the ship and the fruit vendors begin their wild gesticulations to the passengers. They call out in Spanish and toss up green citrons, coconuts and sugarcane. A veritable shower of fruit fills the air, and the passengers of the ship reach out eagerly, throwing back a dime or a nickel for the prize. It is a busy, merry time, as passengers scurry about to get their money changed into small pieces. For, the vendors sell large and small quantities alike for the same sum, preferring nickels to dimes, owing to their larger size, and not knowing the relative values of the coins.

Canoes come heavily laden and return to the shore empty, the vendors jabbering in Spanish. And if a quarrel is provoked, you may see the canoe tip until it almost capsizes, and perhaps the splashing of a grass mat of cocoanuts into the water will serve as the only restorative of peace.

At last curious baskets of the most vivid green and of all possible shapes and sizes fill the air. "Lemon! Lemon!" cry the vendors in soft accents, while people lean over the rails of the ship with outstretched hands to catch these bits of bright color.

Indeed, these parrot-green baskets are the most interesting and uncommon of any of the goods offered for sale by the fruit peddlers. They are made from a curious reed that is found on the marshes of Guam. This reed has rather broad leaves that grow opposite, equidistant, and horizontal on the hollow stalk. They are only an inch apart and the longest ones reach a length of nearly three feet. The natives cut this long stalk into pieces that vary from one foot to two feet in length. Then, they bend all the leaves to one side, braiding them in a close, even network, the under part of the leaf outside, the narrow part, also closely woven, giving the tapering effect to the basket. When almost closed, this basket is filled with green lemons, and the ends of the reed leaves are tied into tight knots, thus leaving no opening at all. Sometimes the ends of the leaves are tied in an extra knot with a loop that serves as a handle, and when this is used, it gives the basket an upside-down appearance. These baskets are so finely woven that the green lemons are hardly seen, except through the very small interstices near the stalk.

Now with this tightly-closed bag of lemons, the question arises, "how to get the lemons out." The basket is tied in hard knots at the bottom and held with a round horizontal stalk at the top. But Yankee ingenuity comes to the rescue, and leads a man to draw his penknife from his pocket and open the basket by making a longitudinal slit through the whole extent of the stalk. This opens the basket as a valise opens, and you may just pull the sides apart a little, insert your hand, and draw out the lemons at pleasure. Surely nothing more ingenious than these reed baskets could take the place of paper bags.

Steamers usually anchor as far from Guam as Goat Island is from San Francisco, and from the decks a fine view may be had of the marshy flats where the basket-reed grows in profusion. The women and children gather these reeds, and placing them in large grass mats, carry them on their heads to their dwellings, where the families engage in weaving them into baskets and mats for household purposes. And then, upon the very rare occasion of the arrival of ships, these weavers put to work and prepare baskets for fruit, the men turning peddlers and reaping what they consider a fair harvest.

LILLIAN E. PURDY.

TO MY SWEETHEARTS.

When I am walking among my flowers, I am very glad to see

That amid all life's wild changes they are still the same to me;

My friends may wander from me, for pleasure, or for pain.

Ten thousand reasons part us—but my flowers must remain.

They have no altered destiny, which bears them far away.

Like the old familiar faces which we miss for many a day.

When first they leave a vacant place and vanish from our view,

In the pleasant, friendly circle that was formed when life was new.

For smaller, smaller every day, the lessening circle grows;

As death or change still steals away the lily and the rose;

Still lops with unrelenting stroke the bough whereon we leaned;

Still blights the bud whose fairy grave our home-bower softly screened.

My flowers must remain with me; I feel there is no chance

That they should start for Italy, and cross the sea to France;

Or down the dark blue Danube sail, or tour it up the Rhine;

Or be smitten with a feverish wish to visit Palestine. Poor, little, dumb, delightful friends, I leave them when I will.

And patiently on my return, I find them waiting still.

The daughters of the beauties of my very youthful days Are brought to me by mothers fond, for compliment and praise;

But some are shy, and some are cold, and some with anxious eye,

Keep watching a young "Partner," who saunters idly by. Now the daughters of the roses never turn their heads away;

Where their mothers smile, they also smile, from every verdant spray.

Each copying so closely the parent blush and bloom, That I scarcely miss the others who have met a wintry doom;

But smiling as I walk along beneath the sunny sky Give the buds the selfsame welcome that I gave the flowers gone by.

Oh, many-colored darlings! your speechless beauty moves

My heart to fond division of a thousand different loves; Too surely when the angels were banished from the earth,

They left you as their legacy of beauty and of mirth; And whereso'er their calm, white feet rested on the world.

A floweret's shape was buried whose germ lies closely curled

Till, in the spring, with lovely eye outpeeping from the sod,

It lays its soft cheek on the turf, and gazes up at God! Ye playfellows of sunbeams, who does not bless your bloom?

The children in the meadow, the sick man in his room; The youthful lover treasuring a rose which after years Shall show all dried and withered, tho' often wet with tears;

The old man walking slowly thro' the dahlias' colored ranks,

Yea, even the blind man, seated lone among the primrose banks,

Love's token: childhood's treasure; manhood's soothing; age's joy;

Hope which no foe can take away, no sapping grief destroy,

How often have you met my eyes, in pleasure and in pain,

And never yet I left you, but I wished to come again!

The love that clings 'round human things must suffer and must cease,

The love of heaven's dumb life partakes heaven's own sweet sense of peace;

Great grief and heavy mourning have I given less on earth—

My sweetheart, my broken lily! that I loved e'en from your birth!

When on her pure, angelic face my eyes have looked their last,

I knew—since death had nipped her spring, life's bloom for me had passed!

But I see my flowerets perish, without regret or fear.

I know that every summer sun again shall bring them near;

I know that with untarnished bloom, they'll wave around my way,

When the winter with its dead brown leaves hath melted all away,

And often by their dumb, sweet looks my heart is drawn to feel,

As if they, conscious, gazed at me, with silent, strong appeal

For trust in God, who formed this world imperfect at its best,

Who gave us years of trial and only hours of rest;

But left them, emblems of that life of beauty and repose,

Which shall follow when the toll and care of this world's tumults close,

When the digging and the delving and the striving shall be past,

And the seeds, so long earth-buried, shall be Heavenly flowers at last!

J. WATERLOO DINSDALE, M.D.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Sympathy for young John D. Rockefeller, who declares that he doesn't possess \$30,000 in excess of his debts will have to suspend publication in view of his admission that he owes nearly \$400,000. A young man with a credit like that and a rich father ought to be able to get along in the world.—[Pittsburgh Gazette.]

The Lenga Song.

A SAMOAN STORY OF LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

By a Special Contributor.

"Oh, the anglo bloom was a moonbeam pale,
And the anglo root was a hot sunray.
They met and kissed in the Faia vale
And their child was born at the break of day.

Ol, ol, ena, the lenga song.

Ol, ol, ena, let love be strong."

The lenga graters sang, as they squatted cross-legged before the long trough. Plump, bronzed damsels, with garlanded heads and green banana leaves laid across daintily-draped knees. In front of each rose a slight, sinnet-wrapped wand, and hung a long banana leaf; as they lifted the root, bit by bit, scraping it up and down the sinnet with joined hands, the orange pulp squirted on green background and green apron, on slender, brown arms moving rhythmically, on merry, brown faces, till life gradually assumed the complexion of a quarantine flag.

The voices might have been more melodious, but the part song went with a go that spoke volumes for Samoan lungs, and the rounded brown arms and busts swayed in time to the rhythm.

"Malle!" (Bravo) cried the Sisilli, or head woman, as with a cockle shell she scraped the grotesquely-shaped orange roots, and the women clustered round her echoed "Malle!" with approving nods, while they added to the pile of scraped turmeric.

For that was really all it was, this "ango" and "lenga," over which they made so much fuss. Learned people call it Cucuma longa, but to humdrum folks it remains common turmeric, the base of our curry powder, and an important item in native festivities, adorments and medicine. The irreverent have been known to dub it carrots. No Samoan woman dare be irreverent on the subject. To her lenga making is a serious matter, a ceremonial Jewish in its rigidities and Jewish in its penalties.

"Ol, ol, ena, the lenga song.

Ol, ol, ena, let love be strong."

rang out the shrill, young voices. Suddenly, the Sisilli looked up: "Did any one leave the house this morning while the others slept?" she asked, sharply.

Lausina, sitting at the end of the long trough, started, and her eyelids quivered. Letu'u, sitting by her, glanced sideways with a quiet smile, but said nothing. It is not wise for a Samoan girl to betray suspicion of a companion; she may stand up in need of charity herself—besides lenga harmonies had to be preserved.

"I heard nothing," said Letu'u, quietly; "what makes the Sisilli think any one broke the rules?"

While lenga making goes on the women workers, married and single, must live apart, eating and sleeping together. Moreover, while the rest of the village sleeps, it is their duty to sit up half the night, singing, scraping and grating, going to rest only in the small hours.

The Sisilli shook her head dubiously: "Something woke me; I fancied I heard the mat shutters rustle."

"And you did not look?" expostulated one old lady.

"Nay, I love not to look out before the dawn, at lenga time; there be too many devils around, and they might not be peaceable. Ah, Polita, that is good."

This last to an old lady, who had staggered into the hut under the burden of a huge, oblong wooden bowl piled high with exceedingly sodden rice. "I begged it from Ally, the trader, for you," she gasped, "and I cooked it myself. Ally is kind when you take him the right way—I went to his wife."

Ally was the white trader of the village, known, like all white traders, by a corruption of his Christian name. Like all white traders, also, he had a native wife, which fact complicated domestic finance.

"You are sure the rice is nice, Polita?" queried Lausina, mischievously.

"How should I know?" retorted the old lady, suddenly made aware, by the girl's laughing glance, that some telltale grains were sticking to her mouth. "I tell you I came straight from the cookhouse here. Do you suppose I would touch it before the lenga workers had eaten?"

"Lausina is a saucy minx," said the Sisilli, as she slipped a coconut shell into the white porridge, and handed it to Polita; "at your age one knows the rules and observes them. Take some rice home and enjoy it, and may Ally not make us pay too dear!"

But Letu'u was pouting. Polita was her grandmother by adoption, and she resented Lausina's imputation; so, raising her arms for work, she started her own rendering of the song:

"Oh, the white man's ring was a precious thing,
But it wandered found when he found his grave;

Dark cheek brushed cheek, like a Peacock's wing.
And the hand which took was the hand which gave,

Ol, ol, ena

"Letu'u," called the Sisilli, "that is no lenga song. It is a song of treachery; if you cannot sing better thoughts, you had best be silent."

"True," answered Letu'u, meekly, "I forgot."

But for all her meek speech, she furtively watched Lausina, who had tilted up her wreath angrily, scattering glowing pomegranate blossoms on her warm, brown throat. The old woman watched, also.

"I saw the malanga party start as I came along," she observed; "they call at the next village, where the pretty girls are free."

Down came more of Lausina's pomegranate flowers, her yellowing hands jerked nervously up and down the slant.

"Polita, the rice looks good, and we are hungry," observed the Sisilli.

"Well, I am going," said Polita, taking the hint at last—the others might not eat in her presence—"so is Letu'u's sister, Faisala. She is to lead the siva (dance)

in Upolu, and they do say. . . . but this is under the chestnut," and she cackled wickedly.

"Then it must not be said here," interposed the Sisilli, imperiously. "You know the rules, Polita; no tale-bearing at lenga time."

As the old gossip hobbled off, the head woman muttered angrily: "I have a misgiving our lenga is going to be spoiled; Polita tasted that rice. Lausina, stop work and help round."

Lausina, slight and supple, with the sinuous grace of the immature Samoan girl, came forward, her loin-cloth of old sacking dappled with yellow, her pomegranate chapter scattering as she moved. Filling up small coconut shells, she handed them round; while plump Letu'u, older, rounder and thick set, dragged little mat trays into the center, and set out cold fish done up in leaf wrappers and cold taros cut in two.

Lausina was said to have white blood in her veins. In proof thereof she inherited a white man's ring. Private possession is not easy in that communistic region, but the girl jealously guarded the ring, which had come to her from her mother, and which was credited with supernatural virtues. Other signs of her origin might be found in the straight profile and the latent passion of her eye. Your true Samoan is an excitable, easy-going soul, with lightly stirred shallows for depths. But Lausina had all the fire of her Spanish ancestry, and it was whispered in the village that it was not good to anger her.

Something angered her, all that day, as she brooded over Polita's words. Doubts were creeping into her jealous mind; doubts of the handsome lover for whose sake she had broken the lenga rules and crept out for a starlit meeting. Sevao had joined the malanga party with her consent, but now her brow clouded as she thought of the pretty girls of the adjoining village, more especially of lively, flirting Faisala—what was that rumor "under the chestnut," which Polita had not been allowed to repeat? The Sisilli did not know what was rankling in Lausina's mind, but as she glanced at the lowering brow, she said to herself uneasily, "My lenga girls are going wrong, and it is all through that greedy Polita."

Yet things went well. The sun shone, the birds twittered in that leafy inclosure behind the hut, screened from masculine gaze, and the yellow-tinged skins and draperies moved to and fro amid green leaves, oval, brown bowls and orange-hued liquids. The juice expressed from the grated root had to be strained through palm-leaf basket and palm-bark sieve into leafy troughs where, under cool banana leaves it "slept" till the morrow. The girls came and went in pairs, bearing water from the well in buckets slung on a pole or in bunches of hollowed-out coconuts; to and fro they ran, now stirring and ladling the ruddy liquid, now straining it afresh; splitting thin laths to support the overhanging leaves, carrying piles of roots to the old ladies, smoking, chattering, laughing while they worked. Till at last the evening shadows fell, the evening hymn and the evening meal were over, and the tired lenga workers lay down to sleep—for they only kept alternate watch nights, and this was their turn of rest.

But Letu'u, like the Sisilli, was uneasy as she watched Lausina's face and guessed her thoughts. Letu'u's own thoughts wandered anxiously to her sister and handsome Sevao, and she resolved to make friends with the jealous girl, who owned a white man's spell. So next morning she went to the headwoman and offered to resign her own cherished privileges as lenga baker. "Let Lausina have the first baking, please," she pleaded. "Her arms ache with the grating, and she would like it."

The Sisilli looked at her in surprise. "You are the elder," she said; "it is your right."

"Yes, but I am also the stronger, and willing that she should have the rest and the first luck-chance."

"Good!" and the Sisilli smiled. "It is well for my girls to be unselfish; we shall have the better lenga."

So, when the fire had burnt itself to embers, Lausina, a fresh leaf girdle round her waist, crouched in the queer, improvised little chimney corner of coarse matting, and crooned to herself as she deftly set her coconut shapes. She filled the dainty shells, scarce larger than egg cups with oily, orange liquid, using a curled leaf for jug, then stood her cups gingerly in the embers, and piled over them layer upon layer of heart-shaped, red-veined leaves. Here was the post of honor; to distribute heat evenly and continuously, to secure sufficient evaporation, to withdraw the lenga at the right moment. On her depended the success of the lenga-making and the honor of the village. Her looks spoke her pleasure, as she nursed one foot over her thigh and glanced gratefully at Letu'u.

Later, when night had fallen, and the cups were set out to cool, the girls sat once more together at the canoe trough, grating roots and joining in the part song.

"Letu'u," whispered Lausina, suddenly, passing on a half-smoked cigarette, "what made you sing those words yesterday?"

Letu'u moved restlessly and puffed at her cigarette. "Nothing; I don't know; I was cross because you noticed the rice on Polita's lips."

"Ol, ol, ena, the lenga song."

Ol, ol, ena. Let love be strong!"

rang out the chorus.

"But is it true that your sister went on the malanga?"

"Yes, I suppose so; Polita knows."

"To lead the siva?"

"Oh, of course. You know she has been chosen for village taupo."

"And she is not taupo yet?"

"Ah, no; our father has not sufficient mats and pigs."

"Ol, ol, ena, the lenga song."

Now, the village taupo, or representative village maiden, is a very sacred young person, the leader of festivities, the embodiment of dignity and purity, and as such, carefully guarded from masculine advances. But her honor, which reflects upon her family, costs that family dear in the matter of precious mats and fine feasts. And unless these be forthcoming, she is but an ordinary Samoan maid, with far more freedom than her white sister.

"Ol, ol, ena. Let love be strong!"

Lausina set her lips. When the next verse she trolled out her own version:

"Angangas are wandering round at night."

They seek out the false and the frail and with their power they kill—with their power they bring And they answer prayers if their tombs

Ol, ol, ena

"For pity's sake, Lausina!" broke in cover of the chorus, what are you singing? to bring a lenga curse upon the village."

But she was not thinking of the length of her pretty sister, who had gone boat with Lausina's lover; she was wondering superstitious thrill, whether the white man bring the angangas.

"Lausina," she whispered again, "when you used to wear? You know, THE ring." Lausina did not answer.

But in the morning darkness, when the who had worked till 3 o'clock, were in their sleep, a small hand lifted the mat shutters and a figure shrouded in siapo hurried away.

a stone house of Ally, the trader, a steep path, overarched by trees, which in house, the wanderer paused beside the tomb, set out with fragrant flowering bushes. Lausina's white ancestor lay sleeping. A soft ray peeped through the overhanging branches, and on an old silver spoon, which, by some association, always lay on the tomb, and which her wife, with superstitious reverence, cup-blazed. And the peaceful ray slanted on Lausina's eyes as her face emerged from its siapo wreath.

"Anganga of my forefathers!" she cried, down wildly; "anganga from the far land, draw hear! If Sevao be false, pursue him, haunt him, and the girl who has drawn his heart. Let the ring which I gave him to guard his a spell and torment him. But if he remains thy ring, prove a talisman, then will I lay spoon in Apia and lay it upon thy grave."

Father! Guard or avenge thy daughter's love!

Then she rose and hurried back in the dim the way was long, the dawn near, and she recited.

As she went, she recalled blithely her speeches, but two short evenings ago, when stolen out, under the palms along the beach, good-by and laid the ring which was to guard him from evil spell. How he had protested

love needed no guard, that she would be ever thought, ever before his eyes, blinding him to attractions. How he had vowed that, when he days, in which she was set apart, were over, to claim her openly, and if her father objected have a bush wedding "ia'a Samoa."

A bush wedding is not what would be considered respectable in other lands, but it is the height of romance, and unworldly Samoan maid's favor.

And all the time he knew he was going on that pretty sister of Letu'u's, who was in love with people said. That, of course, was the ring Polita had heard "under the chestnut." And it was not yet taupo, so there would be no need to guard against undue flirtation.

Ab, well, Lausina had warned him! She told him that, should he play her false, the spirit whose hair the ring contained, would come to him. She had prayed to the anganga of her father, and if she needed avenging, of a surity, she avenged.

She raised the mat shutters of the lenga house. first dawn streaked the sky, and no one stirred. She slipped under her siapo curtain. Only Letu'u's one sleepy eye saw her.

But Letu'u was afraid to tell.

She raised the mat shutters of the lenga house. first dawn streaked the sky, and no one stirred. She slipped under her siapo curtain. Only Letu'u's one sleepy eye saw her.

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But Letu'u was afraid to tell.

March 8, 1903.]

over to Letu's. She lies sick, stricken by a spell. Our men are all right, save one, and he—“

The name, the name!”

Sevao, handsome, Sevao, with the lava-dyed locks, is missing.”

Missing?—“Run away!”—“Dead?”—in chorus.

Mourning, spiritless away. He went into the bush to the ants and was seen no more. That same day Sau-nau fell sick.”

There was silence. Polita glanced at Lassina, who was rigid, only her flashing eyes showing signs of life. Still looked at her curiously; then she turned to workers.

This ends our lava season; there has been some bad upon us, and our good name will be spoiled.”

Herid the Staff's lava had never failed, and she thought to herself bitterly: “It is old Polita's doing; I think her thoughts were bitter, too, and it was not on me that they ran. But Letu's was afraid to speak,

either did Lassina speak.

One moonlit night, a week later, while the village, big and old, glamorously hunted tree crabs under the lagoon, a soft splash of oars disturbed the stillness of the lagoon, and a large boat glided round the nearest island, her white awnings gleaming spectral in the moonlight. As she drew to shore, some of her rowers leaped up their lavalavas, and leaping out into the water, started to lift a burden.

“We have brought back a lad of your village,” they said, “but he is sick unto death. He has been long ill, where the devils were with him, and he has been afraid.”

The spirits crowded round eagerly, but one girl stepped back in the shadow of a milo tree and watched as a thin, shrinking form was carried out of the hut.

The form had lava-colored hair, and it shivered with fear.

For two days Sevao lay on his mats, shuddering under his warm siapo coverings. The native doctored cool leaves to his burning brow, the native rubbed his twitching limbs, they anointed him with warm oil and gave him hot cocoanut juice to drink. Yet his illness abated not. His cheeks were red, his sick, brown skin had an earthy look, his shuddered, and he refused food. Cold taro and fat hot taro leaves delicately stewed round plump papaw cooked with cocoanut, even vainsola, the man's favorite food, his palate turned from.

The third day he spoke piteously: “All the girls in the village have been here, save Lassina. Bid Lassina I would speak with her alone.”

In the dusk, with the Peas hovering round, they Lassina enter the hut. The girl squatted cross-legged beside the shivering sick man; her eyes shone in tears.

“I wished to speak with me, Sevao? You are very ill,” she said.

Her voice trembled, but she lifted his burning hand and kissed it eagerly, then dropped it as if suddenly

she was going to die, Lassina; it is your doing; are you sorry, but it is your doing, not mine; if you are, you will not die.”

“No, but I must die. And first I wished to give you your white man's ring. It is a cruel ring; never wear it again.”

Lassina gave a little cry. “You have it still?”

“Should I speak to you if I had it not? See, it is not here; I have been afraid to let men see it. Let not work more evil.”

Sevao made a knot in the corner of his lava-lava, he placed an old-fashioned ring, which he dropped into the girl's palm; a quiet ring, of European make, with a small bell containing a minute plait of hair, set about in stones, which gleamed strangely in the dusk.

“Have you had it all the time, Sevao?” asked the girl, smiling.

“Yes, I lost it; that was why I wandered away in the bush.”

“And if? Ah! Sevao, you parted with it; lost it to someone—and it was she who lost it. Say, was it so?”

“It was very hard on him, but her heart was sore, I cried bitterly. “Ah! well, perchance it was so, I found it, you see; I found it myself. And oh, yes, it was but in play; I thought of you all the time. It was you I loved, and I was proud of having the ring. . . . but it is a wicked ring, Lassina; an evil ring. The white man who wore it was false to the woman whose hair is in it. She waylaid me in the bushes and told me.”

“The white woman! You saw her?”

“I saw her everywhere; her curse was upon me. When I turned to see, she stood over before me, leading me on. I dared not resist; I had to follow. And led me into the damp places and tripped me over fallen trunks and sent devils to clutch me where the trees crossed the trees, and over she cried, ‘Ah! he is with me, he played with me, but the girl shall not play with.’ The father sinned with the dark girl, and the dark girl shall avenge his sin.”

The sick man ended with a scream, and shuddering plucked at his siapo covering.

“. . . . at last,” he added, with a gasp, “I saw her no more, and heard her no more, and knew nothing. She found me, and I die.”

“She found me, and I die.”

“. . . . it is true that you still loved me, and thought when you lost the ring in play?”

“Yes, really true. Should I lie to you now with the ring all waiting for me?”

“. . . . Sevao, you love me still—that is also true?”

“. . . . I know not; I think I fear more.”

“. . . . you recover you will come with me for the bush again.”

“. . . . NO!” he cried, sitting up with feverish hastiness. “I should see HER, not you; hear HER, not I dare not. Ah! Lassina, the women who hold power like yours, the women who work spells

and gain their will, are to be feared, not loved. I think fear has driven out my love; it is gone. Yet, you will not see me die with anger in your heart; now that you have the ring, you will forgive? I meant no harm. For the sake of the love that is dead, you will forgive?”

“Yes, I forgive,” said Lassina, quietly. “Die in peace and sleep well.” She stooped over, touching his forehead, and the sick man fancied he felt a tear fall, but she made no lamentation.

As she passed out of the hut, brushing the white-robed native missionary, darkness had fallen; when she reached the stone tomb hard by Ally, the trader's, moonlight was already flooding the tiny grove, while a Peacock flapped overhead as the girl knelt beside her ancestor's resting-place. And this was what she said:

“Spirit of my forefather! Thou hast heard thy daughter, and thou hast plagued Sevao when he was false to me. I thank thee, but I thank not the spirit of the white woman who killed his love. I ask thee not to save him, for his love is changed to fear, and therefore, though I love him still, I am willing he should die. I would rather love him dead than alive, since he no longer loves me. Father, I thank thee for remembering thy daughter, but I am sorry thou didst betray the white woman. For to betray a woman always brings evil, and it has worked me harm.”

That was all, albeit her tears rained on the rock-hewn tomb. For she had Spanish blood in her veins, and a Spanish maid loves a man's love more than she loves the man.

Next morning, with the dawn, the anganga of Sevao fled from his body, and there was lamentation and feasting, and burying. Lassina held herself apart, and the other girls said: “She has no heart; she has never sorrowed for handsome Sevao.” But when the eating and drinking and wailing were over, it was Lassina who, in the twilight, planted two white blossoming bushes beside the grave.

And one moonlit night, weeks later, the wife of Ally the trader noticed a strange thing; the moonbeams shone upon two silver spoons on the tomb—where there should have been but one. She went in to her husband with a shivering fit, and said: “Ally, the devils are around.”

She would have had a worse attack had she known that, under a yellow alamanda bush, by the tomb, Lassina buried her white man's ring, wrapped in a fragrant leaf.

For, thought the girl, perchance the white woman's anganga may rest in peace if she knows that the ring with her hair in it lies beside his grave.

“Ol, ol, eea, the Langa song.”

“Ol, ol, eea, let love be strong.”

A. R. ROSE-SOLENT.

(1)—Flying fox.

(2)—Spirits of the dead.

(3)—A malanga is the favorite Samoan enjoyment: a pleasure party, traveling usually by boat, stopping at various villages and towns, with feasting and dancing. A malanga sometimes lasts three days.

(4)—Native cloth made from the paper mulberry.

MEN WHOM NOTHING CAN BEAT.

SOME STIRRING EXAMPLES OF UNDAUNTED PLUCK VERSUS LUCK.

[Answers:] In spite of being ruined over and over again, and assailed by years of ill fortune that would have crushed almost any man, a silver casket, with £125 in gold, has just been presented to Charles Goodson of Norwich, as a prize for pluck and honesty which no amount of bad luck could beat.

When in business at Norwich twenty-three years ago, a bundle of misfortunes caused him to make a deed of assignment, and his creditors accepted a dividend of £2. 5d. on the pound, for bad luck had “let him in” for £5000 in liabilities. He gave up every penny, and emigrated to New Zealand in the hope of wiping out the deficit.

By hard work day and night he gradually built up a business, and saved £6000. When on the point of sending this to England to his creditors—although they had no further legal claim on him—a bright fall suddenly on all trade in the colony, and hundreds were plunged into ruin from which the country has scarcely recovered yet.

Mr. Goodson's little fortune, built up by hard work, was swept away with the rest. For the third time he began again from the beginning, and for twelve years fought against stroke after stroke of bad luck, but finally built up a third business, and paid his New Zealand creditors in full—£4500.

Eighteen months ago he sent a check to England for £992, and only a few months back came home to Norwich, called a meeting of his creditors of twenty-three years before, and paid them to the last penny, in all, £1756.

The creditors rewarded this record of pluck and honesty by giving him a silver casket and £125, which was presented by Gurney Buxton, the well-known Norwich banker.

Martyn's-Stead Farm, on the Lincoln coast, is an up-to-date monument of extraordinary “grit” in the face of wave after wave of crushing bad luck. Martyn Martyns was a yeoman farmer, who shared in the general break-down of agriculture some years ago, and his farm, which his forefathers had held for three hundred years, was eventually sold up.

The ruin was complete, but attached to the farm, and not included in the sale, was a big tract of salt marsh and foreshore, through the channels of which the sea flowed. It was of no value as it was, but an ancient charter gave him the right of it, and he set to work to bank the tide out and save it from the sea. In three years he succeeded, and began to carry out his scheme, which was to graze cattle on the salty grass. This diet will put nearly a stone weight a week on bullocks.

The plan acted well, and just as the owner had ready a splendid herd of cattle for market, which would have raised a price to set him up for life, the foot-and-mouth disease, as it is called, seized the beasts, and all had to be killed.

Ruin a second time, Mr. Martyns started again, but on the brink of success the sea broke down the embankments and flooded the land. Completely ruined this time, the unfortunate owner went to a colony and

started a cattle ranch, after working for a wage three years to earn the money to start it. He prospered in spite of difficulties, and in twelve years saved £3000. Full of belief in his salt pastures at home, he left for home with the money, and was robbed of every penny in a now-famous “hold-up” of the mail train in which he was travelling in 1879.

He went back, and after a time managed to start the ranch again, saved £2000 more, and eventually saved the Martyn's-Stead Farm, as the big salt pastures are called. He retired worth £12,000 a year ago, and his son owns and works the prosperous pastures at present—a lasting mark of doggedness.

A record worth knowing by anybody who feels that luck is against him, is that of Norman Goodyer, who came out on top by his own exertions after five separate ruinous misfortunes, and managed to keep the Goodyer Orphanage at Newport, which provides for ten parentless children, regularly going all the time, even when penniless and working with his hands for day wages. Starting on nothing, he made his first fortune against tremendous opposition, out of patented inventions for wool-combing and cotton-spinning, and lost the whole of it by his cashier, who “levanted” with over £12,000.

Broken down in health, Mr. Goodyer started all over again, and in five years got everything straight, and made £20,000 by a dye works which he built up from the fruits of his own labor. He started a small private orphanage at Newport, to take up his spare cash, and kept it endowed always three years ahead. Foreign competition and a ruinous lawsuit left him penniless within a year, however, but he got a job as railway outporter, and even then contrived to send a little money to his orphanage, which was still running on the endowment he had left it. Getting a little cash together from his earnings, he started a coffee stall in Birmingham, which soon became a hotel, and gained him another fortune, worth £2000 a year. Ill health came down on him, and his business ran to seed, for he could not look after it, but before the crash came he re-endowed his orphanage, and paid everyone in full. Broken in purse and health, in a year he started again, succeeded as an iron founder at Wolverhampton, and died last year owing no man a penny, but leaving £17,000 out of all his fortunes and misfortunes.

All that bad luck and the worst moods of the sea combined could bring to bear on Capt. Stevens Cortwright of Hull could not crush him altogether, for though they brought him down six times, he bobbed up serenely at last. He was skipper and owner of a trading schooner, the Florrie Ford, having started as a ship's boy; and she brought him £600 profit the first year, after he had worked fifteen years to get her.

At the end of the first year she was run into and sunk off the Belgian coast by an unknown vessel—£600 and all—and Capt. Cortwright had to serve two years before the mast on another man's ship to earn his bread.

Becoming promoted suddenly to skipper, he came upon a derelict off the Scotch coast, the salvage on which yielded him £1000, and this he turned into £3000 in eight years by purchasing and working two herring smacks. In the big gale of 1881 both vessels were lost in a night, and he, on board one of them, lost his leg through a spar falling on it.

Three more years' work with nothing to start on but sheer hard work and brains, produced him £6000, which he invested “off the sea”—which means inland—and it was all lost promptly in the fraudulent crash of a big publishing firm which ruined many people some years ago.

He started a shipbuilding yard which began to prosper, when the big tidal deluge that swept the east coast a few years back invaded it, and broke down the scaffolding and shipways, smashing up the half-built vessels, and involving him in heavy liabilities. Ill and crippled, but undaunted, he worked as a shipbroker's clerk for some time, finally starting a business of the same kind for himself, yielding a little fortune of £20,000, which he invested in Consols and retired, so that, unless the British empire fails, he is safe.

ROMULUS DIDN'T FIND ROME.

NEW HISTORY RESULTS FROM INVESTIGATIONS OF ARCHEOLOGIST.

[Rome Correspondence London Mail:] Another of the happy beliefs of the past has been demolished by the ruthless investigations of the archeologist. The excavations which Prof. Airoli is carrying out in the Roman Forum have now at last conclusively proved that Romulus did not, as the old history books allege, found Rome, but that the great city existed long before his day.

It is clear from the excavations that the Etruscans at an early date established themselves upon the Aventine, whence they descended and fought many battles with the Sabines, who inhabited the low ground at the foot of that hill. At that date, what was afterward the Forum, was a marshy lake. This Etruscan city on the Aventine was Rome, and its wars were waged for generations before Romulus appeared, since a great number of skulls have been found in the excavations.

Under Romulus, who was named after the city of Rome, victories were gained over the Sabines, under Tullius. Peace was then concluded between the two peoples, and to commemorate that event the Via Sacra was built, linking the quarters inhabited by the Romans and Sabines.

This Via Sacra is now revealed to the twentieth century, as it existed 2000 years ago. Owing to the excavations, it is now covered by the waters of the Tiber, whenever that river rises, exactly as in that remote past.

In the ruins of the temple of Venus Cloacina traces of the fire which destroyed it several times have been found. In the Basilica Emilia, another of the buildings in the Forum, further traces of fire have been discovered. Iron and money melted by the heat have been unearthed, as if the conflagration had occurred but yesterday.

A curious fact which has been ascertained with certainty is that there was an artificial lake in the Forum, in front of the Rostra. The lake still holds water today, now that the site has been cleared. It has been ascertained that in the arcades of the Rostra were placed the prows of captured ships, and it was from among them that Augustus used to address the people. It would appear that he, like some of our modern emperors, had a good eye for a dramatic effect.

Hanka Doodum.

A STORY WHICH REACHES FROM PARIS TO BOSTON.

By a Special Contributor.

WHEN summer came young Henry Herbert was the only guest at the small Hotel de Maas in Paris. No objection was therefore made to his taking his violin into the court and practicing. That very morning he had enjoyed half an hour of blood-curdling and nerve-twisting scales in the courtyard, secure in the knowledge that there was no one to suffer from it but Madame and her employs, who were hardened to it. When he went home, that afternoon, after his two hours with his master, he sat at one of the small tables and took his violin from its case. Before Pierre, the waiter, had come with his vermouth, which was his only and very mild dissipation, he became much interested in the achievement of a difficult and unnatural finger position which I am sure the Almighty never intended human fingers to be bothered by.

Presently Pierre, the waiter, arrived and delivered his regular daily drink along with the information that there were new guests in the hotel and they were Americans. Madame had intrusted Pierre with the duty of delicately hinting to him that perhaps it might be better for him not to practice any of his painful scales in the courtyard, but just play a few little ones which did not ache so very much. But Herbert's mind was so occupied with his efforts that he did not realize the sense of Pierre's remarks. He only stopped his painful work long enough to drink his vermouth and then went on again.

While he was hard at it an American boy approached him with a swagger and a command.

"Mister! Pay Hanka Doodum, won't you?"

The small American was forced to repeat his request a number of times before he attracted the fascinated former's attention.

"Mister! Pay Hanka Doodum, won't you?"

Herbert took his violin from beneath his chin.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "What did you say? I fear I was making a great noise and did not understand."

The small boy approached and gravely shook hands.

"Please pay Hanka Doodum!"

By inspiration Herbert guessed "Yankee Doodle."

"I am afraid I don't know 'Yankee Doodle,' but I'll try."

As he began to figure the old tune out he heard a distinct young voice from above say:

"Humph! An American and can't play 'Yankee Doodle'!"

Herbert did not raise his eyes but he ceased. Instead he played some simple little melodies for the youngster. He had not seen the face of the scornful critic, but it had been a charming voice. He made a resolve.

The next day he was absent from the hotel somewhat longer than usual. When he did appear he took his accustomed seat at the table. Opening his violin case he ran over some decidedly inoffensive exercises until Pierre appeared with his vermouth.

At almost the same moment came the small American man-child. He responded with some loquacity to Herbert's "good afternoon" and said scornfully:

"Huh! Can't p'ay Hanka Doodum! Huh!" Then he withdrew some paces gazing with evident disapproval at the young student of fiddling.

But Herbert only smiled pleasantly and glanced quickly at the window from which he had heard the scornful voice.

"I think I can play it now, if you would like to hear it," he said to the youngster.

Somewhat propitiated that personage drew near, albeit with a look of some incredulity.

"You can't p'ay it," he announced, with a strong accent on the "you."

"I'll try," said Herbert.

"Aunt Florence said you couldn't," protested the boy.

Herbert straightway tucked his fiddle under his chin and then he began. First of all the jolly, jumping notes of the simple old song jerked out merrily under his touch. The visitor was evidently pleased with the very first half dozen bars, for, thrusting his small hands into his pockets, he stood with feet wide apart, as a good American should while listening to "Yankee Doodle." Indeed, his preoccupation and approval of the music so absorbed him that he failed to notice two ladies (one elderly and one delightfully young and pretty) who had approached through the archway leading to the street and paused listening. Herbert, of course, could not see them, for his back was toward them. So the rollicking notes danced and jumped out without interruption, as if the Continental soldiers were feeling very well that morning, and not at all afraid to fight. So they hurried along until they almost reached the bridge at Lexington. (Herbert had thought of Lexington.) But then there came caution and some stealthy progress, which the music plainly told to Herbert, if to no one else. But the caution passed and his fingers and his bow took up their work in earnest. The Yankee farmer fighters jumped along at double quick now in that courtyard of the little French hotel, and their energy made the red coats fall back. There was some boom of cannon here amidst the crackling, quick musket fire, and the reverberation of the bridge's planks beneath the tread of hurrying fighters came in on the bass strings. There was no volley firing; but Herbert conceitedly believed that he had managed to get the crack of squirrel rifles in; and through it all the tune of "Yankee Doodle" never stopped, now soft and somewhat muffled, now loud and clear above it all, again almost drowned by other uproar, then, along toward the end, rising triumphantly and shrill, as if the plucky minute-men had won their day and were gallantly marching home again to the high-pitched laughter of a single life.

It was really very well done for a youngster, although Herbert probably gave meanings to the music in his own

ears which the most impressionable and sympathetic outsider would have failed to catch; but the fact remains, that the tricks he had played with "Yankee Doodle" were clever tricks, and smoothly and creditably performed. He had been earnest enough during his doing them to forget the object of rebuke in which they had been conceived, and there was no affection in his failure to look up at the window of the scornful voice. For the moment, he had quite forgotten it and had been really carried away by thinking of the brisk battle, whose story he had tried to tell with bow and catgut.

When he stopped he said to the youngster, as he lowered his violin:

"Well, how about it?"

But the youngster had no opportunity to reply, for from the arched entrance to the street his aunt and sister advanced. It was the elder woman who spoke.

"Thank you very much," she said, as she came up behind him. He rose and turned. "It was very kind of you to play for John," she said. "And you played so beautifully. I've been listening uninvited in the archway. I had no idea there was so much in dear old 'Yankee Doodle.'

"I shall introduce myself if you will let me," she went on. "I am Mrs. Thurlow, and Johannie is my nephew."

"And I," said the young man, "am Henry Herbert."

"Yes, I know," she went on. "I know your aunt, Miss Herbert of Yonkers, quite well. I shall confess that I asked the lady about you," she added, laughing.

Herbert had no opportunity to reply, for behind him she of the scornful voice stepped forward.

"Mr. Herbert," said Mrs. Thurlow. "My niece, Miss Foster."

"I am so glad to meet you," she said, "and so very glad that you can play 'Yankee Doodle.' Where in the world did you get those charming variations?"

"They were made to order for your young relative," said Herbert. "I couldn't endure scorn, you know—his scorn at least." He looked into her eyes steadily, and she colored a little.

"Well, you've redeemed yourself nobly," she replied.

They got to know each other—all of them—with one of those rapidly progressing acquaintances which are not uncommon among countrymen meeting one another in foreign parts.

"Did you hear me that day?" she said one day, looking at him steadily and blushing.

"What day?"

"That day when you were in the courtyard and I was in the window of our room. I was outrageously rude—and I have wondered if you heard me."

"Why, what did you do?"

"I don't know exactly," she said, feeling certain that he did and was probably punishing her. "But I know that I said something horrid about an American who could play the violin and couldn't play 'Yankee Doodle.' Did you hear me? I am truly sorry and ashamed."

"Sorry because I heard?"

"No. Sorry because I said what I did. And all the time you knew that wonderful, won-der-ful version of it."

"You were perfectly right."

"But you did know it."

"No I didn't, but after I had heard the scorn in your voice, I made up my mind I would—so I went to work and fixed the variation up. When I played it to the kid I hoped you were listening up in your window."

"Then you really did it for me?"

"Yes," he answered gravely. "I really did it for you." She was blushing again under his gaze. "Thank you."

This was said so very prettily and with such delightful downcast eyes and flaming cheeks that he lost his head and blurted out:

"A man could do anything for you—for—for—"

And then Mrs. Thurlow came up. Mrs. Thurlow, quick-eyed and intuitive, had much cause for thought. If either of the young folk had seen the letter she had sent to her brother that night, they would have found that the shrewd lady had gone much farther in her suppositions than they had gone in their half-thoughts. The brother's reply must have been of a favorable character, for the excursions with Herbert continued, and, indeed, were mildly encouraged by the elder lady.

By and by occurred a great excitement. The Czar was to visit Paris. Many plans were made, and they saw, when the time came, all that the rest of Paris saw. But Florence and Herbert were not satisfied. Herbert rallied to the hotel one day in a facie. It developed from his hurried remarks that his violin master had once played for the Czar in St. Petersburg; that the Czar was graciously pleased to remember this, and that the ruler of all the Russians had, because of this memory, summoned the old man to play for him again there in Paris. But this was impossible. Rheumatism had for weeks bound him to his chair.

"The Czar must be a pretty decent sort of a chap, for when he heard the old man was tied up and couldn't get down his own stairs, what does he do but send word back to his old master that if the master couldn't get down the stairs, why he, the Czar, could get up them. And so he's going up them tomorrow morning. The old man's as proud as a peacock, and no wonder! He told me about it, and said he was sorry I couldn't be there; but it wouldn't do. Then I looked up at the big transom over the double doors which used to open into the back hallway and said: 'Couldn't I look in through the transom?' meaning a joke, but the old man took it seriously. He's just as anxious to have me see the great Czar do honor to him as I am to see it. So he thought a minute and said: 'Yes, my child, it might be arranged. You might put table in that back hallway where no one could see it, and then when His Majesty deigns to come and call upon his humble old violin master, why you, my favorite pupil, could see it all. But you must keep very quiet!'"

"How splendid," said Florence.

"But that isn't the best of it," said Herbert coloring vividly as he looked at her. "There's room for two on the table, and I've got leave to take you, if you'll go."

And so it happened that Florence and Herbert sat on the table, swinging their heels in the semi-dark and very musty, abandoned hallway, the next day. There were no signs of the royal visitor as yet. It was all very jolly and confidential.

The intimacy of the situation had begun to work like magic in the brain of Herbert. He felt as if Florence was under his protection and—she was semi-dark and—she was delicious when she blushed and—well, Herbert was very much in love.

But just then the Czar came.

They softly clambered up and stood upon the table,

looking on at what was in very truth a scene—the Czar of all the Russians, naked and attended by a brilliantly-accented and blowing, climbing up three flights of respects to the rheumatic old violin master.

The tears rolled down the old man's head and kissed the Royal Russian's on the table gazed spellbound as the Czar speak and—at that very moment the Czar landed with a jar and in a Florence, who was at the end of the moment and struck her head against the lap of Herbert. For a second, earthy somewhat hazy and indefinite. The love-distracted Herbert had one arm under and head, while he kissed her frantic mured, "Darling." Her first thought was "I hope he won't think we're a bomb" or dreamily.

"No, darling, no. He won't, darling won't," murmured Herbert, soothingly, burst, sweetheart—are you—?"

She came fully to herself and jumped into wrath.

"No, I'm not badly hurt," she exclaimed whisper, "and how dare you?"

She gave him one malevolent look, set her hat, put it on somewhat awry and down the back stairway. He tried to rise, but sat violently down again on the floor with a

She was in her room near the window brought Herbert in. He came in between from the hospital, where he had gone sprained ankle bandaged. He was very hopped most pitifully as the porters helped the court.

Her aunt was amazed when her niece partake in the early morning, and asked what went into neither detailed explanation, whole truth.

"He tried to kiss me," she said severely, cent on the second word, which she afterwards was nothing less than a lie.

"Well, my dear," said her aunt inasmuch as she had already decided that between the two as good as settled.

"No, it is not well. I can't bear him. And they went.

After Herbert's ankle was better, he had and went with his master to Rome for a worked hard, and progressed so rapidly later, he was in America again. His firm to be in Boston.

It would be untrue to say that Florence Hawley came to Henry's mind in Boston, for he was a steadfast young man to forgetting pleasant things. I believe to inaccurate to say that he had continued her and wish to whisper "darling" pastures.

He certainly had not fallen in love with her as he sat in the Boston-bound train and that she lived near there. He wondered a little glow if she would go to hear him.

Of the success—of the most sensational young violinist—there was no doubt after her, and as he was a very human young fellow, and with the warm feeling of one glowing in him as he sat behind the scenes that Florence Hawley lived near Boston there.

But when he went out again, one of those light tricks which happen in theaters which have puzled more than one performer. Florence Hawley's face glowed in a very light as he walked, bowing, toward the instant there was nothing else in the face, about three rows from the front, into his eyes, and it was with a real effort them away. Instantly, he was very much

It was the last of his numbers, and he magnificently. He knew what it meant to audience away;" he knew how an audience this strange and delightful thing was begun to it. And, although there was not a from his violin—not even a muffled cough-hall (perhaps it was because there was he knew that he was doing it, and he played them away.

The sound came, though, as he stopped, played a wild, minor song of the Magyar that is heard when death goes to the Hungry. With the last mournful sighs dying wall, the storm of applause broke actually seemed to come out of the sudden cold tempestblast and strike him in the warm and he was grateful; he was vain, has a right to be, and it was wine to him again and again, and finally, almost with him in his little chair behind his little yond it, there was still that roar; hands on feet were stamping on the floor; there were "bravo" in men's voices and shriller ones knew came from excited women.

An usher appeared behind the screen and a card.

"Lady sent it, sir," he said. "Said she wouldn't have brought it."

Herbert turned it over and over in his hand.

But it was not until he felt his manager grating him heartily on the shoulder and gratulating him that he roused himself to really read it. It was her card. And on it tremblingly:

"Won't you please play 'Hanka Doodum'?"

He came out slowly and was greeted storm. And then he played. He used to think he played it as he wrote it, but they Boston folk. They marched with the band to the bridge and fired their shots with their victory with them and laughed and fully when with them they saw the results they, after the fighting was over, and the mothers and sisters and sweethearts over had passed, and the men went marching victorious, they marched with them, broke down on the old Temple's floor until the with the force of it—March! March!

A thousand men were whistling "Tremont street." That night in Boston, as the Temple over Tremont street.

When Herbert tired, but very glad, around him and started to go out himself, waiting for him at the bottom of those that lead down from the stage.

EDWARD

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Society in the Kitchen.

ASHIONABLE WOMEN ADOPTING A NOVEL BUT USEFUL FAD.

By a Special Contributor.

The world is turning over a new leaf, that is, the fashionable world is. The languid beauty of the past; the frail spiritual type is also a part of the other day. They have all stepped to give the center of the stage to the athletic girl who has metamorphosed into a dainty wife who can cook and is proud of the fact. Man course the cause of this radical change. For some he has "evolved" within the last decade. Ignorance charms him as it once did. The whole cheerful little body who can ride, row, walk, golf or tennis, then after a game, go into the house and prepare a tasty bit of luncheon, is just the one who is carrying off the palm. The thoroughly up-to-date girl can, and often does, just to keep and in, truss a chicken or concoct a dessert. While preparing the apples for a walnut salad she will usually upon the latest opera, or delve into deeper books, for she is well informed and she

list of names on the teachers' book looks much like the society notes in *Town Topics*. In the middle of the last century, in the European courts, the crowned heads entered with great spirit into contests as to who could make the best soups, roasts and sweetmeats, etc. Even the great Napoleon put a finger in the pie and one of his favorite boasts was that he could outdo the court chef in the tossing of an omelet. Now the smart set, late in the day to be sure, but better late than never, are emulating the royal example.

In the city of New York several schools are flourishing. One in which Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Miss Helen Gould and Mrs. Pierpont Morgan are interested, has, perhaps, the greatest number of classrooms and classes. One of the most popular rooms is that where French home cooking is taught. Not only the maids, but the matrons also go to learn, for to confess ignorance of a popular accomplishment is bad form. The chafing-dish class is always well attended. In the school everything from corned beef and cabbage to lobster à la Newburg is cooked. Salads and salad dressing are a separate course. Pastry is also another course by itself. When the lesson is over and the result is tempting the pupils remain to feast upon the results of the experiment.

The society schools have the classes arranged so that each "set" may have an hour sacred. In this way there is no clashing. The classes are quite as exclusive as an afternoon tea, for in each separate "set" the members

ONE FAMILY'S CATS.

AN ENTERTAINING STORY OF MEMBERS OF THE OLD TRIBE OF FELINES.

By a Special Contributor.

We were a family of cat lovers; each had his or her particular pet, and there were always extra kittens, so our average was about twelve. My father (a clergyman,) named his jet-black, loved companion, "Kitzen." She sat on his desk while he wrote his sermons, on his chair at table, and followed him everywhere, excepting into church. Her tastes did not lead her that way. My mother's cat was a one-eyed Maltese—"Old Gray"—who loved music, but hated one song, "Home, Sweet Home," though much attached to the subject of it. When we sang it, she would climb on our laps, separately (until she gained a hearing,) and put her paw on our mouths, to stop the sounds she hated. We never knew why this particular tune grated on her nerves.

My sister's cat, "Mip,"—was very bright—and very black. She had a way of talking, which any cat lover could not fail to understand, and, with an affectionate gesture, rubbed her head, indiscriminately, against everything. One day she bestowed this caress on a scythe, which cut her poor neck badly, but, with careful nursing, she recovered.

My brother had a pretty, gray and white kitten, which



Cook taking a private lesson



The chafing-dish class is always popular



Cooking the Tenements

are all friends, and each upon the calling list of the other. One splendid feature of most of the schools is that after the society session is over for the day, the remaining material and time is given to little girls from the tenements. The paying pupils are charged \$15 for twelve lessons. There are also in this latter category several classes from the hospitals, for the nurses are required to take a course in cooking, before claiming their diplomas. The profit from the paying classes are used to support classes of those who are too poor to pay. In the big kitchens assemble the girls and boys, many of whom are obliged to act as housekeepers during the day and to prepare a dinner for mother and father, who are striving to keep the family in some degree of comfort. They are taught how to build fires, and to use gas stoves and oil with safety. They are given practical information in the purchasing and preparing of wholesome food, how to avoid waste and how to utilize every scrap. Sometimes the servants already employed attend the various classes that they may widen their knowledge and thereby increase their value. In fact the cooking school is a very busy place, and it is in reality accomplishing a great deal of good. The fad of learning to keep house and to know something of the duties of a helper may have much to do in the solving of the problem of the century, that of the servant question.

HARRIET QUIMBY.

"I am supposed to die of a broken heart," said the unmanageable actress.

"Now, how am I to know how a person with a broken heart behaves?"

"I'll tell you what to do," answered the cold-blooded manager. "You study the author of this play after he sees your first performance of it!"—[Washington Star.]

he named "Katy Darling," after a favorite song of the day. "She" developed into a belligerent Tom—and a great fighter.

When about to remove to the West (in "the fifties,") our hearts were broken at the prospect of parting with our darlings, but one day, while we were gone on a visit, our mother, with Spartan courage, chloroformed them all, excepting "Kitzen" (whom my father, who preceded us to the new home, had ordered brought to him,) because she thought such a proceeding more merciful than leaving them to the care of strangers. And we were relieved when we found she had done so. We knew they could not suffer from neglect and parting—even if there were no cat heaven.

We took "Kitzen" on our drive to the depot, through a thick wood, in a covered basket. A young friend was driver, and scolded all the way about the folly of taking a cat on such a journey. Just before we got out of the woods, she leaped from the basket, and we have always been sure he untied the fastenings, though he "denied the soft impeachment." She was never again seen, and we dreaded to sadden our meeting with father by the news that she was lost. He met us at Detroit, and after the first greetings, said: "Where is my Kitzen?" No one but an animal lover can appreciate his disappointment.

Since then, we have had various feline pets, who have died natural deaths, some of disease, others of old age. Our favorite bishops and priests have been honored by having them for namesakes, the "Bishop" (now dead,) being a magnificent gray cat, who surprised us one day by having six beautiful kittens.

The cats of our mature years still live; one is "Daisy," a yellow Tom, of 12 years. His brother and twin, "Buttercup," died years ago, but the survivor is still strong, and allows no other Tom on the premises. He loves to sleep on my bed, under a paper tent. He has always loved newspapers and their rattling noise. My friends say he "inherits" literary tastes.

Lastly, I mention "One, Two," so called from Ferdinand's "Cai and the Cherub," our "beloved physician" died and left her to our care. She is an oddity, brought up in his office; she knew his every move and turn, would look pensive when he went out, and spring on him with joy when he came in. I think she remembers him still, for she lingers around the books he left us, but we try to make up to her for his loss.

Such is my cat-egory.

L. B. L.

Wharf Pleasures.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS PECULIAR TO CALIFORNIA.

By a Special Contributor.

OF THE attractions of wharfs there is enough variety to suit almost all sorts of people, and some of these attractions are of such a nature that it is no wonder that some people derive their chief pleasures therefrom. The fisherman, the nature-lover, whether that nature be human or non-human, the artist, the amusement seeker or the instruction seeker, the idler, the gossip, the dreamer—which classes probably include about everybody, may here find something they are looking for.

A commercial wharf, like those at San Pedro, while not intended for pleasure purposes, is preferred by some for that very purpose. Here we have much bustle and business, with many ships coming and going, with the lading and unlading of cargoes, with "Old Salts," "Sea Dogs," sailors of all nations, "Blue Jackets" and other interesting and now, and then romantic characters, and not a few of them can tell you tales of adventurous lives "stranger than fiction" and not all "fish stories," either.

Near by these San Pedro wharfs, on the cliff, is a

lowing a leader in the sportive manner peculiar to this animal. They proceed for a long distance, going parallel with the shore, their great black backs, and sometimes their entire forms, ten feet or more in length, being visible at short intervals, as they spring out of the water.

In the surf are little ducks, floating with marvelous ease amid the turbulent waters. They are clad in black, with a white spot on the nape of the neck. As a large breaker approaches, one of them, apparently about to be overwhelmed by an avalanche of water, suddenly dives through it, and a moment later is seen calmly floating as before. This duck is well named a "scooter." Many of the feathered tribe frequent the near neighborhood of this wharf, among which are the beautiful kittiwake gulls, the loon, which is the most expert diver in the world, and the great brown pelican, whose grotesque awkwardness in flying and diving is a curious exhibition, which may be observed here at close range.

Many of these birds are singularly tame, and are attracted here in large numbers by the fish which they obtain, either feloniously or otherwise, from the fishermen. Notwithstanding their propensity to steal bait, and even fish after they are caught, their amusing dexterity in doing so tends to give them a good understanding with those whom the rob. "Those black ducks," says one, pointing to some birds of a large species who were continually making extended trips to the bottom, "are good at stealing bait, and that little brown bird can't dive, but he will come within four feet of you and take a fish off your hook. But the worst thief is that big, long-necked black bird sitting out there on

old settler and long-time frequenter of the wharf told us the story of the whale which was stranded near by on the beach. It was discovered in a condition of great difficulty, its body lying on the sand. It was one of the largest of whales, and its enormous size, length, would accommodate a whole boat. Its skeleton now reposes in the public possession of Long Beachers. There is a genuine whalebone displayed on its back, which doubtless fetch a good price in the market.

We were also told about a pet seal which had been lost in town several years ago. Every morning it would go out of the ocean, pull itself up Pine Street, breakfast at a barber's shop. Some boy would catch it, much to the indignation of everybody, and punishment was meted out to them. There is no skeleton of the seal, however, to tell this story.

We come again to the wharf, when we are driving behind the hills of Point Fermin. Catalina there is now another Golden Gate, the more famous one in the North. The sun is later, of a lovely rosy hue, which changes to blue, and is like a sheet of glass. It is bounded by the black mass of the island, which at this time this day distinctly visible. Great as it is in detail, though far away, and the two points of the darkness of night, as the light-house casts apparently a feeble ray over the sea.



little park, a fortunate possession of the town, from which we may look down on them at close range, as well as on all the extensive prospect of the harbor—the various breakwaters, including that several-million-dollar one now being constructed five miles out to sea by the government, the picturesque and historic little Deadman's Island, and, far beyond it, Catalina, a dark mass on the horizon—altogether a truly fascinating scene rarely equaled in any country.

In the icy East, at this season of the year, of course, a wharf is apt to be intolerably cold and dreary. Not so in this perpetual Summer Land. Here he who loves a wharf can indulge his taste without discomfort in midwinter, as well as at any other time of year. Not long ago, the writer stood on the wharf at Long Beach, when the sun rose over Santiago Peak and cast a silvery path to him over the waters. The still air was balmy and delightful, and of that quality known only by the sea.

"Strange spice is in the air, the far-blown breath

Of ocean purity, its heart of hearts."

Outside the surf, the water was placid as a pond. It may be rather chilly at this season, but there is at least one bather, clad in the usual abbreviated bathing suit of Coney Island in July, who is apparently enjoying himself in the breakers. He may be exceptionally hardy, but later in the day, when the sun gets higher, we will see not a few other bathers on this grand beach, considered one of the very best in North America for pleasure purposes.

This is a good place to watch the long and beautiful "curlers," chasing and sometimes catching each other as they run up the gently sloping beach, which can be seen extending for several miles on either side of this wharf. From time to time, larger waves roll in, and some believe that these come at regular intervals; while others believe that there is no regularity about them.

While here we are treated to an interesting spectacle. Several porpoises appear close to the wharf and just outside the breakers. They are in single file, and are fol-

lowing the buoy. He'll stay under water half an hour and clean every bait off your line. He's a devil-diver."

The devil-diver alluded to here slid easily off the buoy, leaving scarcely a ripple to mark the place of his going down. These birds, a species of shag or cormorant, have become so aggressive of late that war has been declared against them by the sardine fishermen who are fishing for business and not pleasure, and shot guns have been used with some effect toward diminishing their numbers.

As we look down into the transparent water, even to the shells on the bottom, fifteen or more feet below its surface, we can see vast numbers of little fish and a few large ones. A great oval-shaped mass of surf fish is moving slowly down alongside the pier, but each individual fish is moving very rapidly in intricate courses. We hastily summon the nearest fisherman, whom a bystander encourages with the remark: "There is a billion of them at least. Now's your chance to catch a dozen a minute." But, strange as it may seem, there is not even a nibble, and after patiently following the moving mass of fish, with his line in the middle of it for some time, the disappointed angler withdraws it, exclaiming: "No use for me to fish!" and the crowd evidently agrees with him.

Besides the surf fish, of which there are several varieties, many other kinds of fish are commonly caught at this wharf, as smelt, sardines, California and Spanish mackerel, bass, perch, shiners or pumpkin-seeds, croakers or white fish and sculpins. And, more rarely, lobsters and crabs.

Most of these fish are of small size, but away out at the end of the wharf, eighteen hundred feet from shore, we find a man who has just landed a bass over two feet long, certainly big enough to please even an ambitious angler. We are told that much larger fish used to come here regularly. They now stay out in the ocean, and are brought in by boats. Among them are the giant Jewish, the tuna, yellowtail and barracuda.

We sat down beside an old man who proved to be an

THE "BUTTER MAID" OF

REMARKABLE CURIOSITY GROWING OUT OF AN ANCIENT INCIDENT.

By a Special Contributor.

The ancient town of Zerbet in Europe erected a new column on which to set out "Butter Maidens." The butter maidens are figures that are among the most remarkable curiosities of Europe. One is 440 years old and the other is 650 years old.

From time immemorial, the figures have been municipal landmarks. No one really knows what they represented originally. But an extremely good explanation is given by the author of the

ancient town of Zerbet, because the city was so poor that the peasants refused to enter the city, consequently the women of the town had to walk to a place outside of the city called the "Butter Maidens," where the peasants had established a hotel.

At last a noble countess took pity on the town and they declined to lower the tax.

Finally, finding that all appeals were in vain, the countess offered to pay the city authority one dollar for every foot of distance by which the market was moved nearer to the city.

Her fortune lasted just sufficiently to pay for moving the butter market to the spot of the town hall, where the "Butter Maidens" stand.

According to this story, the "Butter Maidens" placed there as a memorial of the town. The figure in the center is shown with a big round hand. The other holds a great bunch of butter.

An ancient tradition provides that a wooden column on which the figure was placed by a new one, the one figure was never moved until the other one is put up. The town shall never be without a "Butter Maiden."

The Iron Brigade.

INTERESTING RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ARMY OFFICER.

By Maj. J. A. Watrous, U.S.A.

YEARS ago, the Iron Brigade was in evidence in the Philippines, as it has been in a good many places outside of its rather active war experience. It has shown in evidence in Congress, the professions, mercantile, railroading, manufacturing and political life. Of those who have been in Congress may be named Gen. Edward S. Bragg, Col. Gabriel Bouck, Adj't. Gilbert M. Woodward, Gen. Rufus R. Dawes, Col. George G. Symes, Capt. M. H. Baldwin, Capt. W. H. Harries and Private John J. Jenkins.

But we are talking about the old brigade in the Philippines. At one time there were two of us on duty there—Maj. W. W. Robinson, Jr., who was a private in the Seventh Wisconsin, being the other. He was chief quartermaster of the division of the North Philippines; I was chief paymaster of the Department of the South Philippines. We had several very pleasant reunions in Manila, last summer. We had not met since March 1, 1865, at the battle of Gravelly Run, near Petersburg, Va., where Robinson did so finely that he was rewarded with an appointment to West Point, and where I had a horse killed under me, and was invited in a manner so sympathetic to visit Libby Prison, that I hadn't the heart to decline the honor, and won a brevet. Robinson remained in the line until ten or twelve years ago, when he was transferred to the quartermaster's department as a captain, and in 1890, was promoted to major. He is an efficient officer. The major is son of Col. W. W. Robinson, of the Seventh Wisconsin, who resides at Seattle, Wash.

What pleasure there was in meeting a member of the old brigade in those far-away islands, and talking over the great campaign of a war that was a mighty lever in saving our at the head of nations. We two are the only ones of the brigade, who visited the Philippines in their official capacity, but there were plenty of sons and grandsons on duty there; officers and men in the ranks, and three fine young officers, sons of one of our old commanders, the late Col. Henry A. Morrow, who joined in command of the Twenty-fourth Michigan right after Antietam, and who made so fine a record as a soldier that he quit the volunteer service as a major-general, and entered the regular army as a lieutenant-colonel. You may not know that great numbers of volunteer colonels, brigadier-generals, and brevet major-generals accepted service, soon after the Civil War, in the regular army, with rank as low as second-lieutenant. All three of his soldier sons went to the Philippines as lieutenants, two in the regulars and one as a captain. Two of them reminded me very much of the old soldier, who contributed largely to the good name of the brigade.

There is a funny story connected with the Morrow brothers, Frank and William, when quite young, entered the army as private soldiers, and won their way to commission. When the Spanish-American War began, Harry M., a lawyer of Omaha, was bound to go, and entered the service as a lieutenant in a volunteer regiment. He had always desired a military life, and said then that he should remain in the service. The brothers urged him not enlisting as they had done, and serving up in the regulars. He said, "All right, gentlemen, I will join you in the regulars in due time."

Thus the doors were closed, he was mustered out, and when the call came for 20,000 volunteers to go to the Philippines, he offered his services and was given a commission as first Lieutenant and adjutant. His record was so good over there, that he found no difficulty in being transferred soon after being mustered out as a volunteer, to the regular army, as a first lieutenant. By that time his two brothers had become captains, but now caused to join the lawyer about spending a lifetime in getting anything like rank in the regular army. Recently, Lieut. Henry M. Morrow was made a judge-advocate with the rank of major, United States Army. He is the Omaha lawyer, who quit civil life when the Civil War began, and started in the race with his two soldier brothers, for rank in the regulars. I imagine the great smiles of the two captains as they salute the ex-lawyer brother, their superior officer.

Some one suggested, a good many years ago, to Col.

Frank, who for years commanded the Twenty-first Infantry, that he send his boys to West Point. His reply was, "No, sir! If they want to be soldiers, they must do as I did, in the ranks."

The colonel went to the Mexican War in the ranks, and his boys were quick to adopt his suggestion. The more senior officers as Henry M. Morrow, Capt. Frank Morrow of the Twenty-ninth Infantry, and Capt. William Morrow of the Twenty-first Infantry, the better for the country.

His mother brother is a prominent lawyer in Port-au-Prince, Dr. A. Boniface. A daughter married Lieut. J. J. Boniface of the Fourth Cavalry. They were engaged before the marriage ceremony was performed in Manila, early in 1898.

I was at the town of Balayan, Batangas province, waiting for a boat, when a young soldier of the Thirty-fifth Volunteers came up and saluted, and said, "I beg your pardon, but that badge on your watch chain is so familiar, that I want to know in which regiment of the Iron Brigade you served." I told him. He said, "My father was a member of Co. B, Nineteenth Indiana." He went around three more sons of men who had served the Nineteenth Indiana. We five had a delightful reunion. They told me what their fathers said when they wanted to enlist. "My father said, 'Go, my boy, that's all I would do if they would take me.'" "My governor said so I would not let his son if I didn't want to go to the Philippines." "All my father would say was, 'You

will be glad you enlisted,' and I am." That was a happy and unforgettable hour that I passed with those strapless, stripeless sons of men whom I had accompanied on mighty interesting trips through Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, quite a spell back. I met several other sons of men who served in the old brigade, and one grandson.

A large per cent. of sons and grandsons of the soldiers of the sixties, from both North and South, found their way into the volunteer and regular army during the Spanish-American and Philippine wars. I think it safe to say that more than half of the rank and file of both volunteers and regulars were the sons or grandsons of men, who served in the Confederate and Union armies.

A Little-Known Neighbor.

LOWER CALIFORNIA, ITS PEOPLE AND ITS GOVERNMENT.

By a Special Contributor.

LONG before the Mayflower dropped anchor off the Atlantic coast the maps of ocean navigators showed the peninsula of Baja California as La Isla de Perlas (the Island of Pearls) and the Gulf of California as El Mar de Cortez (the sea of Cortez). A small settlement called El Pueblo de Loreto, situated on the gulf coast in about 26 degrees north latitude, had been made by the missionaries of the Order of Jesus, a society which in 1590 received from Philip II of Spain a special edict concerning the conquest and spiritual welfare of the Indians in that portion of the new Spain. The natives were not easily subdued and it was not until about 1697 that the mission of Nuestra Señora de Loreto was founded by Padre José María Salvatierra. El Pueblo de Loreto was at one time the capital of both Baja California, and Alta California.

The territory of Lower California, as the peninsula is now named, is a pleasant neighbor of Southern California.



GOV. ABRAHAM ARRONIZ.

fornia, just across the international line, and is worthy of more attention than it receives from the business men, health seekers and sportsmen who center in Los Angeles as a base of supplies. It is about 700 miles long, with an average width of about seventy miles. A chain of mountains, practically a continuation of the Sierra Madre range, extends from the California line to Cape St. Lucas, having the Pacific Ocean on the west, and the great Colorado River and Gulf of California on the east—the latter surveyed in 1875 by Admiral, then Commodore Dewey—and numerous safe harbors along both coast lines.

Every portion of the territory is now readily accessible by water and a branch of the Southern Pacific Railroad will soon be in operation in Upper California to a point on or near the international line, about half way between San Diego and Yuma, and thus reach the northern interior.

For many years prior to 1888 the entire territory of Lower California was under the jurisdiction of one Jefe Politico (political; chief, or governor), and the capital was La Paz, in the southern end of the peninsula. By an act of the Congress of the Republic of Mexico, in 1887, the territory was divided, La Paz becoming the capital of the southern district and Ensenada de Todos Santos being declared the capital of the northern district. In 1896 the importance of the northern capital was augmented by another act of Congress which abolished the District Court at La Paz and extended the jurisdiction of the District Court at Ensenada over all the territory of Lower California.

Lower California is one of the three territories in the republic of Mexico and is under Federal jurisdiction, its laws being promulgated by the Mexican Congress sitting in the City of Mexico, and its Jefes Políticos (governors,) being appointed by the President of the Mexican republic.

Lieut.-Col. Abraham Arroniz, the present political and military governor of the northern district of Lower California, is a gentleman well-qualified for the important position to which he has been appointed by President Diaz. After a long record of faithful service in other

departments Col. Arroniz served as governor at La Paz, the southern capital, during the two years preceding October, 1902. The President then transferred him to Ensenada, the northern capital, where the rapid increase in the business relations between the citizens of Mexico and the United States and other friendly nations requires a broad-minded and enterprising man as the representative of the Federal government.

Señor Arroniz is of most agreeable personality, a traveler of wide experience and having spent considerable time in the United States, of course, speaks the English language fluently. In the administration of the affairs of the government he is ably assisted by numerous other officials.

Ensenada is a pleasant night's journey from San Diego by the steamer St. Denis, a steel frame vessel of 250 tons, and the traveler who desires a quick, pleasant and economical trip to Mexico will there find a cleanly and orderly Mexican city, of about 2000 people, situated on the shores of the beautiful Bay of Ensenada de Todos Santos. The activity displayed in the customhouse and the numerous well stocked stores and shops indicate a flourishing condition of business. The rains have been abundant and the mesa lands between the bay and mountains now are green with thousands of acres of grain, most of which belongs to the Lower California Development Company, Limited, an English company which owns a very large body of land in the northern part of the territory, with headquarters, bank, store, etc., in Ensenada, all under the conservative management of J. H. Packard. The city contains good schools, both public and private. Among its residents are many highly cultured people and throughout all classes prevail the every-day courtesy and kindly disposition which exists throughout all portions of the Republic of Mexico.

The traveler is sure to meet Señoras, "Mahanas" and "Quien Sabé," otherwise it would not be Mexico; but he will find good accommodations at the Hotel Iturbide and will be regularly awakened by the stirring notes of the Mexican bugles and drums in the fort.

AMERICANO.

THE ISLE OF MARTINIQUE.

The accompanying verses were written a few years ago on the ill-fated Island of Martinique by Harry Higgins, a Chicago boy, whose long invalidism was terminated by death a year or two ago. While traveling for his health he wrote extensively for some of the newspapers and magazines, and much of his literary work gave high promise, if only a sound body had been bestowed upon him:

In tropic lands, 'neath skies of richest blue,
Where crested wave gives back the mirrored hue,
The Caribbean islets tower on high
And bathe their peaks in fleecy cumuli.

The gentle trades course o'er the billowy deep,
And swathe with cooling breath the hour of sleep;
The fragrant lime and lowly jasmine bloom,
Yielding the air their tribute of perfume;

Where stately groves and palm trees fringe the shore,
And lose their whispering in the ceaseless roar
Of breaking surf on dazzling coral strand;
Where curious shells are hurled amidst the sand;

Oh! lovely Martinique, thou beauteous isle,
On thee sweet nature cast her sunniest smile.
Arabia's shores nor fair Hesperides
Can boast thy foliage, bending in the breeze.

Thou art an emerald set in turquoise sea,
And deck the brows of beauteous Caribbean,
Which, swelling gently round thee, holds thee dear,
As queen of all fair islands, far and near.

The cloud compelling Pele soars on high,
Rearing her serrate head in proud defy,
Gathering the raindrops into silvery rills
Which wander singing down the verdured hills.

Oh, Josephine! thy memories cling, perchance,
To this thy birthplace, fairest isle of France!
And wakened filling thy troubled heart to hear
Once more the silvery chimes from St. Pierre,

Once more in sunny path and quiet glade,
By limpid pools 'neath cool, refreshing shade,
To wander forth, and thread the tropic maze
Fastening the lovely view in one long gaze.

To this Harry's mother, Mrs. Hiram Higgins, now of Los Angeles, has added the following stanza:
Oh, Martinique, proud Pele seal'd thy doom—
Has plunged thee in the darkest, deepest gloom.
And can't thou ever hope again to be
The queen of all fair islands of the sea?

The children thou hast left in deep despair
Will never see again thy face so fair,
Where singing brooks coursed down thy mountain side,
The burning lava found a place to hide.

THE STAR OF EMPIRE.

The construction of the Siberian railroad has practically reduced the earth's size by one-fourth. In other words, the construction of the Siberian railroad has reduced the journey from St. Petersburg to the Pacific from one of many months to one of a few days. In the same way, the construction of our own Pacific roads reduced the journey from Chicago to the Pacific from one of a hundred days to one of a hundred hours.

When the United States secured a foothold beyond the Mississippi the cry of the American people was, "Westward the star of empire takes its way," and in fifty years they had a foothold on the Pacific, 2500 miles away. But it was not until the railroads had cut the journey down to one of days that the empire of the farther West was conquered.

When the Russians broke through the Ural Mountains their cry was, "Eastward the star of empire takes its way." But for fifty years the spirit of empire groped blindly across the 4000 miles of unknown territory, with no goal in sight. When the Cossacks in 1636 discovered the Pacific, the real Russian march eastward, based on desire for sea power, began.—(Austin Ogg, in Chautauqua.)

The Youths' Department—Our Boys and Girls.

THE STORY MACHINE.

FOUND BY BUSTER JOHN, SWEETEST SUSAN DRUSILLA AND BILLY BISCUIT.

By Joel Chandler Harris.

III.

"YOU remember you first saw me," remarked Wally Wanderoon, as he and the youngsters walked along together, "I was hunting for the good old times we used to have. No doubt you wanted to laugh when I told you what I was doing. I have been young myself, and I know how young people feel toward old people, especially old people who are strangers to them. Now, if you were to hear your grandfather telling about the Mexican war you would not think it strange; in fact, you would ask him to repeat all he knew about it; and after awhile he would get in the habit of it. Then, possibly, you would grow tired of it, and the time would come that one of you would say to the other, 'I hear grandfather coming; let's get away before he begins about the Mexican war.'"

Buster John looked somewhat sheepishly at Sweetest Susan, who exclaimed: "Oh, brother! I told you some one would hear you!"

"No," replied Wally Wanderoon; "I don't think any one heard him but you; but I knew your grandfather had been in the Mexican war, and I know, also, that he is growing old. Put these two things together and it's no trouble to guess what the youngsters are likely to say. Old as I am, I have been young, and so has your grandfather. Well—as I was going to say—while he is sitting back in his easy chair talking about the Mexican war, I am going about trying to find the Good Old Times we used to have."

"It's no easy matter, I can tell you. I once hoped to find them in a lump as you may say, but I have given up that idea. I know, now, that if I find them at all I shall have to find them a piece at a time—an old song here and an old story yonder. Anyhow, I shall continue to look for them. One day not so very long ago, by the happiest chance, I found one of the relics of the Good Old Times we used to have. You couldn't guess what it is if you were to guess for the rest of the week. And I'm afraid you won't believe me when I tell you. It is an old-fashioned story-telling machine."

"Why, I never heard of anything like that," said Sweetest Susan.

"I suppose not," replied Wally Wanderoon. "They were very scarce, and those who had them only permitted a few of their closest friends to see them. I heard of one gentleman, a very clever man, too, who chanced to be a little talkative about the one he owned—he had bought it from a Russian peddler—and he was tried and hanged as a partner of Satan. His machine was made like a hand organ, and he turned a handle when he wanted it to tell a story. Well, well, he suffered in a good cause."

By this time they had come to a small house in a clump of trees. "This," said Wally Wanderoon, "is where I live when I'm at home. Come in and I'll show you my story-telling machine. It is not a genuine one; it is only a make-believe, but it does very well."

In a corner of the room in which they found themselves there was a tall piece of furniture resembling a narrow cupboard. Near the top there was a small opening, which turned out to be the orifice through which the story was told. Wally Wanderoon went to this cupboard, and gave it a sharp rap with his walking cane.

"Hey, there," he cried; "what are you up to in there?"

"Goodness gracious!" a voice replied; "do you want to frighten me to death? Who are you and what do you want?"

"You know who I am well enough; if it was feed time, you'd know what I wanted."

"Well, you never seem to know what I want," replied the story-telling machine.

"Why, there's a man in there," said Buster John.

"Of course," replied Wally Wanderoon. "The man is a necessary part of the story-telling machine."

"And he's fat," cried Sweetest Susan, whose curiosity had prompted her to look through a crack in the cupboard.

"Certainly," answered Wally Wanderoon. "In the history of the world no lean man ever told a pleasant story. I have caught and pickled this man, as you may say, because he is one of the old-fashioned story-tellers. He's the last of his kind so far as I know, and is one of the worst. You wouldn't think it, but even here, where he is caged and kept away from his kind, he tries his best to fall into modern methods. You listen to him carefully, and you'll see how he tries to imitate the style of those who think that in telling a story they have to explain everything, and even tell where the story grew."

Wally Wanderoon went to the cupboard, rapped on it sharply and said: "Wake up in there! Shake yourself together. Here are some children who have come to spend the day with me, and they want to hear one of your stories. If it pleases them you may tell as many as you choose."

A shuffling sound was heard in the cupboard, and then the old-fashioned story-teller cleared his throat and began.

"In its original form the story that I am about to tell—"

"Wait! hold on there!" cried Wally Wanderoon. He was furious with anger. " Didn't you hear me say, as plain as I could speak, that we wanted an old-fashioned story?"

"I was simply trying to explain that the story I am going to tell is a part of the folk lore—"

"I won't have it!" cried Wally Wanderoon, stamping his feet. "We want no prefaces and no foot notes; we

don't care where the story comes from. What am I feeding you for?"

"But you must remember," insisted the poor story-teller, "that this is an age when even the children insist on a scientific—"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Wally Wanderoon, puffing out his cheeks with anger. "Figs and fiddlesticks. Why do you want to try to show off in this way? We come to you for a story, and here you are running about like a wild calf in a meadow. I tell you I won't have it!"

"Well," said the story-teller with a long-drawn sigh, "once upon a time—how does that suit you?"

"Fine!" exclaimed Wally Wanderoon. "That's the way to begin a story. Now go ahead."

The story-teller began and told this tale of

JOHN, THE SIMPLETON.

"Once upon a time there was a great city built upon a plain. It had a very large population, but the great majority of its inhabitants were prosperous, because they were industrious. Of course some of the people were poor, for this is the way of the world; but it frequently happens that poverty is a greater blessing than riches. The inhabitants of this city were very lightly governed. They paid few tithes, and the bulk of those were expended in laying out pleasure grounds and making other desirable improvements that all the people could enjoy. There were no crimes committed, there were no disputes of any moment, and, as a result, cobbler were growing on the door of the temple of justice. Such lawyers as had begun to practice in this city were compelled to move away or go into the grocery business."

"There was but one idle fellow in the city. This was John the Simpleton, who had been permitted to grow up in idleness because it was thought he was nothing more than a half-wit. He was indeed a queer character, and was always engaged in some strange adventure. On one occasion he volunteered to gild the spire of the cathedral, which was the pride of the town. He did a pretty job of work, but when he came down he left his hat hanging on the topmost pinnacle. His excuse was that he left it there to keep the rain off the face of a saint, whose portrait was exposed to the weather. He made no charge for what he had done, and for a long time went about bareheaded, his long yellow hair blowing about in the breezes."

"On one occasion, when a man had been cruel to his wife, John the Simpleton passed by the man's house leading a dog. Finding that this attracted no attention he turned about and led the dog up and down in front of the house. Finally the good woman came to the door and asked him the meaning of the performance.

"I'm a schoolmaster," he replied, "and I would teach you a lesson."

"What is the lesson?" she inquired.

"It is better to lead a dog than to be led by one. When is your husband about?"

"In the early morning," replied the woman. "Very well," said John the Simpleton. "Tomorrow morning when you hear a fuss at your door send him out to see what the trouble is."

"So the next morning, when the good woman heard a tremendous squalling at the door, she ran and told her husband, saying she was afraid to so much as put her head out at the window. The man went to the door and there saw John the Simpleton thwacking a stuffed figure made in the semblance of a woman. 'What are you doing there, rascal?' he cried.

"Beating my wife," said the young fellow. "I caught the disease at your door." The man, angry and ashamed, made an effort to drive the young fellow away, whereupon John the Simpleton fell upon him and gave him a severe trouncing, which the neighborhood declared he well deserved.

"On another occasion he went to the shop of a man who was known to give short weight, especially to women and children, rapped on the counter, and said he wanted a shilling's worth of butter. Then he changed his mind and said he would prefer bread instead. He received the bread, and was going out, when the man called after him, 'Pay me for my bread,' he said. 'I gave you the butter for it,' replied John the Simpleton. 'Then pay me for the butter,' said the man. 'But I have bought no butter,' protested the Simpleton. 'Do you take me for a child or a woman that you try to swindle me in this manner?'

"The young fellow spoke in so loud a voice, and his bearing was so bold that the shopkeeper could only shake his head and warn John the Simpleton never to come into his place again.

"But one day the inhabitants of this favored city—the birthplace and home of John the Simpleton—were awakened early one morning by the woeful cries of the Mayor, who was going about the streets wringing his hands and declaring that he had been robbed the night before of a large quantity of gold and silver. The people were horrified. Within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant such a high-handed crime had never before been committed within the boundaries of the town. There had been petty thieving, but the articles stolen were hardly valuable enough to cause a complaint from those who lost them.

"Among those attracted by the cries of the Mayor was John the Simpleton. He followed the worthy man about, and watched him with so much interest and curiosity that his example was followed by other people, and pretty soon the Mayor had half the city at his heels. He was a very dignified official, and had never before been known to give way to his feelings. There would have been a great sympathy for him but for the antics of John the Simpleton, who followed close behind him, but this queer fellow, who had discovered that the Mayor's woe was no deeper than his eyelid, managed to turn the whole affair into ridicule; and before the procession had gone a great way the mob was shouting and laughing as a crowd does on a holiday

occasion. The Mayor tried hard to escape, but ever he went the people, led by John, followed close at his heels.

"At last the worthy official took refuge at the church, but as the church was open to all, the Mayor endeavored to escape by a side door. John the Simpleton had anticipated this, as the Mayor disappeared behind the door, he beckoned to the crowd, and they pursued him down the street and the Mayor found himself as before. Seeing that escape was impossible, he turned on his heel and faced the crowd.

"Good people," he said, "what would you have?"

"Your honor, we would hold a court," said John the Simpleton. "Your loss is our loss of grief and we are full of anger. We ourselves heard."

"So the Mayor, nothing loth, led the way into the hall, and there a mass meeting was held. John the Simpleton took the lead, and he passed resolutions strongly denouncing the creature who had been so presumptuous as to become Mayor of the city of even a small town. His worldly goods. No serious effort was made to apprehend the thief, for it was the common opinion that the resolutions that had been adopted at the meeting would be sufficient to convince the criminal that he could not carry on his nefarious trade in the city."

"But it turned out that the thief was not less than the good citizens supposed any human being. In a very few days the town was abuzz with the news that a member of the community had been robbed that night, at an hour when he could not be supposed to be in a position to defend his property. Then the old saying that it never rains but it pours was newly illustrated. Hardly a week passed without a bold robbery committed. Indeed, the town was as busy as if he were paid by the dozen."

[To be continued.]

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THE GAMES WE PLAY

NOVEL AND INTERESTING WAYS OF AMUSEMENT.

By a Special Contributor.

"I am thinking of Folly," said Jack. "None of us laughed; that was our ing out."

"Polygon," said Hal. "Jack shook his head.

"Polypus," said Tilda.

"Polypod," said Eva.

"Polywog," screeched little Rex.

"Right," said Jack, "it is your turn to play first, kidger."

"We always took turns that way. There were us children who lived near each other together on stormy days. When we were all in the room, or the playroom, or the attic, the one word pop into his head told us he was the prefix. We thought of Anne, of Min, of one who first guessed the word we were chose the first game."

"Let's play 'Trolley,'" said Rex. "We that game ourselves and it was Reggie's idea."

We placed the chairs in two rows, facing and with quite a wide aisle between them, four chairs in each row. That left room sit down. Rex was the conductor, and the had to stand up. Rex named the chairs as they started. Each chair was named after a street in our city, and we all had to remember every chair, for when Rex called the chair we were sitting in, we had to get up. After the chairs were arranged and named, and we eleven all made a rush for the

Of course three were left standing. If one was a girl, all the boys rose to offer her a sometimes gave a chance for one of us to be left standing to slip into the vacant selected the first. The first fare, we then he called out the name of a street. To

In the chair that corresponded to the street rose and went out while the other three who were trying to slip into the vacant seat. If we to go when his street was called, Rex fare, which was a forfeit, this time, and deemed when the ride was over. Two were when one left the car, and the one who the length of the row of chairs and out end of the car; this made three standing one who entered was a girl, all the boys offer her places, so that there was a general other streets were called, sometimes together, and there was a continuous race the conductor would not allow pushing or pulling who violated his orders was obliged to get off the car only to return again and more to get a seat. It was quite a lively we were all out of breath Rex would call and the trolley ride was at an end. The deeming of forfeits. A favorite forfeit was a boy to "stand on his own toes."

After playing Trolley for half an hour we quite ready to play a quiet game, played one that we had also made up called Mixed Proposals, and it was terrible had selected all the love scenes from the

that we were allowed to read, from Dickens and Hawthorne and McLaren, and some school books, and on white bristol-board what one of the characters said when

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another, then on another card we wrote the answer. We had about fifty of these all together, and Jack, who was full of fun, used to read the proposals in different tones, with gestures to suit the character of each. Oh, I forgot to say that the answers were all dealt out to the rest of us, and we did not look at them, but lifted them and read them in turn when Jack read the proposal. We got quite a lot of the proposals and answers out of the magazine stories, too. Of course, the same answer was hardly ever read to the same proposal, and the mixture of Scott and a storkie was sometimes very amusing.

We never tired of playing charades, and we used to act sentences, and sometimes we would act whole stories instead of charades.

Then we used to read the serial stories in St. Nicholas and the Youth's Companion, and act them out for the younger children, "to be continued in our next." Each kept the same character till the story was finished, and often was known by that almost as much as by his own name. It took very little to make up costumes that were quite striking. An old shawl, a pair of sheets, a roll of cotton batting, pasteboard, gilt and silver paper and odds and ends of clothing were all our stock in trade, and we were transformed many, many times.

One day we got out a very funny book of poems illustrated by ourselves. It was made in this way. We all sat around the big library table, each with pencil and paper. Jack started a line on his piece of paper, told us it rhymed with star, turned over the paper to cover up the line he had written, and passed it to his right-hand neighbor, who wrote a line ending in "are." She turned her line over and passed it on, to the next who ended his line with "far," the next with "scar," the next with "bar." No one knew anything about the poem except the last word of each line. When it had gone the rounds, another poem was started whose rhyming words all rhymed with "pea," another and another were written, until we had ten in all, of twelve lines each. Then we began the illustration of the book. We all had colored crayons. We divided up in groups of three. In each group one drew the head of an animal or human being, turned the paper down, the next one drew the body, and turned it down, and the last one drew the legs. When we had twelve pictures completed, we made a cover of brown paper for the book and sewed the poems and pictures together. On the cover we printed "The Dunces Book of the Daring Dozen." Then we made some little placards, which we put at the plates of our parents at breakfast, stating that we were to have an auction, to which they were invited. We said that there would be sold at that auction an edition de luxe of a book in the first edition, of which there was left only this one copy in the whole world. We set the time and place, and stated that there would be other attractions. Our parents came. We treated them to buttered popcorn and butter scotch, gave a little play which we had rehearsed many times, and then auctioned off the beautiful book. It was first carefully examined by our parents, and the bidding was very sharp and ran up very high. At last it was sold to father for one dollar. It was started at one cent and raised a cent at a time. The money was devoted to the purchase of a real wig and beard for our play, which would serve many purposes, and be a variation from the cotton batting ones we had previously worn.

These are only a few of the things we do on stormy days. We always like to have our fathers and mothers come to romp with us when they can, and some of our very funniest plays are the ones they have made up for us, or the ones they used to play when they were little. There is only one hard and fast iron-clad rule in all our games, and that is "Always play fair." I think if anyone of us should ever break that rule the rest of us would be broken-hearted. But then no one of us would!

[THE WILD ANIMALS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY.]

I.—OUR "WILD-CATS."

SOMETHING ABOUT THEIR CHARACTERISTICS AND THEIR HABITS.

By a Special Contributor.

To begin at the beginning, where all true stories should begin, we have no representative of the real "Wild Cat" family in this section. The striped and spotted members of the cat tribe frequently killed in our hills and mountains are Lynxes, usually of one of two species—the Bay Lynx or the Plateau Lynx, more commonly the former. The large and much more ferocious Canada Lynx seldom wanders so far south, though it may occasionally appear in very cold winters in the forests clothing the lower slopes of the Sierra Nevada. In the Bay Lynx, whose size and marking is very variable, the fur is short and the body more uniformly spotted than is the case with the other members of the same family. In an old specimen the markings of the back and upper parts are often uniformly merged into a salmon or darker red, leaving the belly, flanks and inner surface of the legs beautifully spotted. Our form of this animal is limited to Texas and Southern California, with stragglers in Nevada, Arizona, etc. Farther to the North as far as the Canadian line, another species is found, while beyond that boundary the huge Canadian Lynx replaces it.

The Plateau Lynx (mentioned above) is a larger species than the common Southern California "wild cat" and has a much shorter tail. In fact it is commonly known as the "bob cat" by local hunters. It is much more secretive than its lesser neighbor and not nearly as plentiful, as its original habitat is the plateau region of the United States. In Idaho, Colorado and the northeastern part of Nevada it is, next to the mountain lion, the most common of the wild feline animals.

Throughout the hills of Los Angeles county and Southern California generally, the Bay Lynx is a plentiful and mischievous resident. In the hills which skirt the northeastern border of Orange county, not more than forty miles from this city, it is indeed a poor morning's hunt with a pack of good hounds that does not result in the killing of at least a couple of the smaller cats, with now and then a savage old "bobcat" thrown in for

good measure. But the larger cats are less frequently found in the lower hills, seeming to be more at home in the forests about the head of the San Gabriel and other such streams. I am told by hunters that the bob cat is constantly decreasing in Southern California, yet I know from my own observation during the past five or six years that the lesser wildcats are not only holding their own, but are in fact quite appreciably increasing in numbers. The small Lynx takes much more kindly to the encroachments of civilization than does the more savage bob cat, probably because he is of a more sneaking and cowardly disposition, thus learning to avoid trouble with dogs and men where the bob cat prefers to fight it out. There are probably as many mountain lions (or pumas, panthers, cougars, etc., as they are variously known,) in this State as there are bob cats, if not more, notwithstanding the fact that the latter are much smaller and less noticeable.

The bob cat seldom if ever preys upon domestic animals or poultry, but in the killing of quail, rabbits, etc., is very adept. It travels by a series of leaps not unlike those of our common house cat, which, by the way, is no kin to the Lynx family, but a direct descendant of the long-tailed wild cats of Europe, which are in every sense true "wild cats," widely differentiated from the wild cats of the New World by structural characteristics too involved for discussion here. The Bay Lynx is, however, a famous robber of poultry roosts as well as a dangerous enemy to all herds of sheep, killing very young lambs and carrying them off with ease.

The young of both species of these cats are from one to four in number, very rarely five, usually two or three, and, where born in even numbers, equally divided between the sexes—at least this is the case so far as known. If possible, the bob cat selects a roomy cave having a small entrance for a home, though the Bay Lynx most often occupies a hollow stump or fallen log. Both species will move their kittens at the slightest int of the man-smell about the den, carrying them long



CALIFORNIA LYNX.

distances and even across rivers to places of safety. But exploring the den of the bobcat and one of the smaller cat are two vastly different operations, as many an overrash youth can testify by sad experience. The bob cat is a fighter from the ground up, and if an old mother returns to her nest, finds her kittens in danger from an unwelcome visitor, there is pretty apt to be something doing in that visitor's presence for a minute or two at least. The best dog that ever lived cannot last long with an enraged bob cat, especially if her young are in danger, while very few dogs, especially if they have had much experience, will attack one of these animals. In common with most cats, however, the bobcat will "tree" if pursued by hounds and can then easily be shot.

The Plateau Lynx or bob-cat seems to have inherited many traits from its larger relative, the Canada Lynx, which is no doubt the original of the fabled "loup garou" or were-wolf of the French-Canadian trappers and early settlers. The pretty little Bay Lynx is of no such temper, however, and, while a mother will fight, even to the giving up of her life, with dogs that seek to molest her babies, still she will sneak away through the underbrush in direst fear if a man approach her home. There are few animals which are prettier than the young of any of the cats, but of all these the peculiarly marbled and mottled kits of the little Bay Lynx are certainly most beautiful, while the picture presented by a mother cat lovingly playing with three or four minatures of herself is one of the prettiest sights of all nature if not of all the world.

The Lynxes, one and all, may be distinguished from the rest of the cat tribe by their short tails and by the black tufts of hair which decorate the tips of their ears. There are many species, all found in the North Temperate zone, and the largest of which is, I believe, the great Lynx of the Russian Steppes, which, if travelers are to be believed, does not hesitate to attack man, especially when pressed by hunger. I somehow doubt this, however, for in the last five or six years spent almost entirely in wandering through the hills and among the wild brotherhood, I have never met anything more dangerous than a fellow-man, and nothing one-half so cruel.

HARRY H. DUNN.

SURPRISING BROTHER.

Brother told me yesterday
That I was too small to play;
Couldn't reach the lowest shelf;
Couldn't even dress myself.
Now I'm up before it's light,
Brother's eyes are closed up tight.
I'll dress all alone today,
Then I think he'll let me play.

I'm so sleepy, truly true,
Tis hard work to lace a shoe,
And my waist is wrong side out,
Don't know how that came about.
Everything is dreadful still,
I'll go back to bed, I will.
Shoes and stockings, dress and all,
I am really kind of small!

RUTH SPRAGUE.

JOE JOLLY BOY

AND HIS SURPRISING ADVENTURES IN JOLLY LAND.

By a Special Contributor.

NO. 4—HIS ARRIVAL IN JOLLY LAND.

For many days and nights after I sailed away from the cannibal island I did not meet with any adventures worth telling. The weather was fine and the wind fair, and I sailed on night and day with only one stop. On the sixth day I saw another island, and as I could see no people about I made a landing to get some fresh fruit. All that I had brought with me had begun to decay.

I found many trees loaded with fruit, and also plenty of fresh water, and, though I walked about for two hours, I did not find even the tracks of men. The only living things on the island, as far as I could make out, were rats, and they were there in plenty. They were much afraid of me at first, and scampered off whenever I raised my hand or shouted, but after a little time they grew so bold and appeared in such numbers that I verily believe they would have attacked me had I not loaded up with my fruit and hastened away. They were the largest rats I ever saw, and their long, sharp teeth would have inflicted painful wounds.

On the tenth night after my escape from the cannibals the wind was so steady that I made my sail fast and slept most of the night. I was asleep when daylight came, but soon after that was awakened by sounds of laughter.

There were the voices of men, women and children, and I never heard such hearty laughter before. I sprang up in wonder, and lo! I had reached another island. In fact, I was sailing right ashore, though the Bay Lynx most often occupies a hollow stump or fallen log. Both species will move their kittens at the slightest int of the man-smell about the den, carrying them long

the sands, and I was surrounded immediately. Of all the people I ever had seen, these were the queerest. I was only a boy ten years old, you will remember, but I soon saw that I was much taller and heavier than any of the full-grown men, while the boys and girls of ten or twelve years of age were hardly two feet tall.

I had heard my parents talk of giants and pygmies, and I knew that these little people must belong to the latter class. Every last one of them, from the oldest to the youngest, was red-haired. I may say that I did not see a gray-haired person during my stay on the island, nor did any faces have wrinkles.

Another curious thing about the people was that all had blue eyes, and their eyesight was so good that they could see three times as far as I could. Their noses turned up at the end, and their mouths were large, and they had double teeth in front.

Their thumbs were as long as their fingers, and, though they were little people, they had wonderful strength.

For the first five minutes after I came ashore the people did nothing but laugh and skip around and clap their hands. If I had any fears of them at first I soon got over it. The laughing finally ceased, and a man stepped forth from the crowd and said to me:

"Welcome to our shore, O giant. You shall have food and wine and all you desire, and in return we ask that you do not harm any of us."

It made me laugh to hear him speak of me as a giant, when I was only a small boy, and as I laughed they all laughed with me. I was much surprised to find that they spoke my language, and that I could understand all that was said, and standing up in my boat I answered:

"My good friends, you need not fear me. I am in search of an island called Jolly Land. Will you tell me if this is the one?"

"It is—it is!" they shouted, as they danced around.

"Well, I am Joe Jolly Boy, and I have come to visit you and have good times. I see that you are merry people. I am that way, too. I am always ready to laugh and it is seldom that I am sorrowful. Are there any more of you than what I see here?"

"There are 2000 of us in all," replied the man who had spoken before, "and if you will go with us we will conduct you to our city, which is a mile away."

I held out my hand to him that he might assist me, but he did not take it. Instead of that he stepped back and about twenty men came forward and seized my boat and upset it, and spilled me out on the ground.

I remembered what the soldier said about things being upside down in Jolly Land, and I laughed as I arose and brushed off my clothes, and the whole crowd laughed with me.

In my next I will tell you of the pigmy city, and what strange things I saw from day to day as I tarried on the island.

[To be continued.]

RUSSIA'S GREAT SALT MINES.

In the Khrigis steppes of Southern Russia is a strange settlement named Iletz from which 24,389 tons of salt come every year. This salt, it has been shown by recent borings, extends to a depth of 630 feet below the surface of the earth.

At present the workers have dug down to a depth of 390 feet where they are taking the salt out of an immense and beautiful chamber that is 784 feet long and 175 feet high. When seen in the radiance of the electric lights this underground cavern shines like a fairy palace, for walls and roof and pillars are snowy white and beset with myriads of crystals, each of which gives a reflection of its own.

The great pieces of salt are blasted out with powder just as if the mine were a stone quarry.

It is very hard to use metal in the mines, for the salt eats it away quickly. On the contrary, wood is hardened and preserved beautifully by it.

DIDN'T NEED THE BRICK.

"Hey, there!" yelled the indignant citizen, dodging quickly backward. "You dropped a brick just now that came within an ace of hitting me on the head!"

"Kape it!" shouted the workman on the twelfth floor of the unfinished skyscraper. "We got plenty more av

—[Chicago Tribune]

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

WOMEN STREET PEDDLERS.

FIVE THOUSAND RUN PUSH CARTS, FRUIT STANDS, ETC., IN NEW YORK CITY.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, March 2.—From the heart of New York's kaleidoscopic life comes a practical contradiction of the common belief that women form the weaker sex. Fully five thousand women work on the streets of the American metropolis in fair weather and foul.

The sidewalk is their shop, the curbstone their counter. They know nothing of the barest comforts afforded by a poorly-appointed store. They stand or walk about the whole day long, while carrying on their petty businesses.

Yet they are strong, they enjoy life after their own fashion, and they lay up treasure in banks of whose stability they have the best assurance.

This steadily-increasing army of street saleswomen does not include agents of any sort who make a house-to-house canvass, nor beggars who wear the guise of peddlers. It represents only those who have placed themselves in open competition with the male peddlers who cry their wares and the fakers who offer anything salable on the street corner, from half-frozen fruit to near-gold watches.

Among them are numbered the push-cart women of the East Side, the newsgirls, the proprietors of vegetable and fruit stands, from the Battery to Harlem, the clerks connected with the dry goods stores on the upper East Side, the "body snatchers" on Division street, the women who work café and theater entrances with smokers' supplies, and the Romany women who infest the fashionable shopping district with so-called "hand-made laces."

As the majority—perhaps 75 per cent—of these women live on the East Side, it is worth while to hear the opinion of a Ghetto physician who has a large private practice, and who is also connected with one of the leading dispensaries:

"Never waste your pity on these women who cry their wares on the street. They are more healthy than you ever dreamed of being, and infinitely better off than the women who shut themselves up in stuffy flats. Their diet is simple, and this, with their open-air life, seems to harden them to all changes of weather. In summer it is a rare thing for one of them to be overcome by the heat, while a woman who spends her days indoors will easily fall a victim to the heat of the blistering streets. In winter they rarely apply for cold or grip remedies, and rarer still is it to find a case of pneumonia among them. As a rule, they enter upon the life because they like it. The mercantile instinct is strong within them, and if they cannot share the business of father, husband or brother, they coolly enter into competition with the men of other families."

How They Take Care of Their Families.

The most interesting phase of the life of these street saleswomen, mostly of Jewish extraction, is their dual mercantile and domestic ability. "A bachelor maid" is unknown among them. In truth, the mother of the family is most often in business, and if it be a daughter or unmarried sister, she continues to do her share of the household duties, and boarding away from one's relations is unknown. Wives and mothers run both business and home with remarkable success.

If the saleswoman looks after a fish cart or a bread wagon, she must be in the wholesale markets at an early hour, but before departing for the scene of her labor she starts the simple breakfast of coffee, rolls and perhaps eggs, leaving the family to complete the preparations. In her absence the husband leaves for his work, which may be in a tailor shop or on the sidewalk gathering up old clothes or junk. The children make ready for school, and the morning work which they cannot do awaits the mother's return during a lull in the morning's trade. Toward noon she trundles her cart homeward, picking up what she needs for lunch as she goes. The amount of housework she dispatches in that brief noontime respite is amazing, and after it is done she reappears at her stand for the early afternoon trade. The preparations of the evening meal is frequently left to the children, who early learn the lesson of responsibility.

If the older boys work, their earnings, with those of father and mother, go into a common fund, but the children are usually kept in school until the grammar grades at least have been reached. The mother may not have so much as a charcoal brazier to warm her hands while at her cart, but she will keep the children presentable for their teacher.

More fortunate is the woman who runs a dry goods cart. Her hours are shorter and there is no early morning tramp to the wholesaler's. Her stock is merely a study in remnants, strips of cloth a few yards long, small bundles of lace, half a dozen pairs of hose, and a dozen towels, all different. To sell an entire bolt of goods would mark an epoch in her trade history. Should a customer decide to buy a dress pattern, the woman sends the young hopeful clinging to her skirts in search of her husband who is at home, perhaps in the flat-house before which her cart stands, and he drops his tailoring long enough to assist in closing the deal.

These saleswomen of the streets take their business seriously. To the casual observer, the shoulder-shrug which accompanies the "All right," uttered as a customer objects to the price and starts away empty handed, might indicate indifference to the loss of a sale. To the knowing ones it is evident, however, that the proprietor of the ridiculous little business has dropped to the last price notch and is secretly fretting over the departure of the customer.

Sidewalk Stores.

When the combined efforts of husband and wife will permit, they rent a corner store further uptown and stock it gaudily. They select a corner stand, because

the old out-door instinct is strong within them, and what the shelves inside contain is nothing compared with the stock displayed on the sidewalk. A stout awning provides protection from the weather, and nothing short of a blizzard or a deluge will drive them indoors.

The stock of such a store includes everything in house furnishings and dry goods, and piled high on the sidewalk, in what is apparently hopeless confusion, are ready-to-wear suits, lace curtains, wool underwear and stamped oilcloth. And out of that confusion the sidewalk cleric can instantly select the desired article.

The women chosen to help the owners are rather younger than those who preside over the push carts in the real Ghetto. Quite generally they are of the new, Americanized generation. They dress their hair with great care, always adding a bit of decoration in the way of a bow or an artificial flower. They never wear hats, no matter how keen the weather. A shawl, if the weather is severe, and for ordinary wear a knitted fascinator, is all they require.

The Division street "body snatchers" are perhaps the most notorious of the sidewalk saleswomen. In truth they are not saleswomen at all. They simply lead the lambs inside the shop to be fleeced, but their hours are long, and they never know what it is to sit down. They are stationed outside the millinery shops which line this East Side thoroughfare.

In summer they wear neither wrap nor hat, but in winter they don both, the latter of a type which presumably will advertise the establishment. During cold weather their hours are short, as they are expected to stamp up and down before the stores only during such time as unwary women are abroad. During the summer they work far into the night.

A Newsgirl in a Near-seal Coat.

Newswomen are becoming so common in New York that they excite no comment, but a case on the upper West Side has aroused some curiosity. During all sorts of weather a woman of perhaps twenty-three years stands over a small newsstand in what is known as the Central Park West district, where many Wall street men reside. She opens up her stock about 8:30 o'clock in the morning and remains perhaps two hours. Then she disappears, returning to duty for an hour or so about 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

Last summer she wore neat shirt-waist suits and a trim sailor hat, but when she appeared this winter in a stylish pedestrian skirt, a near-seal jacket, a picture hat trimmed with plumes and a muff to match the coat, her patrons were fairly dazed. In stormy weather she doffed the picture hat for a wide-brimmed Fedora, but the coat she wore through fair weather and foul. She is exceedingly reserved and even her best customers could elicit nothing more than a quiet "good-morning." At last one besought himself to inquire at the newsstand on the corner below. The proprietor, a bright-faced Irishman, replied, with a frank laugh:

"Sure, that's me own sister, an' it's a corner in stands we have hereabouts. Me cousin has the one on the corner beyond hers, an' it's no interference we have from any one. Mary—that's me sister—just works while the rush is on, for you see the men hereabouts is not early risers, bein' that it's a fashionable neighborhood, an' Denny an' me can look after things when trade is light. While Mary gets the breakfast for us, we gets her papers ready. When her trade drops off, she goes back to the flat an' makes the dinner, an' we all have supper together. It's a great paper trust we have. Mary wouldn't work 'cept to keep out the others."

Women Fruit Peddlers.

It is also in New York's better residential sections that one sees scores of women running fruit and vegetable stands, having leased sidewalk space in front of successful markets or grocery stores. Husband and wife usually manage the stand jointly, but it is the wife who does most of the selling. Her husband buys in the wholesale markets and delivers the purchases. Many of these women can barely speak English, but they know values and are shrewd traders.

They wear nothing on their heads and a shawl over the shoulders, and this is all sufficient in the way of wraps. Even in severe weather, when it is necessary to keep the bulk of their stock indoors, they never wear gloves and seem immune to cold. As a rule, these women occupy a few rooms close to their stands, and are relieved by their husbands or children for a sufficient time to hurry home and prepare the meals.

No more proficient fakers are to be found in New York than the women who sell laces and shoulder shawls in the fashionable shopping streets. These women usually work in groups of two or three, and cry their wares in a low, monotonous voice, which sounds as if they were talking among themselves. They represent the Romany races, and insist that they can speak no English. Like the majority of the sidewalk saleswomen, they wear no hats. Rain or snow has no terrors for them. They simply cover their baskets with oilcloth, draw their dull-colored shawls over their heads and stand in a doorway until the worst has passed. Any one watching a group of these women will note that competition between them is not keen. They have a common object, to fleece the unsuspecting with American factory goods and to turn the proceeds over to the padrone who sends them out.

"Matches Mary's" Ingenuity.

Of all the match-sellers, "Matches Mary" is perhaps the most picturesque, and certainly the most successful, at her trade. Not only is she a cajoler of dimes, but she is an authority on theatrical attractions. Where you see "Matches Mary," there will you find running the most brilliant production of the season. She wastes no time on theaters featuring moderately successful attractions.

She stands close to the entrance between the acts and

at the close of the performance. When she is feeling in a pocket for a match, she steps into a light and, having accepted her courtesy, he refuse to buy a box. By moving quickly to group, she does a thriving trade.

"Matches Mary" has a counterpart in woman who haunts certain cafés, notably by theatrical people. She offers wax matches boxes, and frequently slips by the watchful and makes the round of the tables inside.

To the careless observer, all these street look alike by reason of their foreign speech, colored garments, their dark, haggard looks, shuffling gait, but to their customers, or work many clever tricks, they present distinct traits. No keener business women are to be found in the metropolis, and their bank accounts are well-dressed, well-groomed stenographers and clerks of indoor shops open their eyes to the street saleswoman is not in business for the avoidance of housework, nor because she has a fascination for her. She is there because she needs the money—and she usually gets it.

BEAUTY DON'TS FOR WOMEN

LAUGHTER IS NOT FOUND AMONG THE EXERCISES TABOOED.

By a Special Contributor.

Don't forget that the nurses of a woman's life—seven—fresh air, sunshine, warmth, rest, sleep, whatever stirs the blood, be it exercise or exercise.

Don't neglect sleep. You can sleep yourself looks. A long nap and a hot bath will make you more attractive, and lift years from her shoulders.

Don't eat when tired and don't work when it is a mistake to work when not in fit condition, the worse and worse for you.

Don't miss your "beauty sleep." It is a mistake to go to bed late at night, rise at daybreak, and that every hour taken from sleep is an hour profitably spent in rest and recreation.

Don't sit down to table as soon as you come work, or a round of social duties. Lie down for tea minutes, waiting until you are refreshed.

Don't bathe in hard water. Soften it with powdered borax, or a handful of oatmeal.

Don't bathe the face while it is very warm cold.

Don't wash the face when travelling, unless a little alcohol and water, or a little cold water.

Don't attempt to remove dust with cold water; the face a hot bath with soap, and then rinse it with clear tepid or cold water.

Don't rub the face with too coarse a towel, as you would the finest porcelain, tenderly and catately.

Don't be afraid of sunshine and fresh air. You bloom and color.

Don't forget that hearty laughter is a source of beauty, trust and love.

Don't forget that beauty is power. There is more potent. It is to a woman what capital is to a merchant. Its absence is a misfortune; its absence and proper.

ART GALLERIES THAT TRAVEL

A NEW ART MOVEMENT WHICH IS GAINING SCOPE AND USEFULNESS.

By a Special Contributor.

Following close upon the heels of the traveling movement came the circulating picture which has now attained the dignity of an art power in rural communities.

The pioneer in this movement was the University of New York, and today its keenest competitor is found in the State of Wisconsin.

Early in 1896 the New York University sent of pictures, mainly carbon prints and photographs ready for loan to all institutions connected with university. These pictures included photographs, architectural monuments, great paintings and portraits. They were framed in quarter and in two sizes. The rent varied from \$2 to \$10 a day, the institution which borrowed the pictures latter were replaced from time to time, as the pictures were requested, by new prints.

Fully thirty-five schools in New York have themselves of the traveling art gallery, and the movement was on a self-supporting basis, the university broadened its plans and enlarged the circulation. The first move was to purchase a complete collection of pictures which a certain noted art firm had been in various States, and this made it possible for the traveling schools to retain pictures for a nominal fee.

The University collection now includes thousand photographs and a dozen lantern slides, appropriate to many lines of study. These can be borrowed by schools and clubs, a helpful factor to any one preparing to enter upon the field.

The Woman's Educational Association of Boston has taken up the work and has ambitious plans for bringing the movement into New England. The Mid-West have appointed committees to direct the work in the local public schools. The most important movement in the rural

was started by a Wisconsin woman and is spreading like a veritable art epidemic.

Mrs. Mary E. Turner, connected with the State Normal School in Stevens Point, Wis., is responsible for arousing among the farmers of her vicinity a genuine interest in good pictures. When she first heard of the traveling art gallery, she gathered together the most appealing pictures of her own collection and all she could beg or borrow from friends in and out of her school. With these she started out to the country schoolhouses, invited the children to bring their parents for informal talk about the photographs, and began to loan all the pictures that she could spare.

The country schoolhouses are used principally as distributing points for outlying workers, though teachers occasionally give art talks to which parents, as well as children, gladly come. Each family understands that the privilege to borrow the pictures is its, and when the photograph has been enjoyed for a week it is returned to be replaced by something new. Sometimes great reluctance is manifested at the idea of giving up pictures, and then many a hard-fisted farmer has been induced by his family to purchase a print similar to the one returned to the traveling gallery. In such an event the teacher acts as purchasing agent, securing the best possible terms and thus fostering a desire to increase home collections.

The Wisconsin work is admirably systematized. Landscapes, marine views, flowers and home-like subjects are given the preference. Both photographs and colored lithographs are used, neatly framed with a border-mat of gray and with two pockets fastened on the back. One pocket holds a library card, and the other a concise printed account of the picture and its artist. A brass book is also attached for hanging the picture, and thus it is packed into a strong envelope, ready for its travels.

The best grade of photographs have been found too expensive for workers of limited means and experience, but so long as the picture is of good standard, the style of print is not all important. While it is essential, of course, that the picture should be technically good, it is equally important that those intended for rural communities should appeal to the heart and the simpler tastes in their subject matter. Colored pictures do this more quickly than photographs.

The high-grade magazines using color reproduction and the better class of illustrated Sunday newspaper supplements are recognized aids in furthering the movement. Carefully mounted and furnished with a few facts regarding the pictures and their artists, they are presented by the managers of any circulating art gallery.

A favorite pastime with wealthy persons interested in the work is a complete collection of prints. A full set is itself a liberal education in art.

KATHERINE L. SMITH.

THE LIGHT HOUSEKEEPER.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE WOMAN WHO OCCUPIES A SMALL APARTMENT.

By a Special Contributor.

The tremendous increase in the population of all large cities has brought to public attention the possibility of small apartments, particularly those which are known as bachelor suites. An ingenious bride can convert an apartment consisting of two rooms and a bath into a Garden of Eden, even if it is located among chimney pots, and a quartet of bachelor maids will learn the true meaning of home in a four-room suite.

Time was when light housekeeping was one of the trademarks of the artistic circle and the Latin quarter in particular. Now it is the salvation of many a worker in the cities and the most dangerous rival that the boarding-homes know.

To meet this condition, compilers of cook books and heads of cooking schools are racking their brains for tempting concoctions which can be made in a chafing dish or over a one-hole gas stove. Light breakfasts, luncheons, suppers and Sunday night teas may be managed with these two conveniences and the aid of a radiator for keeping dishes hot. Usually the occupants of small suites take their dinners out.

In preparing all dishes calling for cold meats, the light housekeeper should bear in mind that she can buy at a delicatessen shop any amount of cooked meat, from 5 cents worth up, and it is infinitely more appetizing when served in the form of a made-dish than when laid out cold and cold or a parsley-trimmed platter.

The following receipts are prepared with a view to serving not more than four people.

Cream Potato Soup.—Pare and quarter two good-sized potatoes. Cook in cold water, and when half done, pour off this water and add one-half pint of fresh boiling water, a small slice of onion, a sprig of celery and one-half bay leaf. Boil once more until the potatoes are done, and then press them through a sieve. Bring a pint of milk to the boiling point, thicken with half a tablespoonful of butter rubbed smooth in one-half tablespoonful of flour, bring to a boil, and pour over the potatoes, serving in a hot-dish with bread sticks.

Hot Bisque Soup.—Have ready one-half can of tomatoes and three cups of fresh, sweet milk, a small tablespoonful of flour and the same quantity of butter. Press the tomatoes through a sieve and stew gently. Put the milk in a double boiler, setting the tomatoes to one side, if you have only a single-hole gas stove. When the milk is hot, add pepper and salt and the butter rubbed to a cream in the flour. Cook several minutes. Bring the tomatoes to a quick boil, add one-half tablespoonful of baking soda, pour into the boiled milk, and serve immediately. This is an excellent first course for an otherwise cold luncheon.

Creamed Oysters.—Bring a pint of sweet cream to a boil with a small piece of mace. Thicken with a tablespoonful of flour, smoothed in cold milk, and add salt and pepper to taste. Bring the oysters to a boil in their own liquor, strain carefully, strain off the juice, and drop the plumped oysters into the cream sauce. They may be served plain or on toast, and are easily made in the chafing dish.

Lobster Newburg.—This is made with one small can of lobster, one pint of sweet cream, the yolks of three eggs, a tablespoon of sherry or Madeira, one tablespoon-

ful of butter, a pinch of cayenne, and salt to taste. Pick the lobster meat into bits that are not too fine, and drain off the juice. Cook for five minutes with the butter, salt and pepper. Add the wine, beat the yolks light and stir them into the cream. Pour this mixture over the lobster and cook in the chafing dish or over boiling water until thick.

Veal Balls.—Mince fine some cold veal, add a few bread crumbs, an egg and pepper and salt. Mold into balls and fry in butter. When browned, remove from the pan and arrange neatly on a hot platter. Make a rich cream gravy of milk, flour and butter and pour over the balls, serving with parsley.

A Tempting Breakfast Dish.—Melt three ounces of butter and a tablespoonful of flour, simmer and add some chopped onions and a little parsley. When browned, season with pepper and salt and add a cup of good stock or gravy. For the stock, canned soups, such as bouillon, consommé or strained Jullien, may be used. Stir into this sauce cold beef, minced fine. Heat gradually, thickening with more flour, if necessary. When thoroughly heated, stir in a tablespoonful of catsup and serve at once on hot toast.

Glace Tomato Salad.—Dissolve one-eighth of a box of gelatine in a little cold water. Measure one-half can of tomatoes or, in season, skin and stew four good-sized fresh tomatoes. Pass the tomatoes through a sieve to remove all the seeds, season with pepper and salt, and pour over the gelatine while very hot. Pour into a fancy mold to harden, and bring to the table when, in a nest of lettuce leaves.

Chocolate Blanc Mange.—Dissolve one-eighth box of gelatine in cold water and stir it into a pint of boiling milk. When at the boiling point, add two ounces of grated chocolate and two ounces of pulverized sugar. Let this mixture boil until the chocolate is melted and a uniform color secured. Then stir in two well-beaten eggs and strain into a mold. Served with whipped cream.

Pineapple Cream.—Heat to the boiling point one can of shredded pineapple. Strain one-half ounce of gelatine, which has been dissolved in cold water, and add to the pineapple. Remove from the fire, and when it begins to chill, stir in the beaten whites of three eggs and one-half pint of cream. Pour into a mold and set on ice.

Corn Oysters.—Grate enough fresh corn to fill nearly a pint measure. If canned corn is used, press it through a fine colander or sieve. Add the yolk of an egg, beaten light, and salt and pepper to taste. Have ready some very hot butter and just before frying add to the corn mixture the beaten white of the egg, and, if the mixture seems dry, a little sweet milk. Drop in small spoonfuls in the hot butter and fry a golden brown. This is an appetizing dish for breakfast or luncheon.

Breakfast Balls.—Crush three boiled potatoes through a sieve. Moisten with sweet cream, add one-fourth cup of grated or finely-minced ham, a little chopped parsley and pepper and salt. Beat with the yolks of two eggs. Form into small balls, fry until light brown color, and serve plain or with brown gravy.

Cheese Balls.—To one cup of dry grated cheese add three drops of Worcestershire sauce, the whites of two eggs well beaten, and a pinch of salt. Mold into soft balls, roll in bread crumbs, lay in a wire basket and dip them into hot lard, and fry until golden brown. Serve with toasted crackers.

Creamed Eggs Au Gratin.—Boil four eggs hard and drop into cold water, so that they will not become discolored. Cut the whites into dice and press the yolks through a sieve. Have ready two small cups of cream sauce, made from water or milk, in the latter case using an extra amount of butter. Stir the chopped whites thoroughly into the sauce and pour over hot toast. Sprinkle the top with grated cheese and the sifted yolks.

Little Pigs in Blankets.—Select large plump oysters and wrap each one in a thin slice of salt pork or bacon, pinning it into place with a wooden toothpick. Lay in the heated blazer of a chafing dish and cook until the pork or bacon is crisp. Serve on toast, garnished with lemon and parsley.

Mock Terrapin.—Cut the white meat of a small chicken into dice, or buy from a delicatessen shop a large breast, ready cooked, flavored with sherry, tons in the chicken, and heat thoroughly. Serve in ramakin dishes.

HER UNIQUE BUSINESS.

THE WAY ONE YOUNG WOMAN HAS EVOLVED TO EARN HER LIVING.

[New York Times:] While looking up some odd bits of furniture for a studio the writer was directed by a New York furniture house to call at a certain address in reference to her wants. The address led her to an unpretentious house in a quiet neighborhood in the Harlem region, where she found a young woman busily engaged in decorating furniture in a great, studio-like room filled with quaint and beautiful old pieces. She was retouching a great, old Colonial hanging seat, suspended from the rafters by iron chains. The ground color was very dark, almost black, and the cushion a brilliant crimson done in artistic scrollwork. A great many beautiful and rare pieces stood ticketed ready for transportation.

"Yes, this is all my own," said the young woman. "Queer business for a woman, isn't it? So every one seems to think. I took it up by accident, as it were, and have found it to be profitable, as well as most interesting work. I came to New York five years ago, with the idea of making a good living as teacher or secretary, for I had a fairly good education, and like most village girls, I believed New York to be the great opportunity for money-making. I soon found out my mistake. Everything outside of specialized labor was overcrowded with applicants, like myself, intelligent, fairly well informed, but unprofessional. I was forced to accept the only thing that offered, which was a position in a publishing house, at addressing envelopes.

"I made one dollar a day on which I managed to live for six months, then the little home place was sold and my share forwarded to me. It amounted to just three hundred dollars, which I put away with the determination to invest wisely. Shortly after that I happened to visit the studio of a newspaper illustrator, and while

there the thought occurred to me that the furnishings which were odd and pretty could be greatly beautified at a very small outlay. I went home with an idea, bought a few quaint old pieces from an old furniture dealer with the understanding that they were to be returned and sold on commission. I repaired them myself with glue and varnish and a few small ornamental accessories that I picked up, and which cost me exactly fifty cents. The lot brought \$5 clear profit. This was the beginning. I invested in a small collection of furniture, some tools, rented a ground floor flat and set to work pretty much as you saw me just now.

"I hired a cabinet maker whenever I needed skilled repairing, but the decorations and small repairs I attended to myself, and soon I became so expert at upholstering that I could recover a chair with great ease and neatness, usually choosing a much prettier design than the cut-and-dried upholsterer. After six months' commission work with a New York house, the one that sent you here, and they have taken everything off my hands as fast as I could turn it out. Now I have as much business as I can possibly manage."

"Oh, it's very pleasant work indeed, quite as interesting as any other decorative art, I should think, and it is very lucrative. I believe it is a good field for women bread-winners."

THE MODERN HOTEL KITCHEN.

The kitchen arrangements of the "modern hotel" are on the first basement floor. There is a chef, but so far as I could see, he does not cook. He is simply a captain of the seventy-five other cooks who work in three relays of twenty-five each. There is no range, but a solid bank of broilers—immense gridirons, beneath which are the fires that never die. As for the four hundred loaves of bread and eight thousand rolls required daily, the chef does not worry his mind over the patent cutters and mixers and ovens and staff of bakers needed to supply the simple item of bread; or concern himself with the quality of the eleven hundred pounds of butter that are each day required to go with it. Neither does he trouble himself with the pastry, where marvelous things are constructed of candies and creams and fruits—works of art, some of them entitled to "honorable mention" in an academy of design. The patrons of the modern hotel are fond of desserts, and the daily item of two hundred and fifty large pies convinces me that a fair percentage of them are native born.

I must not forget the item of eggs. Eighteen thousand are required every twenty-four hours. Boiled eggs do not get overdone; they are boiled by clock-work. A perforated dipper containing the eggs drops down into boiling water. The dipper's clock-work is set to the second, and when that final second has expired the little dipper jumps up out of the water, and the eggs are ready for delivery. There are men who do nothing else, but fill and wash and empty these dancing dippers, and it seemed to me great fun.

On another part of this floor is the dishwashing, where great galvanized baskets lower the pieces into various solutions of potash and clean rinsing water—all so burning hot that the dishes dry instantly without wiping. Sixty-five thousand pieces of chinaware are cleansed in a day, and an almost equal quantity of silver. All told, there are three hundred employes in the kitchen departments of this huge machine.—[Albert Bigelow Paine, in the *World's Work*.]

POPULAR SPRING COLORS.

Silver gray and bright red are the colors chosen for a broad-brimmed hat. The shape is built up of red satin straw, interwoven with gray chenille. On this, both outside and under, is sewn a number of very small rosettes made of red velvet comete. A gray amazon slightly tinged with red at its extremity partly encircles the low crown, to hang down finally in a loop behind the left ear.

Sky-blue, pink, green and black are combined in a medium-sized hat intended for early spring. The shape is covered smooth with blue satin and bordered with a double quilling made of taffeta to match, frayed out at the edges. The brim, which rolls at the side, is, as it were, faced by a half-long black ostrich feather fastened in front by a rosette to match the quilling. A cordon or garland of pink anemones with their pale green leaves encircle the crown, its two ends falling down in the neck behind over loops of black velvet.

A theater hat of plateau form tilted toward the right by a high bandeau, is covered entirely and faced with very narrow cross-cut folds of rose-petal pink illusion. On the outside lies a large spray of pink orchids, the pink in the flowers being slightly tinged with mauve. The bandeau is covered with a quilling of satin ribbon to match the flowers, and over the left ear is attached a paradise tail dyed to match the tulle.—[Millinery Trade Review.]

THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING FIFTY.

Today the most influential factors in social life are the women of 50 and over. They are not always the leaders of the great world who are most in evidence; but it is their feats which count. They give the cachet, the final filip, to any entertainment.

For a woman to be a real power in the social world requires a more comprehensive range of gifts than in almost any other field. She must be a tactician, a diplomat, a quick judge of human nature, a faultless organizer—"Mme. La Resource" at every point.

At the present time, the professional woman of 50, at the very zenith of her powers, is stretching out eager hands to the future. She does not sit down and rust, but looks well after her talents, that they may be burnished and polished and taking on an ever-new luster. She brings to her work a ripened knowledge of life and of the emotions and passions upon the character which could only have been gained after years of observation and close study of men and women.—[March Cosmopolitan.]

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The House Beautiful.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR IMPROVING AND BEAUTIFYING HOMES.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

To Transform a Kitchen.

MRS. N. F., Los Angeles, writes: "Having found your suggestions most helpful I must again ask your advice in regard to a small change I want to make in my home. (I inclose you rough sketch.) Want to make my kitchen into a dining-room. Woodwork is Oregon pine, a three-foot wainscoting; wall is white finish.

"What shall I do with this, and what color, please? Floor covering is linoleum, in which are squares of dark blue, I should want to use this with a center rug, if you would kindly suggest what kind. Have scru window shades; what for curtains? Dining table is oak, chairs upholstered in leather. Would you advise changing the woodwork to darker, or stain? Woodwork in other rooms is yellow pine. Of course, I expect to remove the water tank and range, and place an instantaneous heater in the bathroom. The sink is a question with me. There is sufficient room in the pantry for it, where counter shelf now is, but it will cost something to

add. Curtain your windows above with thin yellow silk. First using over them, if this is practicable, a latticed grille of bamboo, or thin, narrow, wooden lath, painted black. A border of dark-red terry carpeting would be the best thing to use with your large oriental rug on the floor. If you cannot afford a rug for the back of your seat, tack a piece of this same red terry to the window sill instead, it will look well with the kishkhillim on the seat. All of your woodwork in here should be painted black. Yellow silk could be fluted over your transom. One easy chair, covered with dark-red denim and having a cushion laid in it of thin silk, in oriental colors and designs, would add much to the comfort and beauty of your room. Two others of wicker, painted brown or stained and varnished, would complete the furnishing. A bolster would be more appropriate on your bed with this scheme of furnishing than would pillows. An oriental curtain could be so hung as to conceal your door. • • •

A Hall and Double Parlors.

M. A. Arlington, Cal., writes: "We have a small reception-hall and double parlors to furnish and I am very anxious to have the rooms pleasant and attractive. They have less sun than any other part of the house. There is a five-foot opening from the hall into the front parlor, and the two parlors have a pillar opening between them. The back parlor has folding doors into the living-room; also three plain casement windows, with window seats to be upholstered

would recommend a piece of old brocade in a light pink for a cover or square in one of your tables; you will find the bit of color now blend the square with gold galloon. Anything pink or old rose will be good in here. Your lampshades should be a pink shade and you should decorate with roses. A bronze lamp would be a beautiful addition here. A wrought-iron lantern could hold the your yellow hall. • • •

A Five-room Cottage.

MRS. T. S., Redlands, writes: "I have a five-room cottage of which I inclose a rough sketch. The woodwork is yellow pine, and the open archway from the hall into the dining-room and into the parlor without casing and oval at the top. How shall these openings, as it is so cold evenings that we sometimes want to shut the opening into the hall? Kind of electric light fixtures? Do you consider wrought-iron better taste than dull brass fittings for carpets? As the rooms are odd sizes, do not I can use rugs; would you carpet the rooms together alike? I had thought of two other ways to carpet parlor and dining-room alike and use in the hall, or carpet the hall and parlor alike and rug in the dining-room, with stained border. (What rug shall I get for hall?) Furniture for dining room is dark oak finish, round table, etc. What kind of furniture for parlor? Wish to mingle willow through the house. Have dark oak Morris chairs upholstered in plain cold green. What color shall be tinted? Had thought of soft, gray-green, creamy ceiling down to picture mold in dining and parlor (if carpeted alike,) with soft termou. Plan these rooms as you would if they were yours and I am sure I will appreciate anything you suggest."

Carpet your parlor and dining-room alike and the walls and ceiling in the way you yourself like. With the green you speak of on walls, a Brussels carpet (or if you can afford one,) a Wilton in wash of reddish brown shading to orange with small distinct figures will give you a charming effect. Hall in terra cotta would look well with a dark oak polished floor and a rug in oriental colors. Should be some blue in the rug here. You could have the arch of openings in parlor with a lattice and drop heavy curtains of velour or tapestry. The lower straight edge of this grille. Two pieces of upholstered furniture done in tones that bring together the coloring of your carpet and will furnish your parlor prettily. If, for example, have a small Davenport and an easy chair covered the tapestry, a wicker armchair with cushions of silk velour, and two slender, straight chairs in dark oak. Your parlor would be quite furnished as to sofa, tea table and a center or side table for lamp and brace and flowers and books, with a square of picot embroidery or brocade and a taborette with a plant to complete your room. I believe, for your cottage will like the dull brass fixtures better than iron. • • •

A Correspondent Answered.

MRS. W. B. H., Catalina, Cal., writes: "In the Los Angeles Times of February 8, under the heading 'Some Economical Suggestions,' you speak of a sketch of a house of three rooms and bath that we sent you from Mrs. J. H., Los Angeles. Would it be possible for you to send me the rude sketch, or a copy of it? We are thinking of building a very small house in Avalon, and it would be about what I want for a plan."

I am sorry that I did not retain the plan, but sent an immense number of these things sent to me that I have to destroy them as fast as I use them.

The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will answer as possible, all or few and clearly stated queries addressed in care of The Times, from whatever source or locality, the writer being a resident of California or not, and who are not otherwise privately making necessary explanation. Answered queries have frequently to be deferred for a week or more.

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... FLOORS...

March 8, 1903.

*Ways of Women.*MODES AND MANNERS OF SPECIAL
INTEREST TO THE FAIR SEX.

By a Woman.

The Spring Tailor Gown.

WITH the approach of spring, new demands are put upon our strength, and purse strings, for clothes—tailor ware strictly speaking—for the half-dress occasion must now be selected with an unerring care at those destined to grace the most elaborate functions. For the woman who is limited in her income, this task of dress is sometimes most laborious, for everything has become so extravagantly beautiful, that we are oftentimes sorely tempted to consider nothing, but on the other hand it is most gratifying when by a little thought and care we get results most satisfactory. As the accessories to dress and latest fashions are extremely costly, one must find out all the things that can be cut out, for others can be supplemented that will give equally as good results. While the former are the finishing touches to an elaborate wardrobe, they are not requisite to a dainty and most becoming one. Daintiness is, of course, a watchword for all, yet when one has few clothes, which have to be worn most constantly, it is most difficult to keep one's gowns and hats carrying the crisp, fresh look, which is so delightful in everybody. One tailor frock must be had a year, and, of course, two is better. This, with the other dainty

pale butter shade, our sisters across the water using this color on the street most frequently. They are made most simply with straight stitched bands of the same material, the effect kept severe. In addition a little line of Persian embroidery is used on the coat ornamentation, a jeweled and embroidered waistcoat being greatly in evidence. Pale gray is to the fore again, in both rough and smooth fabrics, but withal it must be in the palest tones, while along with the blues there is the most beautiful, as well as most unusual shade, and also an odd shade of red that carries so much white with it that it will never be hot looking.

Children's Styles.

CHILDREN'S clothes have become such tiny counter-parts of those worn by their elders that their contemplation causes much alarm, as to combination of colors and cut. Never were these wee mortals privileged to look so fascinating as now in this day of long waists mounted above the short crisp skirts and the Russian blouse effects, while the wide collars and cuffs in connection with the white and black leather belts give just the last best touch. For a small boy, not yet out of the kilt-suit age, a most successful model was fashioned of golden brown wool, and made on the three-plait front and back order. The front vest effect, in fact, from the neck to the hem, was a light tan, with a wide collar and cuffs of the same. The edges of both these last mentioned were cut into graceful points and had as an outline three bows of tiny gold braid sewed on, and a white leather belt held the fullness just where it was most needed. Velvet, velveteen and velours are brought into play most extensively, the colors they carry having done much to bring about this state. Possibly the golden

eyes of Monte Carlo was of thick ochre lace, so coarse as to suggest the thought of having been made on colossal crochet needles over a fond of ivory cloth. It carried a handsome embroidery of reeds silk, as a hem finish. The overdress was finished with a heavy knotted silk fringe boasting the same tone as the lace, the same fringe forming a most delightful shoulder trimming, while the yoke was accomplished by employing a fibrous dead white Chantilly over dove-gray silk.

Some of the princesses gowns are supplemented with little square boleros, the fastening being on the side, while down the front is a single long panel of lace to give the desired straight line. Others boast, or rather are designed, with deep capes over the shoulder reaching to the elbows, and falling from them in long tabs to the hem of the skirt.

In all the prevailing modes Dame Fashion is most capricious, starting out on some particular "tack," only to abandon when half-way through, for some entirely different idea.

Some of the smartest Riviera gowns, are those carried out in black—dead black; be it understood—unrelieved by even the brightening influences of jet, or sequins. They are further trimmed with the most somber of materials to still further accentuate the uncompromising blackness. Yet charming as many of these toilettes are when complete, to the woman with but little color the effect is most trying. Many of us sacrifice a great deal to Madame La Mode, even our complexions sometimes, and while this color scheme is apt to be unbecoming to the dark woman, her blonde sisters reign triumphant in these gowns.

Smooth satin-faced cloth, crepe de chine and linon de sole are having undisputed rights, while sharing honors with them are the heavy silk fringes, and in many instances the whole gown is covered with a lattice work of chenille, finished around the bottom edge with a fringe.

In the lace gowns, the most charming models are invariably carried out in the princess genre, and a most delicate tone of lemon is causing quite a furor just now, but possibly not more so than the exquisite shaded rose mouseline gowns which many of the débutantes are affecting.

Head Dress Ornamentation.

COIFFURES are gradually lowering to accommodate themselves more gracefully to the modish hair ornamentation in the way of flowers, ribbons and ostrich pompons. The half circle of flowers, roses, forget-me-nots, orchids, etc., in fact, every conceivable blossom, is brought into play and combined with most gloriously natural looking foliage. The half wreath shown in the illustration is made of mistletoe, its delightfully fresh, green waxy leaves, relieved by the berries simulated with pearl beads, and a bow finishing one of the ends. The large single orchid, with a few sprays of maiden-hair fern, is most graceful, while the cyclamen with its fascinating leaves is another extremely chic style. The ribbon flowers have been so overdone that one is certainly relieved not to have to encounter them any more, but some most pleasing results are achieved with chiffon, their price keeping them above the possibility of their becoming too popular, for a time at least. The large Alsatian bow is enjoying great honors just now, and it must truly be said that almost every face is agreeably improved by its presence.

Another thing most conspicuous by its absence is the large round bow of feather and chiffon, which had a most persistent faculty of robbing every face of one or more years, and in its place are charming flat stole studia. Black and white is to be the combination.

Modish Stockings.

BLACK and white effects are very much sought after this spring, probably because of their crisp look which is so unmistakably cool in effect.

The clock design with all its various additions of weave and embroidery, seem to be leading, with others equally as lovely just behind them, so as to inspire great rivalry.

Black and white diamond designs, with a half tone of gray, are appealing almost lovingly to those of more conservative taste as it softens the contrast.

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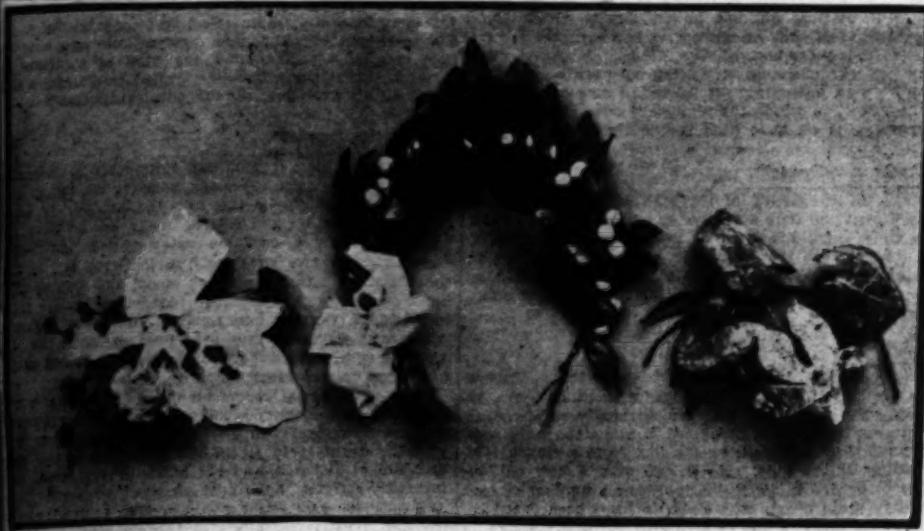
Extract from "Wilson's Photographic Magazine," New York.

"We have great pleasure in reproducing in this issue a few portraits from the far Western studio of Carl Krauch, of Los Angeles, Cal. For many years Mr. Krauch has been an enthusiastic reader of our pages, and during his residence in Trenton, N. J., we have had many opportunities of watching his growth in the profession. Our readers will agree with us that he has achieved a remarkable skill in the handling of his subjects, and that his work compares favorably with the best produced in the most ambitious studios of our Eastern cities. We offer him our congratulations upon his success in portraiture, and are confident that progressive photographers everywhere will be pleased to study the examples we present by courtesy of their maker."

A cordial invitation is extended to all to visit "Ye New Likeness Shop" at 512 S. Hill, (ground floor).

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HEAD-DRESS ORNAMENTATION.

which can be so easily achieved by using some of the many charming fabrics one is privileged to purchase these days, goes to make up a very good beginning to a successful outfit.

For the spring frock of this kind, the fabrics which carry a hair line, either in white, or self tone, are put up with equal rights with the dot, which is irregular in size, and in many instances goes to make up odd designs in a most delightful way. The mixed cheviots are extremely chic this season, carrying both these designs as well as an irregular line woven into the cloth. They are most like reproductions of men's suitings, with the dark iron gray and Oxford colors. The lighter cheviots or tweeds are most becoming to those of slender figure, but as they carry mixed patterns they better be left alone by stout people. The skirts are to be much fuller than now—especially so around the top—and of the plain circular shape, or with seven, or nine gores, rather than with the attached flounce.

As to coats, one's figure must here be considered also, so long three-quarter ones are equally as good style as the short ones, adaptability to the person being the essential. There are usually two skirts to every suit, excepting in the case of the mixed cheviots, which are not to be tolerated for anything but the short skirt, and this I mean the one that clears the ground. With the short skirt, it is still an unanswered question which style for the jacket, for there are many styles. The long, loose coat, having apparently little substance to fitting, as the slight curving in of the sides keeps the figure entirely hidden, is running rather with one which, to my mind, is much smarter, a three-quarter length coat with skirts. The Norfolk is willing to boast of skirts, in both these instances the fitting place being hidden by the belt and given the idea of being cut all in one piece. The cut used this past season in the zibibos, is to be continued on another—the coat reaching to the knees, slightly bloused at the front, and worn either buttoned over, double-breasted, or open, either way looking equally as well. The sleeves are still the pièce de resistance on all gowns, the bouffant most exaggerated below the elbow, and the hand which in many instances being most delightful. The very recent recruit to the collection of modish mauches is the "monocle," so called, by reason of the very bouffant dropping into a high Van Dyke cavalier type of cuff. This cuff commences very close and slightly wrinkles about the wrist, gradually widening out after the manner of a gauntlet, to within a short distance of the elbow. It is used most lavishly on the tailor frocks, and is infinitely more in keeping with the severely cut little belt than the bell shape, for the latter is never graceful, except as it is carried out en suite, with the undersleeve. For these frocks, taffeta and moire are both destined to be extremely fashionable again this season, and mohair is also standing in a most insistent attitude. The white cloth frocks are closely allied to those of a

Popular Epidemic of Lace.

IF IT were not for the constantly new developments one would become weary of preaching the gospel of lace, but as it is a new fever has attacked us—before we are really convalescent—with rather severe symptoms. One of the latest creations flaunted out for the envious



Care of the Body—Suggestions for Preserving Health.

PRACTICAL HYGIENE.

By a Staff Writer.

The Times does not undertake to answer inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of personal interest, or to give advice in individual cases. General inquiries on hygienic subjects of public interest will receive attention from time to time. No inquiries are answered by mail. It should be remembered that matter for the Magazine section of The Times is in the hands of the printer a week before the day of publication.)

All for Two Bits.

IT IS about time for the medicos to begin to look around for some other kind of an occupation. At least, we should imagine so, from the tenor of a circular recently received, outlining the programme of the Eureka Twentieth Century Health Club, "a mutual association for the preservation of life and improvement of mankind, and the assurance against disease," received by The Times from J. Lowe, secretary of the club, which is located at Mentor, O. Mr. Lowe is at present spending the winter in Casa Loma, Redlands. It is true the circular states that the object of the Twentieth Century Health Club is not to supplant, in any way, the family physician, but rather to relieve him, by giving time and attention to the many things the busy practitioner has not time to master." This may be all very well, but there are doubtless a good many people who will refrain from troubling the "busy practitioner" when they can obtain anything they need in the way of medical advice for the small sum of 25 cents. The following extract from the circular gives a fair idea of the comprehensive scope of this-enterprising organization:

"Medical advice in anything pertaining to health, or the cure of disease, according to the teachings of any particular school or method of treatment, including allopathy, homeopathy, eclecticopathy, hydrotherapy, electrotherapy, osteopathy, vitopathy, hygiene, Christian Science, suggestive therapeutics, divine healing, Rolstanianism, massage, spiritual healing, etc., etc., 25 cents.

"A complete diagnosis, together with the latest and most scientific prescription in any particular system, 25 cents.

"The manufacturing formula or recipe for making any popular meritorious proprietary medicine as found from scientific analysis, 25 cents.

"Any liquid medicine, powder, pill, tablet, disk, granule, capsule, oil, ointment, liniment, lotion, etc., furnished at the rate of 1 cent per dose for any medicine taken daily.

"Any medical book, journal, magazine, or hygienic publication or any appliance or appurtenance used in the sick-room, furnished to order at the publishers' or makers' list price.

"The name and address of any physician, medical school, society, association, sanatorium, asylum or other medical institution, in good standing; any board of health; the name, analysis and therapeutic effects of the water of any well-known mineral spring; the advance sheets or announcements of new discoveries, theories, remedies or anything that promises to improve, relieve, cure or elevate mankind will be sent free of charge on application, inclosing stamp for mailing the same. Receipts, prescriptions, formulas, many of which have been very valuable to the owner, may be obtained on application for the simple cost of time, writing material and postage. In this way each member of the club may become familiar with the most advanced thought of the age and know for himself all that is to be known concerning the preservation of health and at the same time be fully protected against any impostor, quack, charlatan or medical or hygienic fakes. The membership fee is 50 cents for those who make application direct during the first two years of the new century, or 10 cents, for registration and the name of five other applicants together with 10 cents for each name."

Even this is not all, for in a letter to The Times the secretary outlines an idea of building sanatoria at various points in Southern California, on a sort of co-operative mutual assessment plan, which includes some sort of life insurance.

Altogether, the plan is a great one—on paper. Most intelligent people will, however, prefer to learn a little more as to the attainments and standing of the party or parties, who are to furnish all this valuable advice, before they risk the small sum of even 25 cents—not to speak of their health—in "medical advice," a complete diagnosis, "a recipe for making any popular medicine," or even "1 cent for a medicine, powder, pill, tablet, disk, granule, capsule, oil, ointment, liniment, lotion, etc."

We are certainly reaching the bargain-counter stage in the world of medicine. It is about time that the directors of the various patent compounds should come down from their regular price of \$1. a bottle (cut rate, 60 cents,) to something like a fair profit on the cost of half a pint of cheap whisky and a few "yarbs." This circular reminds one of the cheap five-cent restaurants, where they put up such an astonishing menu, and make people wonder how they can do it for the price. Only these people seem to go a little farther, giving "bread with one fish ball," as it were. Possibly, before long, they will be offered to perform the Caesarian operation by mail for 15 cents, or two (twins) for a quarter.

Remedies for Poisoning.

J. B. FRENCH of Los Angeles writes to The Times as follows:

"Is there any antidote for strichnine poisoning? It is used so freely by our farmers to kill gophers and ground squirrels, that it is liable to poison some animal for whom it was not intended, to say nothing of the hazard of the farmer himself, who goes to his work with a vial of the poison in his pocket, with the same freedom that he carries any of the tools and implements of his calling.

"An answer in the Hygiene Department of the Sunday Magazine may be of use and interest to many readers."

In case of poisoning, give an emetic at once, which

may consist simply of tepid water in large quantities, or the same with the addition of mustard or common salt. After drinking several cupfuls, tickle the throat with the finger, or a feather. Continue taking a cupful every two or three minutes, until vomiting occurs. Individual poisons require special remedies. For vegetable poisons, such as opium, morphia, camphor, aconite, laudanum, paregoric, strichnia, tobacco, lobelia, arnica and others, an emetic should be given, and wherever possible, a stomach pump should be applied. Milk and mucilaginous drinks should be given freely, after thorough vomiting. Pure olive oil is good. Artificial respiration should be employed in poisoning by strichnia and opium. For strichnia poisoning there are also recommended chloroform, tannin, bromide of potassium and chloral, but these remedies will have to be administered under the directions of a physician, or one skilled in such matters. Meantime, while awaiting expert assistance, the preliminary measures above referred to can be used.

Eucalyptus Oil.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Ontario to ask whether The Times can give him the address of a reliable firm which puts up eucalyptus oil. It is understood that there is a firm at Garden Grove, in this county, which puts up eucalyptus oil, and Prof. McClatchie of Arizona, in his book on the Eucalyptus, to which reference was made in this department last week, refers to a Dr. Herron, who extracted last season nine tons of eucalyptus oil, but no address is given. No advertisement of such an enterprise has been noticed in the advertising-columns of The Times. It would certainly pay any one who is putting up pure eucalyptus oil to have an advertisement following this department of The Times, in which the virtues of eucalyptus leaves and eucalyptus oil have been frequently referred to.

Toothache and Eyesight.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston Globe tells how he was at one time a martyr to toothache, and at the same time found his eyesight giving away. A dentist told him that bad teeth were the cause of the failing of his sight, whereupon he had his teeth put thoroughly in order, and his sight became better and stronger than it had ever been.

His Specialty.

EWIS HOWELL ROGERS is back in town—Rogers of the "Missing Link," who was a familiar figure on the streets a couple of years ago, earnestly endeavoring to impress upon some perplexed listener the only certain method of curing all human ills, from crying babies to falling of the hair. He is out with a new edition of his pamphlet, in which he publishes a number of testimonials from people who claim to have been cured by this means of all kinds of ailments, including appendicitis, apparent death, lightning strokes, cold feet, hiccoughs, Bright's disease, paralysis and other afflictions.

This is another of those instances in which a hygienic means of assisting nature to throw off disease has been exaggerated into a cure-all, by the enthusiasm of its well-meaning advocate. Mr. Rogers's theory—the dilation of the rectum—is anything but a new proposition, having been practiced by savage tribes, especially on children, for centuries, besides which most intelligent physicians and surgeons have an instrument for the purpose, which is used on rare occasions. Mr. Rogers claims to have the authority of the Scientific American for the statement that persons apparently dead may, in this manner, be brought back to life, after all other means have proved unavailing. Among other persons of standing, who have given Mr. Rogers testimonials, are Dr. Stephen Bowers, State geologist; Dr. Emmett Denmore, author of "How Nature Cures," who has been making his winter home at Long Beach; D. Edson Smith, secretary of the Pomological Society of Southern California; S. W. Luitweller, the well-known Los Angeles manufacturer; Rober Dollar of San Francisco, owner of a line of Coast steamships, and H. E. Smith, Observer of the United States Weather Bureau, in San Francisco.

Tidbits of Epicures.

FROM a hygienic standpoint there is much to be said in favor of the non-meat eaters. There is little doubt that the original food of man was fruit and nuts. The slaying and eating of animals was doubtless something that was forced upon some of our ancestors by stern necessity just as a crew of shipwrecked sailors are sometimes forced to eat each other. It is scarcely conceivable that nature intended human beings to get their nourishment through the clumsy method of slaying animals, and thus obtain the vegetable nourishment after it has passed through their bodies. If it had been intended that we should eat pigs they would probably have been found running around in a cooked state with knives and forks sticking in them. There are many things about the ordinary flesh menu of civilization that do not appeal to an esthetic mind. For instance, the eating of animal organs which are used to remove matter that usually finds its way to the manure pile or the sewer, such as the liver and kidneys, is not very appetizing, when you come to think of it, nor is that bit of the epicure, the lining of a hog's stomach, or the feet of a hog—the most unclean of animals, from which the name of scrofula was derived—especially when we consider that impurities naturally find their way down into the feet. Again, a man, who has seen a corpse pulled out of a harbor, after it has been lying there for some time, is not apt to take much pleasure in a dish of crabs or shrimps. In England, they consider game's delicacy that has been hanging up until it rots and falls from the hook, while cheese, to be up to the standard, must be able to crawl around in the plate at a lively rate. The droppings of woodcock, spread on toast, is also regarded as a delicacy in Europe. These

things may tickle the palate of the epicure, but can scarcely be considered as natural foods in a normal state. Even cannibals display a preference in selecting their meat. They prefer the body of a white man, who is an addict to tobacco habit. We, however, take our meat notwithstanding the stories that come to us of the feeding of swine on slaughter-houses, even, occasionally, on gladdened horses, a system overcharged with a large amount of fat from animal bodies is more likely to become disease than one that has been nourished with vegetable food. English physicians in India, with astonishment the marvelous rapidity in which vegetarian native soldiers recover from active

"Sure Cures" and Tuberculosis.

THE Committee for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, of the Charity Organization Society of Philadelphia, recognizing the wrong which is done to patients from tuberculosis by those advertising "sure nostrums galore," has made a public statement to the effect:

"There is no specific medicine for this disease, and the so-called cures and specifics and species of treatment widely advertised in the daily press do not at all justify the extravagant claims of them. It is the unanimous opinion of the members of this committee that there exists no specific for the treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis, and no cure can be expected from any kind of method, except the regularly-accepted treatment, which relies mainly upon pure air and nourishing food."

Stuffing Consumptives.

IT IS a pity that it is almost impossible to find any hygienic truth nowadays, without it being immediately run into the ground, generation, distortion and excess. Take, for instance, the laudable and highly-valuable system of keeping from lung troubles constantly in the open air, they inhale a large amount of ozone, and feed on large quantities of nourishing food. This originated in a German sanatorium, but it is not known whether in Germany they ever went so far as now, in doing in a New York institution, as shown in the following extract from the New York World:

"The first annual report on the work of New York City's Tuberculosis Infirmary is important as showing the reliance now placed on food to cure consumption."

"Once drugs were all in the treatment of dreadful diseases, and the mortality proportion increased strides. Then pure air was the essence, and patients who could afford it went to the dry, alkali atmosphere of Arizona, to the iron-laden valleys of Switzerland. Now the enlightened physician keeps the patient comfortably at home in his home surroundings, makes the most he can of air, even though it may lack qualities desired for best results, and feeds the patient to the top of his simulative capacity—stuff him on the Stratford principle and welcomes a congested liver at the strength and vitality and flesh."

"It is the course of wisdom. It is, also, in an interesting incident in the modern medical which affects more in the way of cures than the physicians of our grandfathers off them."

"At the tuberculosis infirmary patients are taken nourishment nine times a day, as follows:

"At 6 o'clock, a breakfast of cereals, bread and coffee and beefsteak or poached eggs.

"At 8 o'clock, cod-liver oil with whisky or beer.

"At 10 o'clock, egg-nog.

"At 12 o'clock, dinner, consisting of soup, meat, potatoes, another vegetable and bread.

"At 2 o'clock, cod-liver oil and plenty of tea.

"At 3 o'clock, beef tea.

"At 4 o'clock, egg-nog.

"At 5 o'clock, supper, of pudding, a soft-bread and butter, tea.

"At 8 o'clock, hot or cold milk.

"Then to bed for nine hours' sleep. And at during the day cheerfulness and hope—a atmosphere more than compensating for any lack qualities in the air.

"Is not this common sense, enlightened the Not a drug on the entire dietary."

"And the process in the healing of the patient. First, a slow decrease in the loss of weight, standstill. Then a slight gain, an ounce or two a pound, then additions of flesh that are well plumped-out cheeks, the alert mind, the movement.

"Also, there is an excellent pointer in this the person who is growing weak and ill, how much reliance is put on eggs and milk, symptoms of exhaustion why not take a raw egg or sherry or an egg-nog or an unwatered milk. It may check a tendency to consumption, the physical benefit derived will excuse any deterioration of the moral character."

There are several things open to criticism in the programme. In the first place, the statement that the consumptive may be stuffed until he "welcomes a liver, at the gain of strength and vitality and all of course, arrant nonsense—and dangerous too. No person with a congested liver can put on healthy flesh and strength for a brief time. His digestion will deteriorate, his will fall off, he will have a loathing of food, and the last state of that man is likely to be the first.

Again, the menu, as above described,

desire rather too much alcoholic stimulant to be wholesome. Four times in a day alcoholic beverages are recommended, including "plenty of sherry." Now, sherry and other artificial sweet wines, such as Angelica and Sauterne, are about the most objectionable form in which alcohol can be administered to a delicate stomach. The fermentation, which has been arrested by the admixture of alcohol in the wine, is apt to start afresh in the heated stomach, producing gastric disturbances and bad headaches. If alcohol is administered at all, it would far better to give it in the shape, either of light beer, or of pure spirits.

Tea, again, is an old and exploded relic of barbershop from the days, not so very long ago, when people believed that you could get the whole nourishment of an ox into about a pint of beef extract. Tea, in fact, is purely a stimulant, containing in large degree uric acid and other effects matter of the tea, which are undesirable for consumption by a man in good health, let alone an invalid. The cod-liver oil is another superstition. Pure olive oil or sweet oil would be just as nutritious, and more appetizing. It is true that by breathing a large amount of ozone every hour in the twenty-four a person may succeed in creating and assimilating a large amount of nourishment, although the latest theory is to the effect that it is electricity, not ozone, which does the work. It is, however, extremely doubtful whether any one could, for considerable length of time, follow out such a program as that given above, without clogging the system, upsetting the liver and nauseating the patient. In opinion of the editor of this department, a more sensible, and in the end, more efficacious dietary, would something like the following:

Rising, and an hour before partaking of each meal, a glass of hot water, containing a teaspoonful of rum juice. For breakfast, about a pint of hot milk, or without a cereal coffee, a couple of eggs, raw or slightly boiled, and a small piece of toast. At noon, a simple meal, consisting of any wholesome and easily-digested food that the patient likes; for little good will be accomplished by feeding people what they do not accomplish.

At 5 o'clock, another liberal meal, and an hour before retiring a tumbler of hot milk, with a raw egg, with or without sugar, and a teaspoonful of rum juice. If the patient has been accustomed to using alcoholic liquors with his meals, he might be allowed a glass of claret or white wine with lunch and dinner.

The menu printed above, it will be noticed, has no mention of fruit. This is a serious omission, the patient is expected to digest such a vast amount of mixed food, he will need plenty of the fruit to aid him in digesting it.

According to the statement that the consumptive patient is better off at home than in any other locality, there are two sides to this question. It is unreasonable to suppose that a recovery would be rapid or easy while the patient is breathing an atmosphere laden with millions of cesspools, sewers and garbage heaps, and with floating filth of all kinds, that accumulate in the street of any large city, and unfortunately, to a considerable extent in Los Angeles, especially when this filth is found the dessicated sputum from congestive lungs. When the air surrounding the home of the patient is of this kind, every effort should be made to move him to some locality where the air is pure, whether it is cold or warm, so long as it is dry and dry. Again, in a properly-arranged sanatorium, especially where it is conducted under the cot-pies, sanitary and hygienic arrangements are made which it is almost impossible to secure in any residence. Yet again, the change of air, scene surroundings often aids in the recovery of the invalid. On the other hand, some sufferers may object to leave from their friends and sympathizers, or may be weak to undergo the strain. So far as possible, advice of the invalid should be consulted, as much depends upon maintaining a cheerful and happy frame of mind, otherwise a recovery will proceed under difficulty.

The main thing is for the physician to watch carefully and conscientiously the growth of the patient's powers, and to carefully guard against letting him take of more food than he can assimilate. Better little than a little more than enough. It is only better that recovery should be delayed a few weeks than that there should be a serious relapse. Make conditions right, and mother nature will do the rest. Fortunately, a large proportion of the members of the medical profession, belonging to the so-called regular school, have not been given anything like the thorough training in dietetic and hygienic subjects, and therefore this all-important branch of the healing art has largely left to outsiders, many of whom are inclined to develop fads, and to ride a good idea to death. A medical college would devote a little more time to the study of diet and hygiene, and a little less to the discussion of drug medication, civilized humanity would be a great gainer.

JACQUES LOER, who has acquired considerable prominence in the press of late, in connection with startling discoveries regarding human life, is in a dispatch announcing the discovery that muscular and nervous diseases, such as St. Vitus dance, neuralgia, locomotor ataxia and sleeplessness, are cured by administering calcium salts, that is, salts as are found in well water, and many foods. Well, then, why not take the salts in the shape of well water? * * *

MARIE N. PALCONER writes to The Times as follows:

I desire to thank you for the same articles which appear week after week in your magazine on the subject of food and health. Personally, I have derived much benefit from them, so must many others. I wish you would speak a word in an early issue on the subject of treatment—that is out of the question. What I

wish to know is this: Is it necessary for an asthmatic to leave Southern California for a higher altitude, say Denver, Colo., in order to breathe freely; or, may one continue to live here and by careful attention to diet, be proof against the agonizing attacks of asthma? This, perhaps, is asking for a special treatment—which is against your rule to grant—but I cannot state my case in any other way. While in Colorado, I am perfectly free from asthma, but the moment I change to a low altitude, it returns. I take no medicines; they do me no good; I try to be careful in the food I eat, but all to no purpose; while living in a low altitude, asthma in its worst form 'sticketh closer to me than a brother'—a little more so.

"If you can say a word of help on this subject, it would be very much appreciated, not only by me, but by hundreds, perhaps thousands, of others."

Asthma is curable, but it is a tedious cure, when the ailment has obtained a firm hold upon a person. It is not at all necessary for a patient to leave Southern California, in order to obtain a dry, pure atmosphere, such as that of Denver. It is generally agreed, by those who have given study to this question, that the best elevation for cases of lung and bronchial affections is about 2000 feet. This, however, must depend considerably on the latitude. If an altitude of 2000 feet would be suitable in Switzerland, one might safely adopt a much higher altitude in the latitude of Southern California.

There are many sections of Southern California, away from the coast, that are favorable to such ailments as consumption and asthma. Such, for instance, as the foothills of the Sierra Madre, San Bernardino and San Jacinto ranges. The high plateau of the Antelope Valley is another good location, except that the winds are occasionally rather strong there. Then, again, there are places in the interior, such as Elsinore, in Riverside county, where, although the elevation is only a little over 1200 feet, the atmosphere is dry and healing in its effects. Here are the elevations, in feet above sea level, of a few places in Southern California, which range between 1500 and 2500 feet above the sea:

Alessandro, 1536; Altadena, 1550; Arcadia, 2105; Box Springs, 1536; Hemet, 1500; Mentone, 1640; San Jacinto, 1535.

Some persons suffering from affections of the breathing organs have found that they derived much benefit in this latitude from a stay in much higher locations, such as Alpine Tavern, Wilson's Peak, Bear Valley or Strawberry Valley, at which last-named place there is a well-appointed sanatorium, specially devoted to the treatment of consumption.

As a means of relief from the spasms which accompany asthma try the inhalation of steam from water in which has been steeped eucalyptus leaves, or a few drops of eucalyptus oil.

* * *

Alcohol from Potatoes.

THE energetic German Emperor has taken up with enthusiasm a project for the establishment of a new industry in Germany, which it is said he believes can be made as valuable to agriculture as beets. It is the manufacture of potato alcohol, of which large quantities have been made for many years in the northern part of Germany.

This product may be all right, for cooking, and lighting, and heating, but it is a bad thing to take into the stomach, being far worse in its effects than alcohol distilled from grain. Still, it is largely used in the preparation of many cheap liquors in Europe.

* * *

Contamination by Sewage.

THE widespread effects of sewage contamination have been recently shown in England. The chief medical officer of London recently issued a report, in which he announced that all of the Thames fisheries, including the estuary, are contaminated with the bacilli of typhoid fever. His condemnation includes the famous Whitstable oyster beds, where 20 per cent. of the oysters were found to be infected. A ban has also been pronounced against whitebait, shrimps, smelts and cockles. Contamination by sewage was found fifty miles away from London, while an even worse state of affairs exists at other points of the English coast, from which shell fish are supplied for the markets, infection in these cases being due altogether to bad local sewerage.

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TOOTH TALK

No. 44

Becoming Teeth.

The artificial of artificial teeth is the subject of remark by those who have little or no conception of the reason therefor—simply an instinctive appreciation of the incongruity and unreality. Thousands of dentures are constructed which serve the needs of the wearer for speech and mastication, but which are nevertheless deserving of condemnation as art productions. All works that require skill were formerly termed "works of art." This expression may now be qualified, and the distinction drawn between the ideal arts, or those which appeal to our higher emotions, and the mechanic arts, or those which contribute more directly to physical requirements and are active in promoting health and comfort. All that relates to the appearance of the artificial denture belongs to art, but all that affect its utility belongs to mechanics. The probability is that in most of the cases of artificial denture, the fault is not in the carelessness and indifference of the dentist, but in failure to recognize the requirements of temperament. A certain family resemblance to each other in a set of teeth is considered essential, but the adaptability of the set as a whole to a given case should be estimated of greater importance. A certain law of harmony in nature between the teeth and other physical characteristics necessitates respect as to size, shape, color and other qualities in an artificial denture. In order that it shall correspond with other indications of temperament and if the teeth correlated in their characteristics to those which nature assigns to one temperament be inserted in the mouth of one whose physical organization demands a different type, the effect is abhorrent.

My great success in making artificial teeth is no doubt due to my careful study of the different facial and temperamental features of my patient. My first aim is to make teeth that will look natural and feel natural. If you are now using a set of teeth that is in any way unsatisfactory it may be worth while for you to let me examine it and see what can be done in the way of improvement. For this examination, no charge will be made. Hundreds of patients in Southern California are now wearing the Covington artificial teeth. These patients will tell you that not one person in one thousand would recognize their teeth as being artificial. That is what I call the highest art of the dental profession.

Bridge and Crown Work.

There are many dentist who do high-class bridge and crown work. There are others who fail entirely to grasp the science of it, and who, by reason of natural disqualifications, can never hope to do a satisfactory piece of work. My special system of special adaptation of the crowns to the root insures a perfect fit, thereby eliminating any possibility of the accumulation of food in the crevices and consequent decay of the root. Another feature of my crown and bridge work is the prophylactic preparation of the root to which the bridge is attached.

Honest Information.

It has been my aim in these weekly talks to make them something more than a mere advertisement. I have tried to put in every line practical information that would be of service to any person about to have dental work performed, while many dentists, especially those who depend upon an inflated reputation for obtaining excessive prices for very ordinary sort of work, will decry many of the truths published, because it does not serve their purpose to have the "ins and outs" of the profession made public. I see no reason for not taking the public in my confidence and giving helpful information if I can. Examinations and estimates on cost of work given freely.

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Stories of the Firing Line. :: Stories of Animals.

Patsie's New Method.

"TALK about the inventiveness of Yankees," said a soldier, lately returned from the Philippines, "they are not in it with the Irish."

"When our regiment was up in the Tagalog country, half a dozen natives came into camp one day and said they wanted to join the 'Merikans and learn to be soldiers. The colonel turned the fellows over to 'Sergt. Patsie,' a specimen of the raw Irish, with instructions to make good soldiers of them."

"Patsie took the 'awkward squad' out some distance from camp and began operations. When he had been at work with them about two hours, loud cries and exclamations were heard coming from that direction and the colonel sauntered out that way to learn what was the cause of the outcry. When he arrived he found the drill progressing finely. Patsie was marching the Tagalogs about to the oft-repeated words: 'Hot fut, cold fut, hot fut, cold fut' and the natives were keeping step to perfection. 'What was that noise I heard here a short time ago,' asked the colonel.

"Sure, I'll tell you," replied Patsie, saluting. "These hathen couldn't tell their right fate from their left fate an' when I tried to march them be repatin' 'right fut, left fut,' they wint every which way. Thin I tied straw to wan fut and hay to the other fut an' tried, 'hay fut, straw fut,' on 'em, and begorra they didn't know the difference betwixt hay an' straw. Thin, colonel, I heated a bayonet an' burned the right fut on each av of the bladders, an' whin I said 'hot fut, cold fut,' sure they knew that I mint right away. Jist look at 'em now, colonel," said Patsie as he started them off again.

"The colonel smiled and departed satisfied that Patsie would make soldiers out of the fellows." A. J. R.

Forged a Military Pass.

AT THE Confederate Veteran Camp's meeting, held at the Waldorf-Astoria last Monday night, a group were exchanging recollections in one corner of the room before the speeches. One of the group, a man connected with a New York bank, was asked by a comrade where he was wounded, for the banker has a noticeable limp.

"My lameness is the result of a forgery," he replied. "Bank episode, eh?" asked one.

"No," was the reply. "Not exactly. I reckon I may as well satisfy your curiosity."

"About six months after my enlistment under Gen. Sterling Price of Missouri I was sent to the hospital for repairs. War was hell to me right in the beginning. I was left in a farmhouse, and as the Yanks were hot on our trail I had to be moved."

"I resolved to get back home, and by various strategies I succeeded. It was quite a journey—from Arkansas to the northwest corner of Missouri, where my people lived. I got home by night travel."

"I found the old town in possession of the Federals. Old Col. Bob Smith with his Sixteenth Illinois Infantry was holding the place, and every road and hog path leading to the town was guarded. I had to run the pickets to get inside."

"I got to my father's place late in the night and crept into the barn. As soon as it could be done, a hiding place in the house, under a stairway, was fixed up for me. Every few days Col. Bob Smith's soldiers were searching the houses of southern sympathizers. They came to our place several times, but they never got onto my hiding place."

"Things were getting very warm in the old town. It was under martial law. An order was issued that no man or woman should be permitted to leave the town without a pass, signed by the provost marshal and the officer of the day, and in order to get such a pass the applicant had to swear allegiance to the government, and, in addition, a personal description of the applicant had to be written on the back of the pass."

"I had resolved to leave town, not only because I was anxious to get into the fight again, but because every day I remained in my father's house I was liable to be found, and that would have meant exile for my old father, my mother and my sisters."

"It was easy enough to get a blank pass, but it had to contain the signatures of the provost marshal and the officer of the day to be of any value. My father, through a friend who was regarded as a Union man, secured a blank permit. I used up a bottle of ink and made my wrist lame trying to imitate the proper signatures. Finally I mastered every crook and formation of the signatures and, writing them on the pass, I filled out my description and signed a false name under the oath."

"I was to leave on a night train. I had planned to go to the end of the road, about 400 miles, and then I expected to board a boat on the Mississippi and take my chances. Night favored my leaving home. It was black and the rain was falling in sluices."

"I reached the train and took a seat. On every train leaving the city was an officer, who examined the passes of all passengers. The train limped along to the first station, about twenty miles out, and then the guards returned. I was sitting near the rear door of the car."

"I saw the officer when he came in at the front door with the conductor. I saw that he scrutinized very closely every passenger's pass and then looked at the holder to see if the description tallied. He looked at one man's head very closely. That made me nervous, for I had on a wig which I had got from my father. I was afraid the officer would get on to my false hair, but what I most feared was that he would discover that the signatures on the pass were forgeries."

"I left my seat cautiously and went out on the rear platform. The train was running about ten miles an hour. There was no brakeman about. I caught the iron handle of the platform and jumped with the train."

"I thought I should never touch bottom. When I tried to pick myself up I found I had broken a leg. In

that condition, drenched to the skin, in the most excruciating pain, I crawled back to my father's house. I think if I had had a pistol I would have killed myself. I must have crawled six or seven miles—maybe more. I reached home just before daylight. My father's old family doctor was called, and he was sworn to secrecy, of course. I shall never forget how my old father told him he would kill him if he betrayed us. But, of course, he never would have done that. An operation was necessary to save my life. I have been lame from the effects of it ever since."

"How did you get away from home afterward?" asked a Virginian.

"That is another story," replied the banker-veteran, "but it wasn't on a forged pass."—[New York Tribune.]

The Puzzled Recruit.

A PUZZLED recruit once asked a grizzled old Irish sergeant what was meant by "conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline."

"Well," said the old fellow, scratching his chin, "it's anything an' everything ye never heard tell of before. That's an article o' war that covers anything that they forgot to put in th' others ones, from luckkin' cock-eyed at your superiors to thinkin' what ye'd like to do to thim if ye met thim in the dark an' you with a carbine barrel in yer fist. The article o' war, me boy, is a miracle, a work of jaiyest! It's like the sky over yer head; it covers everything on earth an' under it. It's only by rememberin' that article that raw recruits keep out o' the guardhouse."—[Boston Pilot.]

The General Undressed.

I WELL remember, writes a correspondent, Gen. Sir William Giphart ("Hell Fire Jack") visiting the hospital in which I happened to be a patient while in India. Going round the ward, the general asked each man the nature of his complaint, and, in order to cheer us up a little, he assured each in turn that he would soon recover, as he had suffered from the same malady himself. Coming to the last bed in the ward, he asked the occupant the nature of his ailment, and was rather taken aback by the man's answer:

"D. T.'s, sir. Is in the 'rain—you know!"

"Oh," replied the general, smiling, "you'll soon be all right again. I have been like that myself."—[The Regiment.]

A Waste of Irishmen.

CAPT. LOUIS WENDOL of the First Battery, who got back from England last Tuesday, has a high opinion of the British soldiers, especially the Irishmen.

"When I visited the Tower of London," said he yesterday, "the First Battalion of Irish Guards were stationed there. They were corkers, and knew their business to a dot. They ought to be all on the police force in New York, however, instead of at the rusty-looking mass of stone, bricks and mortar comprising the tower."

"These Irish and I got along fine, I can tell you, especially when they found out I was from New York and commanded the First Battery. They fairly killed me with kindness and offered me the whole tower."

"Other military and some high police officials I met also treated me finely. At Woolwich there are several batteries of the Royal Field Artillery and the great arsenal. Being an artillerist myself, I was, of course, interested in Royal Field Artillery, and they certainly know how to drill. If the State would buy the same grade of horses for the First Battery, however, I should not be afraid of drilling my battery against them."—[New York Sun.]

Pat Balanced It.

A N IRISH soldier attending school, which is compulsory when starting till after an examination has taken place, had great difficulty in bringing a sum to the correct answer.

"You are a shilling out, Magee," said the inspector; "therefore you have failed again."

"Och!" says Pat, taking a shilling from his pocket, "take this, and it'll make the sum right. Hurroo! Succeeded at last!"—[Spare Moments.]

ANIMAL STORIES.

Put the Goat in Jail.

MIKE, the goat, is in disgrace and jail. Mike took only a few bites of succulent bark from a tree in front of the courthouse in Long Island City, but Sheriff De Braga took umbrage. They call the goat Mike because his whiskers resemble those of a former janitor of the courthouse to quite a remarkable degree.

Mike came down the street early yesterday morning, after having enjoyed a savory breakfast, composed of three tomato cans, half a dozen Blue Point shells and two yards of rag carpet that Tim Mulligan had left on heating long enough to go round the corner to the Dutchman's to get his morning appetizer. Having been interrupted in the midst of his meal by Mulligan's premature return, Mike was looking for a dainty bit with which to top off. That maple tree bark just appealed to him. But Sheriff De Braga, who was standing on the courthouse steps, frowned darkly upon Mike's activity.

"Cheese it, Mike," said he.

"Arrah! Gowaa! You're only foolin'," retorted Mike, or, if he didn't say it, he looked it. Also he continued his ravages.

But the arm of the law was in dead earnest and advanced upon the voracious Mike with blood in his eye. Now, possibly, Mike, the goat, had never been instructed as to the evils of resisting an officer in the discharge of his duty. It would seem so, at any rate, for he actually yes, he did—he actually drew off and butted the

Sheriff. He certainly slammed him down. The Sheriff was game—fair game. Mike stood his ground, but he seemed to be worst of it when Samuel Kugelman, visitor in the courthouse, heard the noise and ran to the rescue. Between them the men and the elevator man finally downed Mike, where he was landed in a cell, charged destruction of public property. He was not Mike, but he was outnumbered. He was solemn last evening as he lay in his cell, the possibility of being arraigned in a public trial. Nobody came to bail him out. Alter or "Manny" Friend as counsel, mitted that Mike's prospects are dark.—[Times.]

The Dog Laughed.

T HE proprietor of a Third-avenue dog black kitten that cultivates a habit of hunching, like a bear or a kangaroo, sparring with its forepaws as if it had been a pugilist.

A gentleman took into the store an enormous black dog, half Newfoundland, fat, good-natured, and intelligent. The kitten, instead of bolting at once for shelter, sat up erect on its hind legs, and, in an attitude of defiance. The contrast in the two was intensely amusing. It was Jack the Giant Killer preparing to do battle.

Slowly and without a sign of excitement the dog walked as far as his chain would gazed intently at the kitten and its oddities as the comicality of the situation struck him. His head and shoulders around to the animal ever laughed in the world that had so do so then and there. He neither barked but indulged in a low chuckle, while beamed with merriment.—[New York Journal.]

The Cow Kissed Her.

P ROBABLY the most unique testimony in a courtroom was that by Mrs. E. of South Omaha.

Charles Epstein claimed ownership of Mrs. Houghman had him arrested and proceedings simultaneous. When the was for trial, Mrs. Houghman asked that the into court. Judge King permitted it, man called the cow by a pet name. Jersey walked over to her and kissed her muzzle against Mrs. Houghman's face.

Three times this act was repeated, and man was declared the owner.—[Boston Herald.]

The Jealous Horses.

B. POWELL, the veteran trainer, after two patient years actually learned to stand up on their hind legs and box with declares that not only are horses jealous the outcome of an incident arising from which the green-eyed monster is reported led him to believe he had found a horse.

One of the horses was a thoroughbred as "Cigarette," and the other a dun horse breed called "Charley," and a writer Magazine thus describes the incident: "In the earlier days of Charley's circus life he was presented with a very fine saddle for use in a certain act. Now, it happened that it was found necessary to place it upon the jet black Cigarette.

"Later on in the evening a tremendous in the neighborhood of the stalls where had been stabled side by side. Some of ran to see what was up. They found and Charley had broken loose, and were grips" kicking, plunging and stamping other.

"When Mr. Powell arrived on the scene, the mares were standing on their hind legs in pugilistic attitude, and endeavoring to blow on head and body. They were but the astute trainer had taken his cue and began to give the horses their first riding."—[Philadelphia Record.]

Lincoln and the Kittens.

O N ONE occasion when President Gen. Grant, Gen. Porter, who was Secretary at the time, says that "three little kittens were crawling about the tent. The mother little wanderers were expressing mewing pitifully. Mr. Lincoln picked them on his lap, stroked their soft fur. 'Poor little creatures, you'll be taken turning to Bowers, said: 'I hope you these little motherless waifs are given and treated kindly.' Bowers replied: President, that they are taken in charge of our mess and are well cared for.' During his stay Mr. Lincoln was found in a tent. It was a curious sight at an upon the eve of a great military crisis history, to see the hand which had signed of all the heroic men who served the Union, from the general-in-chief to the tenant, tenderly caressing three tiny illustrated his kindness, which was the grandeur of his nature."—[Detroit Free Press.]

Good Short Stories.

ANECDOTES GATHERED FROM
VARIOUS SOURCES.
Compiled for The Times.

for Damages.

"I was thrown out of a theater," he said, "and I want damages."

"The circumstances," said the lawyer. "I can tell how it happened and the lawyer nodded sagely.

"He had no right to do it," he asserted. "You have client case."

"I can get them easily," said the lawyer. "It was dangerous and high-handed procedure. We'll bring him into court and make him sweat for it."

The pleased client was departing when the lawyer

him. "he said, "what was the play?"

"An emotional actress, Henrietta Squealer, in

"I said the client.

lawyer tore up his notes in disgust.

"seen her," he said, "and I won't take the case."

"Is a friend of yours?" asked the client.

"And mine!" roared the lawyer. "No, but I've

, and I know you're not entitled to any dam-

being put out while she was playing. If they'd

you to a seat and made you sit through the

performance I'd undertake to get big enough

to bust the theater, but you can't expect to

for a piece of good luck."—[Brooklyn Eagle.]

* * *

On His Breath.

Col. Stringer, as he drained his foaming mug, lit his pipe anew. "Cold! I should say it was cold," he said. "I was so cold that a big gray fog over one corner of the fort all that month, fast to the atmosphere, that's all! It was that my captors couldn't fire a cannon. A spark might freeze stiff before it would ignite the gunpowder."

And yet, gentlemen, it was this intense cold

that saved my life.

It was to be shot as a spy as soon as the temperature permit, and in the meantime I was imprisoned up of a high tower, with absolutely no means unless I chose to dash myself to death on the ground 100 feet below. One morning I awoke sense of suffocation, to find my breath frozen in a mass around my bed of straw. With a mighty effort I broke the ice pall and went to the window, in vain hope to see a relief party on the snow. As I stood there the frost on the window glass, and it fell out with a crash. My feet out, and to my surprise, it froze and hung the air, fast to the window frame. I reached out to break it away, but it resisted my efforts. It solidly frozen for that.

circumstance gave me an idea. Gradually I weight on the block of frozen breath, and let it burn me up. I hesitated no longer, but chance, desperate as it was. Holding fast with hands, I swung out of the window and blew my against the side of the tower. To my delight, the frost fast in this new place, and I cautiously myself to it. In this way, freezing a new hand and swinging myself down to it, I gradually myself to the ground, a foot at a time.

I neared the bottom, I found myself dangling in the mushroom window, and a shout within told that my escape was discovered. With a yell of despair blocked the mushroom window with ice. I let go and dropped to the ground. Scrambling to I started to run, just as the messroom opened

guards started to come tumbling out.

men, once more that fearful temperature came men. As the squad of guards reached the door, and the opening blocked with a solid chunk of from the close room and their own frozen They attacked this obstruction with their bayonets and broke it down, only to encounter fresh difficulties as they tried to advance, a solid wall and breath formed in front of them, and every slow progress was won by hard work and prodding. In a few minutes they were to give up the attempt, and I got away running every step of the three miles to our quarters to keep from freezing."

"Come," ventured the new member of the George

Club, after an interval of thoughtful silence that had to hold your own breath in order

sun," said Col. Stringer, kindly. "I ran back,

[Buffalo Express.]

* * *

Hilled Barber.

"towel," said the attendant in the germ-proof shop, "has been subjected to an extreme

is thoroughly sterilized. We take every pre-

against exposing our patrons to infection or

thing," commanded the patron.

soap," went on the attendant, picking up the soap, "has been deodorized, and the comb

is thoroughly antiseptized."

"Severed hair in which you sit is given a daily bath in

heat to 98 degrees, which is guaranteed to

any bacillus that happens along."

"The lather cup is dry-heated until there is not

possibility of any germs being concealed

said the patron.

not water with which the lather is mixed is al-

ways double-heated and sprayed with a germicide, besides being filtered and distilled. It is as pure as it can be made."

"Excellent," said the patron.

"Even the floor and the ceiling and the walls and the furniture are given antiseptic treatment every day, and all change handed out to our customers is first wiped with antiseptic gauze."

"Well, look here," said the patron, who had been sitting wrapped in the towel during all this, "why don't you go ahead and shave me? Think I'm loaded with some kind of a germ that you have to talk to death?"

"No, sir," answered the attendant. "But I'm not the barber."

"You are not? Where is he?"

"They are boiling him, sir."—[Tit-Bits.]

* * *

A Marvel of Science.

DURING a visit to the South with an eclipse expedition some years ago an eminent American professor met an old negro servant whose duty it was to look after the chickens of the establishment where he was staying. The day before the eclipse took place the professor in an idle moment called the old man to him and said: "Sam, if tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock you watch your chickens you will find they will go to roost."

"Sam" was skeptical, of course, but when at the appointed time next day the sun in the heavens was darkened and the chickens retired to roost the negro's astonishment knew no bounds. He approached the professor in wonder. "Massa," he asked, "how long ago did you know dat dem chickens would go to roost?"

"Oh, a long time," said the professor airily.

"Yes."

"Then dat beats de debil!" exclaimed the astonished old man. "Dem chickens weren't hatched a year ago!"—[Omaha Mercury.]

* * *

A Fatal Mistake.

YOU must have a bunch of humorists working on your linotype machines, haven't you?" asked the poet, as he entered the office.

"Haven't noticed that any of them have any failing in that line," answered the editor.

"Well, you're a poor observer. Do you read your own paper?"

"Occasionally."

"Did you read my poem, 'To Agatha,' in yesterday's issue?"

"N—no."

"I thought not. In the poem I wrote a line which read, 'I love you better than I love my life.'"

"That was a neat line."

"And one of your linotype humorists made it read, 'I love you better than I love my wife.'"

"Er—"

"Exactly—my wife. And my wife, not being acquainted with the failings of these key-thumpers, thinks the poem was printed exactly as written and hasn't spoken to me since it was published."

And after taking a kick at the desk he crossed the hall and fell down the elevator shaft.—[Indianapolis Sun.]

* * *

One of Hanna's Stories.

SENATOR HANNA, after defending stoutly his bill for the pensioning of emancipated slaves, branched off and told a group of his conferees the other day this story:

"In Lisbon, where I was born, they say a black man and a white man were once riding together along a lonely road. The road led past a jail, and in the courtyard of the jail they saw, rising above the high and dismal stone wall, a gallows.

"Jim," said the white man, "where would you be if that gallows had its due?"

"Guess ah'd be ridin' alone, sah," Jim replied."

T. K.

* * *

The Quack Cornered.

ONCE, when Attorney-General Knox was a young man, he had a case to conduct against a quack doctor. It was his purpose to prove the doctor quite ignorant of medicine, and the means he adopted to do this were ingenious and effective. Getting the man on the stand, he began:

"You used, sir, on my client here, when he called you in, all the most modern and approved methods?"

"Certainly, certainly," the witness replied.

"You made all needful amputations?"

"No less than nine, sir."

"Did you decapitate the man?"

"I did."

"And you performed the Caesarean section operation?"

"To be sure."

"Now about the post mortem—did you hold the usual post mortem?"

"Of course I did. In fact, I held two post mortems."

"Very good. That will do," said Mr. Knox. And the young attorney had no difficulty in winning his case against the quack.

E. K.

* * *

Weighed and Found Wanting.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, the editor of the Saturday Evening Post, and the author of the very successful "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," is the son, himself, of a clergyman, and Mr. Lorimer told the other day a clerical story that was, he said, his father's favorite.

A country minister, according to this story, arose one Sunday morning to preach upon the text, "Thou art weighed, and found wanting." It was a good text. It inspired the minister. He preached for an hour, and there was still much for him to say.

But his congregation did not relish so long a sermon. The males, one by one, began to go out quietly, and the women, as they departed, regarded one another with scandalized eyes.

But the minister droned on, coming back again and again to his text, "Thou art weighed, and found want-

ing," paying no heed to his impolite flock. Finally, though, four men arose together and started on tiptoe down the aisle. This was a little more than the good minister could stand.

"That's right, gentlemen," he shouted after the four; "that's right. As fast as you are weighed, pass out."

E. K.

An Ingenuous Suggestion.

SHE is little, but she has the true feminine idea. A boy of about her own age has been so devoted to her that it has attracted the attention of his playmates, and the result has been distressing. He has been teased until life has become a burden to him. In an effort to escape his troubles he has forsaken her. His heart is still true, but he dares not look at her or speak to her when any other boys are near.

This being the state of affairs, it will not be difficult to imagine his distress when his mother decided to give a birthday party for him. He made up his own list of guests, and when it was finished his mother noted that one name was missing.

"You've left out Mamie," she suggested.

"Yes," he replied regretfully. "I want to invite Mamie, but the boys tease me so about her that I am afraid to do it."

"But she'll be offended."

"Can't you explain it?" he asked.

His mother laughed, and meeting Mamie's mother, told her about the boy's troubles—and such troubles are real to a boy.

Mamie's mother was amused and told Mamie.

"Tommy is very anxious to have you at his party," she said, "but the boys will tease him so that he is going to leave you out."

Here is where the truly feminine appears. Mamie considered the matter deeply for a few moments, and then said ingenuously:

"Well, why doesn't he leave out the boys then and invite me?"

When Mamie gets a little older she will find many young men only too delighted to give parties on exactly that principle, but very likely her own views will have changed by that time—at least to the extent of keeping such ideas to herself.—[Brooklyn Eagle.]

He Got It.

THE judge, the Sheriff, the Coroner and the Chief of Police of Red Gulch were enjoying a little game of poker. The pot was large and there was considerable excitement. The judge called the Sheriff, who casually remarked:

"I hold four aces. What do you hold?"

"I hold a bowie knife," promptly returned the judge, as he perceived a fifth ace in his own hand.

"And I hold a gun!" exclaimed the Chief of Police, as he realized that he was not entirely destitute of aces himself.

The Coroner quickly dived under the table and waited. Presently, when the smoke of battle had cleared away, he crawled out.

"I hold an inquest," he commented, "and I guess that takes the pot."—[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Hobo Was a Good Doctor.

GENTLEMAN passing through City Hall Park saw a tramp soaking a crust of bread in the basin of the fountain and gave him a quarter. A reporter, suspecting an old trick, drew nearer the tramp, who leaned against the basin and nibbled at the unappetizing morsel gingerly. The observer edged nearer the tramp, who continued nibbling.

"Waiting for another 'sucker,'" thought the reporter, but the tramp continued nibbling and actually swallowed some of the stuff. A second tramp arose from a nearby bench and headed for his colleague.

"How're ye feelin' now?" he asked.

The first specimen shook his head. "Bum, Doc," he said.

"Put out yer tongue, Christy," Doc said, at the same time feeling the other's pulse. "Feelin' tired all th' time? Feelin' as if a whole squad had clubbed every bone hollow in yer body? Feelin' as if ye didn't care what struck ye? Can't swallow, an' if ye could ye wouldn't be hungry? Can't sleep, an' all that?" Christy nodded mournfully.

"I've got a butt of a pencil. If you'll get me paper I'll write somethin' that'll fix ye in jig time," Doc said. Christy produced a rag of wrapping paper from inside his vest, and Doc, leaning against the stone basin, began to write.

"Now get a newsboy to get that fer ye an' take it reg'lar," he said finally and walked away, while Christy hailed an urchin and asked him to have the prescription made in a certain drug store in Park row. The observer followed the newsboy.

"Who gave you this?" asked the drug clerk, eying the ragged prescription critically.

"Man outside," said the little fellow, clutching his newspaper, ready for a bolt for the door.

"That's one of the best prescriptions that ever came into this place. Whoever wrote that knows his business," said the clerk and disappeared behind the partition of the prescription counter to put up the medicine.

"Tanks," said the newsboy presently as he grasped the bottle and hastened from the store.

"You see we never charge newsboys anything for putting up prescriptions," said the clerk, catching the inquiring eye of the reporter, who left for the park to see out the little play.

Christy was leaning against the basin, taking a dose from the bottle.

"If you don't mind telling me, who's your friend that wrote that prescription?" asked the reporter.

"That—that's just Doc. Ye can see him for yourself," said Christy pointing.

But Doc's suspicions were aroused. "I know all about me own troubles without tellin' them to udder people," he said. "Spose you tell me some o' yours?"—[New York Press.]



Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far Afield.

Wild Beauty of Alaska.

MRS. VOLNEY T. HOGGATT, a native of Kentucky, is now an enthusiastic Alaskan and, talking of the country and the 130 varieties of beautiful wild flowers, said to a representative of the Star:

"People who have never visited the territory of Alaska and are not familiar with resources and conditions generally, naturally are a little incredulous when we speak of the soil, the botanical experiments and conditions that exist and have existed perhaps for centuries before this great empire came under our government."

"From time immemorial, since the first sowing of the seed, in this Northland by the hand of the All-divine Planter, the wild flower has borne life from its soil and lifted its graceful head and beautiful face upturned to the sun and blue sky, with as much vigor and substance as any hothouse plant or outdoor flower in California. As many as 120 varieties of wild flowers have been found in the district of Nome, between the 66th and 67th degrees north latitude, along the coast of Bering Sea. I have spent hours and days among the hills and lowlands gathering the little waxen petalled flowers—of every tint and color—so beautiful and dainty in texture and color that it seemed as you studied them that the sweet breath of heaven had but merely touched them and left the blushes of love messages upon their petals."

"I found myself acquiring somewhat of a persistent fad, in searching for these feather-tinted flowers, that I might find one to outstrip the other in color. I have walked miles upon the driftwood, along the overflow of Snake River (a name very appropriate to this river from its tortuous windings,) in search of the cowslip, of the deep yellow hue, with the rubbery stems; also a small white lily with shell-like tinted center, with these same long rubbery stems, which grew along the water's edge. They seemed conscious that I was in search of them, for they were in hiding here and there among the driftwood."

"The foothills and lowlands that slope down to the sea, through the months of June, July and August, are veritable gardens of wild flowers, mosses, ferns, etc. The reindeer moss is the moss upon which the reindeer subsists; it takes the place of the grass and grows everywhere in abundance. It is of a silvery gray and various shades of green; turns gray after frost, but remains nutritious. The moss forms beds everywhere for the wild flowers and ferns. As you wander through the lowlands following the small streams toward the majestic Sawtooth range—with its snow-white caps—forming a background to the soft old green of the foothills below, covered with wild flowers, you see a picture of grandeur and beauty."

"Among these foothills flowers are to be found in extraordinary growth and strength; the white and blue violet, sweet Williams, bluebells, lilies of the valley, buttercups, marguerites as large and beautiful as the cultivated ones. The tall forget-me-nots in the rich, delicate blue, and the white, can be found by the acre, spreading their fragrance. These, to my mind, are the most bewilderingly beautiful of all."

"There are a number of varieties of ferns also—the species of the maidenhair fern, the broadleaf, the old wood fern, etc. Then, too, there is the little delicate flower that pops its head up in the spring as soon as the birds begin their song—only not so early in Alaska as in more moderate climates where they have early springs—but it barely waits until the snow disappears. You will find here and there, wherever the full sun rays touch the earth, one of these frail blossoms. The indoor plants and cultivated plants thrive well; they can be seen in many of the homes of those who were thoughtful enough to take with them into this country a few sprouts or seed; the experiment of cultivating flowers has proven successful and interesting."—[Washington Star.]

* * *

Owls in Winter.

OWLS are really much commoner in winter than one is led to believe by the occasional specimens which are seen abroad in the daytime. If we searched the hollow trees systematically this morning we should probably discover several screech owls, and perhaps some of the larger species. We might be surprised to find some of the screech owls red and others gray, and, like the early ornithologists, we might conclude that the difference in color was due to difference in age or sex. It is now known that there are two distinct color phases of this species not dependent on either age or sex, though just what they are dependent on is not yet known.

When taken from their retreats in winter these birds frequently feign death—shutting their eyes, and lying perfectly still in the hand. By and by, when they find their little ruse does not succeed, they will snap their bills and bite and scratch in a solemn but very effective manner. How they manage to get enough to eat on these dark, cold nights is a mystery to those unacquainted with the woods, but as a matter of fact there is more prey abroad on winter nights than is generally supposed—a fact which is attested by the footprints on the newly-fallen snow—and owls are most expert mouse catchers. Their hearing is so acute that not a squeak escapes them, and they themselves are so soft on the wing that they do not alarm the game.—[Woman's Home Companion.]

* * *

Where Winter is a Tragedy.

NEARLY 50,000 elk, unable to obtain food, owing to the hard crust which has formed over the snow, are roaming over the Jackson Hole country in bands of 2000 to 2500 and are devastating the ranches and farms. The elk do not hesitate to attack cattle and men.

The Thompson ranch was visited by a herd of 3500 elk on Tuesday and fifty tons of hay were consumed.

In one night, Thompson took refuge in his house and did not dare to leave it until the band had moved on.

Three cowboys from the Hooper ranch had a wild ride for their lives on Tuesday and two big herds of cattle were stampeded by a band of elk that acted as if they were mad. While the cowboys were rounding up the cattle for the night a band of 1000 elk dashed out of the timber straight toward the long rows of fodder.

The cowboys fired into the band and attempted to divert them, but the elk came straight ahead, snorting and bellowing. In a moment the cowboys were between the cattle and the elk in a stampede. Spurred on by the elk, the cattle dashed across the valley and finally ran up the mountain side, three miles away, the elk turning off and continuing their flight along the foothills.

The cowboys' legs were gored and bloody and their ponies nearly killed. The cattle were wounded in the clashes between the elk and the stock. The long horns of the stag cut the hides of the cattle.

Hunters declare that there are fully 50,000 elk in Jackson Hole, but that unless there is a thaw the herds will be virtually exterminated this winter.—[Salt Lake Correspondence New York Sun.]

* * *

Perils of the Herring Fishers.

ONE of the branches of the New England deep-sea fishery which is affected by the Bond-Hay treaty is that for frozen herring in Newfoundland waters every winter, and no more perilous vocation is known to the world. The Gloucester, Mass., fishing fleet is manned chiefly by Newfoundlanders, and of its fatality roll of eleven ships and eighty-two men for 1902 four vessels were lost with all hands in the frozen herring fishery last season, while there are already ships "missing" this year, and four have been driven ashore, though with but slight loss of life.

Drifting about the gulf of St. Lawrence in the remorseless grip of Arctic ice floe, at the mercy of every wind that blows and every wave that gathers force enough to oversweep the frozen islets, the staunch little vessels battle with the blizzards, sometimes the broken hull of one is sighted dismantled and tenantless, and the fate of her crew becomes a matter for conjecture, though it is morally certain that its members are no longer above water. None but the most daring spirits man these fishing vessels, for an unequalled school for inculcating the lessons of reckless endeavor and marine heroism is afforded by this industry, though the courage and endurance constantly and silently displayed by these sturdy fishermen go almost unrecorded.

"If you cleared out for hell," said a Gloucester skipper not long ago, "and offered a month's advance you'd get hundreds of men in our town to join you." This about describes the crews of the herring fleet—the greater the danger the more there are ready to brave it. Early in November each year the active preparations for this remarkable fishery begin. A fleet of eighty stoutly-built and well-found schooners starts from Gloucester for this coast. The herrings are found in innumerable "reaches" in the deep islets on the Newfoundland seaboard, where the fish spawn in the sandy creeks, navigable only for small boats. Here the fish are netted, then frozen in the keen, crisp midwinter air and put aboard the American vessels to be conveyed to market. The herring are used both for food and bait purposes.

It is in running the cargoes home that the great perils of this fishery are encountered. The St. Lawrence gulf and Cabot Sea, to the south of Newfoundland, are swept by fierce gales in midwinter, to which the intense cold adds an additional danger. The sprays, as they are flung against the schooners, freeze where they fall, until every rope becomes as thick as a hawser and every sail as stiff as armor plate. The ship's fore-part becomes thickly incrusted with ice, which, as it "makes," buries her head from stem to stern. To avoid the danger of fouling which this involves, every ship has a supply of hardwood mallets with eight-foot handles, which the crew wield energetically and almost without ceasing to pound the ice off the bows and jibboom, which the men dare not venture on under these conditions.

During the voyage the six or eight men imperiled on these little craft of 100 tons or so know neither rest nor sleep, for it requires the whole crew to pull a rope or trim a sail, owing to the coatings of ice that have first to be beaten off, and then there is the constant pounding to keep her free of the ice that cumbers the decks. Nothing but the daring of the men and the stanchness of the ship make the industry at all possible, and even then the total of losses each year is very large.

There is a saying that in Gloucester they run a grape factory for their own needs, and though this is an exaggeration the annual total of fatalities is an eloquent proof of the risks that are run. As the winter herringmen make for home they run the chance of being sunk by the storms or driven ashore on the Nova Scotia coast by the northeast gales. Sable Island brings up many of them. If there is a weak rope, a worn sail, or a rotten spar in a vessel, it is certain to be found out on this voyage, and an accident often brings fatal results in its train. If anything important gives out there is little hope for either vessel or crew. She is overwhelmed ere repairs can be effected, or, broken-winged and helpless, is cast upon the ragged rocks that fringe the North Atlantic seaboard.—[New York Times.]

* * *

The Wichita's Grass Houses.

THE finest house ever designed by a redskin is the grass house of the Wichitas, a tribe that at present live in Southern Oklahoma. They are the only tribe that ever accomplished successfully the erection of a grass structure. Soon they are to abandon these huts and take up their humdrum reservation life in two-room frame shacks which are being built for them by

the government. The grass house, though healthful, but it is certainly not.

There are about fifty old men of the tribe who understand the art of building grass houses so that it will stand. And these men are paid for generous wages. The government employs some houses that may be preserved as ancient art. But they refuse, and the Indians used to dot the prairies of the Wichita country, now being torn down. The Wichitas and their huts shall not survive them.

Appearances are often deceiving. One sees a grass house and imagines it an ordinary dwelling. But not so. It is indeed most intricate, gathered early in the spring, when the grass is young. Sod-cutting usually takes place immediately after the grass is removed to a thickness of two inches. Buffalo grass sod is the best answer to the purpose of the builder. It is laid in foundations as does the stone mason, earth to a depth of about one foot. The top of the chunks of sod is laid to the outside. The house is built to a height of from twelve to fifteen feet, in form of a pointed dome. There is an opening for the smoke to pass through, the hole being away through a pipe on the outside of the door in usually in the south, and there is a window. Through each tuft of sod is run a wire, and these strings are bound clear around the house. The grass remains green and will give plenty of rain. It is not at all unusual for sides of these grass houses to grow green and rank, just as do the pastures near them, and are warm in winter and cool in summer, leak. Often the Indians have barns made of material. But in these days the redskins live in frame shacks, and the once famous grass houses will soon be but a recollection.—[Scientific American.]

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March 8, 1903.

The Development of the Great Southwest.

OUR MATERIAL GROWTH.

WHAT IS BEING DONE IN THE FIELD OF PRODUCTION.

Compiled for *The Times*.

The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

"Lime Juice" from Lemons.

THE problem of putting up a lemon juice that will keep is said to have been solved by the Shaw Preserve Company of Ontario. The product has been named "California Lime Juice," although it is made from lemons. It is said to be very superior in quality and to contain nearly 2 per cent more acid than the imported West Indian lime juice.

Machin Works for Ventura.

THE Ventura correspondent of *The Times* writes as follows:

"The Ventura Machine Works has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$25,000. Most of the amount has been subscribed. Among the stockholders are William Hamilton, George C. Power, W. H. Barnes, J. Lagomarsino, J. H. Chaffee and J. S. Collins. The new company will make machinery of all kinds pertaining to agricultural industries, but principally bean thrashers. It will also enter extensively into the manufacture of a wrench and belt-guide, the patents of Mr. Hamilton."

Manufacturing Specialties.

THE manufacturing industry of Los Angeles advances with such rapid strides that it is difficult to keep track of it. For instance, the firm of Brown-Winstanley Company, of No. 340 North Main street, is now manufacturing and shipping all over the United States a number of specialties, including a bottle-washing machine, combination tilting and shipping crated bottles, anti-rust cut-steel slugs or shot, and other ingenious and useful contrivances, which the company is always glad to show to those who may be interested.

It will soon be unnecessary to go outside of the city for many things in the way of manufactured goods, except the staples, and not for all of these.

Another Wave Motor.

THE possibility of harnessing the waves of the ocean, and thus obtaining vast power practically free of cost, and at the same time perpetual motion, has captivated the minds of many shrewd inventors. In the patent offices at Washington are models of a large number of these devices. There are motors of all kinds, but none of them, so far, have been made to "mote" successfully on a commercial scale. The value of the prize for which these inventors are striving may be realized, when it is stated that the amount of steam-power plants now in operation throughout the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard, where this power is applicable, is estimated at about \$1,000,000 horse-power. If a wave motor was an attractive proposition a few years ago, when it could only have been utilized for machinery near the ocean, how much more is it today, when, by means of electric power, it may be successfully carried over one hundred miles, with only a small percentage of loss? This would enable every important manufacturing center on the Pacific Coast to utilize wave-power, if it could be successfully harnessed.

Several wave motors have been invented by Southern Californians during the past few years. One of the latest of these, for which great things are claimed, is the invention of F. R. Reed of Los Angeles, for which a patent was recently issued by the United States government, while the confidence of the inventor and his associates in the value of the invention is shown by the fact that patents have also been taken out, at considerable expense, in the leading countries of Europe. The following is an extract from a prospectus of the Reed wave motor:

"The recent invention of F. H. Reed of Los Angeles, for which a patent has recently been issued by the United States government, is a departure from all previous devices, inasmuch as he depends solely on the tension and subsidence of the surface, instead of employing the lateral or direct force of the waves, and because he places the principal mechanism at the bottom of the sea, beyond the reach of surface disturbance, and where a strong natural foundation is to be had on the earth, so as to render possible the employment of these great forces. The proposition is in itself very simple.

"Familiarity with and interest in the sea, bred in the inventor no contempt for that element, but taught him to comprehend the truth in such matters; and therefore he does not attempt to oppose her natural, majestic forces with puny contrivances, but rather to co-operate and act with those giant forces, and thereby achieve tremendous and practical results. For this reason the service was largely planned to be at the bottom of the ocean, and the attempt was not made to harness such erratic power directly to machinery, but to make the ocean first to create an artificial water-power on land by pumping a part of itself to some elevated point above for that purpose.

"From known hydrostatic principles, any floating vessel displaces precisely its own weight of the liquid surrounding it, so that a vessel of given dimension and weight represents just so many pounds' weight. Thus, it follows that being buoyed up to some higher point by the rise of the surface, the vessel will descend with the fall of the surface, and this will constitute the

descent also of that number of pounds' weight. Now, if that weight be made to exert itself, in its descent upon the piston of one or more pumps, certainly more or less water could thereby be forced to some other elevation ashore, so as to be returned from such elevation by gravity, to act as an ordinary water-power upon Pelton or other water wheels. The problem, then, was to so design the apparatus that it should be substantial, safe, create power in quantity, and be economic in operation. This, it is claimed, has been accomplished by the device in question, and if such is the fact, the world has another new and tremendous force already to be utilized for the advantage of mankind, in developing industrial conditions and enterprises."

Any person who desires further information regarding this invention may obtain the same from R. H. F. Varie, Esq., Tajo building, Los Angeles.

Big Irrigation Enterprise.

ACCORDING to the Phoenix Gazette, the United States government will construct a dam at a point called Bull's Head Cañon, two miles below the New Comstock mines, on the Colorado River. The first of nine holes has been drilled into the river bed, with a diamond drill. The first forty feet was through sand and gravel, and the next fifteen through granite of good quality. There are said to be about 50,000 acres of land that will be brought under cultivation below the dam and above Needles. The Gazette says:

"The dam will be 100 feet high and electric power will be generated and sold to the mining companies operating in the vicinity, at the actual cost of generating it. All the land to be benefited has been withdrawn from entry and will not be open for entry until the work has been completed, which will be about two years. Its construction will entail an expenditure of over \$1,000,000."

A Grand Scenic Railroad.

ACCORDING to the Phoenix Gazette, what is likely to be the grandest scenic railroad in the world is to be constructed in Arizona, along the Grand Cañon. It is said that the knowledge of the proposed building of this road led to the recent attempt of Utah to secure the Territory in Arizona, north of the cañon. The Gazette says:

"It is said, on good authority, that along the Grand Cañon and through Arizona will soon be building one of the grandest scenic railroad routes of the entire world. The plans for the road have been made, and the project is being backed by D. H. Moffitt, one of the richest men in Colorado, if not in the entire West. The road will have but one purpose, and that will be for pleasure and sight-seekers, and if the plans are carried out, and there is not the least doubt but that they will be, one of the world's most beautiful sights will be revealed to travelers, who will not be forced to leave the cars and travel for days through the roughest of country to view the sights that have attracted thousands upon thousands of people during the past few years.

"The company, headed by Mr. Moffitt, has already been incorporated, and it is understood will connect with the Colorado Southern in the lower part of Colorado, running west down the Colorado River and the Grand Cañon. It will cross the cañon twice, touching some of the most picturesque country to be found on the face of the earth."

Catalina Marble.

NOT much is being said about the Santa Catalina Island marble, to which the curator of the National Museum at Washington has given the name of "verde antique," but its fame is growing apace, and it is becoming very popular, both in the building and industrial trades, principal among which is the demand among electricians. This marble has the greatest tensile strength of any stone known. It has no "grain," and when drilled full of holes is still stronger than most other stone intact. Goblets and cups are made from it. Although it is a dark green, mottled with black, in color, yet the manufactured articles are turned so thin as to become practically transparent.

The Banning Company has quite an extensive plant in Los Angeles, on North Alameda street, for the polishing and working of the marble into the various forms required, where it now has seven men and the latest labor-saving machinery employed, and work already contracted to keep them going for three months. They are now engaged on a contract for the Santa Monica City Hall, turning out columns, friezes and wainscoting for the ornamentation of the interior. They also have a large contract with one electrical company for making a lot of heaters, the marble slab acting as a radiator of the heat supplied by electrical wires.

All the cutting and polishing is done by machinery, and the marble dust resulting from the cutting and turning is carefully preserved and becomes a valuable asset, being sold to paper manufacturers. All the broken bits and odds and ends are ground up and likewise sold to the paper makers. While all the manufacturing is now done in Los Angeles, it is the intention of the Banning Company to remove the plant to the quarry at Empire in the near future.

Developing Nitre Deposits.

W. R. FALES & COMPANY of Los Angeles are opening up fifty-two nitré claims in Death Valley. This is a new mining industry for Southern California and one which promises to mean much to us. Nitré is one of the chief components of gunpowder and is used in numerous other utilities. Hitherto nearly all the nitré has come from Valparaiso, Chile, a little coming from India and Germany. The owners of the Death Valley claims maintain that when they get to running it will be no longer necessary to import the material

so far. The United States will no longer have to protect its commerce in southern waters on this one great account.

J. W. Unthank, a civil engineer, who built several railroads in Peru and other South American places years ago, saw the Chili nitré beds and afterward, while prospecting through Death Valley, discovered something of the same sort. Other prospectors had tramped over them many times, but having not had Unthank's experience, did not recognize their value.

Unthank said nothing about his discovery for a decade or more, but remembered the landmarks, and a sort time ago interested capital and began doing assessment work on the claims. The place is so remote from civilization that it was necessary to expend large sums of money in keeping the assessment work up. Each year a force of nearly fifty men have been taken into the country at an expense of some \$5000 each trip. The money thus expended seemed like wasted until the rumor of a railroad's coming through took tangible form. Now the railroad is in course of building within a short distance of the nitré deposits and the company is taking development materials into the lonely country. A plant is being established near the railroad line at great expense, because all the material and supplies have to be hauled by mule teams from Daggett, 105 miles away, the nearest railway point at present.

The nitré claims, which are supposed to be duplicated nowhere else on the North American continent, are situated along Willow Creek, a little tributary of the Amargosa River that runs through a portion of Death Valley. They are in Inyo and San Bernardino counties. The wagon road leads from Daggett through the property of the Pacific Coast Borax Company, thence past Coyote Holes, Cave Springs and into Death Valley, the route traveled years ago by the stages from Utah to Los Angeles. There is no habitation from Borax, nine miles out of Daggett, to China ranch, in Willow Creek Cañon, a half mile from the claims. Willow Creek, which freezes in winter and gets warm enough to boil eggs in summer, is a considerable stream, sufficient to maintain the nitré company's camp and plant. All along the road to Death Valley prospectors have staked claims of various descriptions, depending on the railroad to open up gold, silver, copper and other mineral deposits. But the nitré claims are said to be the most promising. They are in low, many-colored hills devoid of verdure and having the appearance of sand dunes. All sorts of minerals abound, but the predominant one is nitré, and it is nearly pure.

Lemons via Cape Horn.

E. DAVINES of Sierra Madre is making arrangements to erect a plant for the preparation of a wrapper for curing, preserving and shipping lemons and oranges. This decision has been arrived at in consequence of the successful experiment of a shipment of lemons by the S.S. Oregonian of the American Hawaiian Steamship Company, which sailed from San Francisco on the third of November, last, and reached New York on the fifth of January, following. The fruit was inclosed in the preserving wrapper as soon as picked and packed, in boxes containing from seven to eight dozen each, according to size.

The experiment is said to be a success. In the few boxes that had been opened not a bad one had been found. There were, perhaps, half a dozen that were softer than the others, but on being cut in two the quality was found perfect and the slight softness was apparently on account of the thinness of the skin more than from any other.

The freight is only 50 cents per 100 pounds and 45 cents in carload lots from San Francisco to New York and as this method of packing does not require any refrigeration, it should enable the shipper of Californian lemons to compete successfully with lemons from Sicily.

Mr. Davines is preparing a shipment of oranges by the Panama Railroad and after the experiments already made he feels confident of success. The Panama route will also offer an outlet for European ports at a considerably reduced rate.



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"Pon-Setta" is nature's true embellisher—a skin food and emollient combined. It is harmless and instantaneous in action, and while it acts as an imperceptible powder, is effective in preserving the skin. For men it is indispensable after shaving.

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ANITA CREAM & TOILET CO., Los Angeles, Cal.

Farming in California—The Land and Its Products.

FIELD NOTES.

By J. W. Jeffrey, Agricultural Editor.

New Apple Bulletin.

THE Board of Supervisors of Los Angeles county has just caused to be published, under direction of the County Board of Horticulture a new bulletin upon the cultivation of the apple. The pamphlet is ready for distribution to all who call for it at the office of the commission. The treatise gives a pretty thorough review of apple growing and contains several pages of original reports made by a committee of the Apple Growers' Association of Los Angeles county. It should be in the hands of every orchardist interested in apple culture as I believe it will be the means of greatly improving one of our most important branches of fruit culture.

Eucalyptus Robusta.

IF ONE is so unfortunate as to have this variety of eucalypts upon his premises he may put off the evil day of removal sometime by heavy pruning. Two years ago The Times contained a "note" stating that a town whose streets were largely planted to this variety had caused the trees to be cut back to the main trunk. I promised to make further observations upon this matter and report them. As you pass through South Pasadena you will see a beautiful lot of trees—the result of this severe trimming process. The tops have become dense, symmetrical and erect. Whether this severe treatment will make the trees hold their shape remains for the first seed-bearing season to prove. At present it is a success and will have a tendency to restore to favor this fine rapid-growing but tabooed eucalypt.

They Show Their Scars.

SINCE the winter rains ceased early in February the foothill range of the Sierra Madre from Los Angeles to San Bernardino presents a gay appearance never seen so plainly before. It is but the continuation of the destruction wrought by the mountain fires that have ravaged this range for the last decade. The eroding process has lent an entirely new aspect to the mountain scenery along this line. The billowy hills then thatched with green have now become ridges furrowed deeply with the rivulets that were not there before the holocaust of destructive flame. With this monument of sombre gray granite and corrugated shale before the irrigators how can they in the future fail to call for greater protection from the government, that this forest and chaparral may be preserved and the depleted portions reforested by artificial planting?

One Great Vineyard.

THE lighter, sandy lands of San Bernardino county lying east and southeast of Ontario are being planted to vines at a rate that may soon place the largest county in the State at the head of the list of wine producers. Last Tuesday I passed through this new vineyard and noticed that hundreds of acres are going into vines this spring to add to the immense area already planted in that county. Successful crops are grown without irrigation. In fact none of this new land has any water whatever save that which falls occasionally from the clouds. Not all of this land is light. Cucamonga, for example, has some of the most fertile lands given to the vine. Should the prices of wine grapes continue at last season's figures San Bernardino county will soon have an opulent lot of grape growers upon the plains west of the county seat.

Production of Garden Seed.

NOW that everybody with a bit of vacant land is interested in garden "seeds" it is timely to remark that California promises to lead the world in the production of garden seed. Santa Clara county alone grew 3000 acres of plants for seed last season. They were mostly onions, lettuce and carrot seed with a limited quantity of flower seed. California also grows for the trade leek, kale, parsley, parsnip and other kinds. Peter Henderson, the greatest of vegetable seedsmen, predicted before his death that California would some day supply the seeds for the world. The reason why preference is given to this State by the seedsmen is that the climate here has long, dry summers which permit a large portion of the work to be done outside, making the expense of large barns and drying sheds unnecessary.

Grape-planting Activities.

FROM the way rooted grape vines and cuttings are moving, vineyard extension will be lively again this spring in Southern California. It is possible that we are to have a long period of freedom from disease. For two or three years no malady has appeared to seriously disturb the grape-growing business. This is a blessed relief after the years of depletion following the introduction of the Anaheim disease, in 1884. Should these years of health continue the South will soon have resumed its former degree of importance as a grape-growing district. The greatest damage Santa Clara county has sustained the last year lies in the loss of vineyards. From Entomologist Ehrhorn's report just received I learn that the phylloxera has spread to nearly every district in the county. Some vineyards have died with the Anaheim disease, and altogether the older vineyards of Santa Clara county are in a very bad way, especially those of older age and extensive area.

Investigating Lands.

THREE are several thousand visitors now in Southern California more or less interested in the land of this section and hundreds are making definite investigations

with a view of becoming purchasers. A majority of these people will go over the near-by sections and a few may take a thorough survey of the territory before deciding to invest. Tourists will find the proposition difficult from two principal causes—distance and difference. From Yuma to Santa Barbara is a long stretch to cover by the ordinary "land looker," but it must be done to understand the wonderful diversity of the soil and its range of products. Another point to be considered is the wide difference between the agricultural conditions here and those of the East. Visitors may read this note and be helped by the suggestion to take due time to investigate. If, then, fair judgment is used there will follow a minimum of dissatisfaction.

Unique Protection.

ONE of the novelties in "the land and its products" was found afledt last week. The owner of an orange orchard in San Bernardino county had occasion to cut back his trees and bud them to a new variety. After they were cut back last spring he planted a cordon of popcorn closely around each tree. When the ears had matured and were harvested the stalks were allowed to stand and when the frost began to fall the foliage was drawn around the tender buds and tied into a neat little Psyche knot at the top. The trees presented the appearance of a village of wickups and it is safe to say that very little frost penetrated these novel protective tents in that orchard. Another young grove in that neighborhood was protected with boughs of Monterey pine, the ends driven into the ground and the tops fastened firmly with strings about the foliage of the plants.

Old Age Unattractive.

POOR Euclid avenue, with its serious incumbrance of neglected pepper trees! One of the grandest conceptions of a fine avenue in the world, the plan was carried out in the letter and spirit, creating one of the great show places of Southern California. For years this famous quadruple alignment of shade trees was the pride of this end of the State. Now scores of these trees are standing neglected and sickly, a relict of what they once were and a lesson not to plant unless there is some one to water. Indeed, Euclid avenue is still a fine sight to those who did not see it when the trees were vigorous and healthy. Perhaps it may be restored again, but at present its condition illustrates the paucity of provision for the maintenance of our public shade trees. Not from lack of favorable sentiment are these avenues all over the State allowed to languish, but from the lack of policy and means. No orchards in the South are more beautiful or productive than those at Ontario and Upland, skirting Euclid avenue on either side, and nowhere are there more beautiful homes than they shelter and maintain. In these notes I have deplored similar shade tree conditions in Los Angeles and other counties and once this department of The Times gave assistance to an organization formed to promote the shade-tree interests of this section. Public sentiment may be forming to burst forth in a successful effort to better the present conditions. Until that happy time we can only express regret that a matter of such vital importance should so long remain in the background, and fail to encourage big shade tree propositions unless provision is made for their perpetual support.

Three Thousand Inhabitants.

TWO years ago last June the agricultural editor of The Times was detailed to visit the great Salton basin and report upon the prospects of that section's becoming a factor in the production of farm products, should the proposed Imperial canal be put through and water supplied upon a basis of irrigating a large area of the desert delta of the Colorado. The report of that visit was published in the Daily Times on the fourth day of July, 1900—the first story of the work proposed and the possibilities of that country, given to the public. The canal gradually assumed shape within the next few months, and by January 1, 1901, actual farming had commenced. From these dates it will be seen that only two years have passed since the great Imperial land area began to develop, and yet it has made phenomenal progress. A gentleman just from these lands says there are now 3000 people living upon the newly-irrigated lands within the territory watered by the new canal, and thousands of acres are under cultivation already.

Eastern visitors should see the Imperial lands before returning to their homes. They are watered from the flow of the largest river of an arid region in the world. It is comparable to the Nile in many respects, especially in size and physical surroundings. In the summer when the lands need abundant supplies of water the Colorado has reached its highest point. It carries a rich sediment. In urging visitors to investigate these lands The Times is governed by a desire to give the tourists a more comprehensive idea of the scope of California's resources, and to assist in the development of a section capable of furnishing forage and other farm crops in sufficient quantities to obviate the importation of these commodities from the East. March is a pleasant month in which to visit these lands.

The So-called Orange Thrips.

TWO weeks ago slight reference was made in these columns to the discovery of a new enemy of the orange. I stated that the report would have to be verified concerning the origin of the new spotting found on the oranges. It is not probable that the identity of this malady will be established this year. While in San Bernardino one day last week the horticultural commissioners showed me dozens of oranges affected by these brown spots. The fruit seems to be affected more

extensively at Redlands than elsewhere, it is found at Ontario and as far west as the Kern River. The specimens in the office at San Bernardino were taken from trees neither fumigated nor sprayed, so the damage is clearly from fungus or insects.

Commissioner S. A. Pease of San Bernardino discoverer of this insect's work, if it is proved to be thrips. He has sent specimens of the infested oranges to several entomological experts, but so far the evidence that the insect's origin is purely circumstantial, with a reasonable chance that it is caused by thrips. The life history of thrips is not well known, and in Washington are not very positive that they have lived indigenous to California since 1850. They grow for commerce without molesting them the last year or so. It is indeed strange that they should so change its feeding habits in one year to become a menace to citrus fruit crops. After fruit on exhibition at San Bernardino, however, admit that thrips should stand condemned guiltless.

Were They Fairy Tales?

THE forcing power of California climate is better illustrated than by the testimony of vegetable growers of sixty years ago. When hunters did not succeed in accumulating wealth millions as they expected some of them turned to the cultivation of the soil, as early as 1850. In the summer of that year planted twenty-five watermelons near the present site of Marysville; his melons were all sold he was \$20,000 above cost for forty cents a pound and in these good years a load of garden truck commanded a good price of precious dust.

The first public exhibition of the horticultural products of the State was held at San Francisco in 1853. The show was brought about in a way that gave an average horticultural fair of the present time before twelve men of good repute till they agreed to contribute their services. The report had placed their names to the following statement: "On land owned and cultivated by James Williams of Santa Cruz, an onion grew to a weight of twenty-one pounds, and a turnip which weighed exactly in size the top of a man's head. On land owned and cultivated by Thomas R. Hodge grew which measured while growing one foot and six inches around its body. Its weight is unknown. A beet grown by Isaac Brannan, at San Jose, weighed sixty-three pounds; carrots three feet in length, forty pounds. At Stockton, a turnip weighed one pound and at a dinner for twelve persons, of a size larger than the size of an ordinary hat, was left, leaving at least the half untouched." (See Patents, 1851.)

Is it any wonder that the pioneer people were so anxious to have a show-down when they heard what they saw in the fairy tales from San José and Santa Cruz. But I have not space to enumerate the specimens that were shown at the first California fair, and it is stronger to state that the twelve men were completely vindicated for lo, the vegetables went to San Francisco and placed upon exhibit squash at this pioneer fair weighed 140 pounds what would that squash be compared to the exhibited by Southern California at Chicago's World's Fair? I have seen them weighed from on sale by the ton running 300 pounds for the

THE FRUIT INDUSTRY.

Fruit Growers' Convention.

THE Fruit Growers' Convention, under the auspices of the State Board of Horticulture and the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce will be held in Los Angeles some time during the month of April. President of the State Board has appointed Capt. M. J. Rivers and John Isaac of San Francisco, and the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce has selected Goodwin of Los Angeles and A. P. Griffith of Riverside, and these four gentlemen will constitute a committee to make arrangements for the holding of the convention.

It is the intention to make the convention a Southern California convention, and with sufficient time will be devoted to the fruit industry; this subject, in fact, will be the chief feature of the convention. Interesting papers prepared dealing with the packing, shipping and marketing of citrus fruits, particularly in the International, and it is expected that Riverside will participate in this part of the programme as it has been made such a success in that section.

The intention is also to have in connection with the convention a exhibit of fruit and fruit products, labor saving devices for picking, packing, grading, etc. The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce will have in charge the Riverside exhibit and it is expected that a room will be installed. During the Fruit Growers' Convention recently held in San Francisco, the central and central counties maintained a fruit exhibit and the results were far ahead of the expectations of the press.

The Buyers to the Importers.

THE following letter will be sent to all buyers of foreign fruit. It deals with the question of the importation of lemons and is practically a hard-and-fast agreement between men who rank high as buyers of foreign lemons. It should result in the abolition of the evil. It reads as follows:

"We, the undersigned buyers of fruit at public auction, being convinced that the buyers by importers, of rebates or compensation, inducement to the buyers to bid upon and

or parts of invoices of goods consigned to them, is a pernicious practice, which establishes fictitious prices, produces uncertainty, creates inequalities, invites suspicion and operates to the detriment and discredit of the trade as a whole, have mutually agreed, and individually and severally pledge themselves to refrain from buying or bidding upon any lots of lemons, oranges or other goods, consigned to, or offered at public sale by any importer or firm of importers, paying or promising to pay any rebate, concession or other pecuniary inducement, to any buyer, whenever we shall be morally satisfied that such rebate, concession or inducement has been paid or promised.

"Believing that the importers, as a class, are desirous of ridding the trade of a destructive and far-reaching evil, we feel confident that our wishes in this matter will be respected, and that, to the credit and advantage to the trade, the practice complained of will be immediately and permanently discontinued."

"Very respectfully: Chas. H. Parsons, S. Saitta, Victor L. Zorn, Chas. W. Maxfield, C. Wilkinson's Son, G. DeCin, P. Ruhman & Co., Schott & Franke Co., Zucca & Co., A. M. Bank's Sons, Frank H. White, Theo. H. Wegman, L. B. Greason, Robt. Dixon, H. L. Thompson." —[Fruitman's Guide.]

A Job for the Fool Killer.

EVERYBODY is supposed to know all about farming; but the way that rule doesn't hold good is beautifully illustrated almost every day. No finer examples are to be found than those occurring in the common newspapers; but the following display of ignorance is rather more than could be expected of a handsome and entertaining weekly. Such a paper it is, however, that prints the following story under the absurd title of "Hypodermics for Trees":

"As a result of recent experiments in science, it is claimed that the days of the woolly aphid, the codling moth and other fruit pests are numbered. The new process of fighting orchard insects is unique. A hole or socket is bored into the trunk of the tree, and in the opening is deposited a compound to be taken up by the sap into the branches of the tree.

"It is claimed that not only are fruit and tree pests thus destroyed, but that the tree, by its absorption of the injection, is made healthy and thriving.

"The compound injected into the tree consists of gunpowder, saltpeter, copperas and sulphur. Pulverized and mixed and applied according to a patented process, the ingredients are said to be readily absorbed by the tree.

"Thoroughly diseased apple and peach trees experimented upon were purged of their pests, and the quality of the fruit improved, and the trees grew sturdy under the tonic effect of the insecticide."

This scheme is as old as the rules of witchcraft; it is founded on the same principles, and it lives in minds of the same grade of intelligence. For fifty years every agricultural journal in the country has tried to conquer this stupid old fraud, and every man of average common sense who ever grew a tree knows how absurd the whole thing is. One would naturally suppose that a man capable of pasting up time copy for the paper in which we find it would know better. We might even expect that any wonderful new discoveries in science or agriculture would be referred to some one who knew something of agricultural science before the subject was mentioned in the paper. If it had been a matter of electrical engineering, or banking, or land titles, or theology, doubtless an expert opinion would have been asked. But since it was merely a matter of growing trees, any fool could manage it.—[San Francisco Chronicle.]

THE FARM.

Bad Oats Early in Southwest.

THE oat crop has yielded well in Oklahoma for the past three years, and has brought good prices. The average of the yields on the experiment station farm at Stillwater was as follows: 1900, 73 bushels; 1901, 41 bushels; 1902, 51 bushels per acre. The variety used in these trials was Texas Red, one of the very best tested and one most commonly grown in Oklahoma. The date on which the above yields were secured were as follows: 1900, March 2; 1901, March 1; 1902, March 4. Early seeding has been found to be very important, as it usually gives much the best yields. If the season is not backward, the seeding should begin by the middle of February and be finished not later than the middle of March. Oats may be soaked in water, allowed to germinate, and to freeze, and still will grow. If the plants have been up several days and growth has continued until the substance is all out of the seed and the plant not yet well rooted, a hard frost will kill many of the plants.

Oats to best on a compact, well-settled seed bed, and whatever method is necessary to obtain it at seeding should be followed. If oat ground is to be plowed, should be done in the fall or early winter, so as to give it time to settle. Spring plowing will often give good results if it is well worked down with a drag and if heavy rains fall so as to settle the soil before the spring drought. Because of the rush of work and the risk of not getting the seed bed fine enough, spring sowing for oats is not usually advisable. The ground may be gone over thoroughly with a disk or cultivator before the seed is put on. If the season is a dry one, care should be taken that the soil is not allowed to dry out too much after this is done and before the seed is put in and the soil worked down again.

Oats are quite generally broadcasted, but the results are never and more uniform if the drill is used. The Oklahoma experiment station seeds oats at the rate of five bushels per acre. In the experiments mentioned above, this amount of good, clean seed was put in with a drill and the soil was in the best of tilth. A good, liberal seeding gives a good, thick stand that cuts down all weeds, and the plants do not tiller so easily as when thin seeding is followed. With thin seeding, the sucker stalks are much later and more regular in ripening than the seed stalks, and are usually damaged by rust. The oat crop should be introduced in the rotation on every Oklahoma farm, not so

much because it is a cash crop to be sold from the farm, as for its value in the rotation and its feeding value on the farm.

Coburn and the Exposition.

THE Kansas Farmer, which certainly has a good opportunity to know whereof it speaks—though Secretary Coburn's fame has extended far and wide—says:

One of the most important events in the development of the Universal Exposition in commemoration of the Louisiana purchase is the success of the management in securing Secretary F. D. Coburn of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture as chief of the department of live stock. Congratulations are due to the president of the exposition company, ex-Governor Francis, on the acquisition of Coburn, a man known throughout the civilized world, and especially well known for his public services in the interests of improved live stock.

Under Coburn's management there will never be any jobbing in his department, and no breed or class of animals will fail to receive just recognition. Breeders will know that a great exposition of live stock will be made, and each will be eager for a part in it.

The success of the live stock exhibit at the great exposition is now assured. The \$1,000,000 that it is said will be devoted to prizes will be judiciously and fairly placed and honestly awarded, and the greatest show of live stock ever made in any country will be created.

This work will occupy a large part of Mr. Coburn's time and energy for the next two years, after which Kansas will again claim his undivided services.—[New York Tribune.]

Benefits of Driving.

NO OTHER exercise known combines the same degree of physical activity, of functional invigoration and of pleasure, with such slight tax upon the vital powers, as driving," says a London writer. "The physical activity is the result of two causes: First, the jolting, jarring and swaying of the vehicle; and, secondly, the vital stimulation incident to the pleasure of the drive. It is difficult to say which of these influences is the more important as a vital stimulant, the mechanical agitation or the exhilaration. The movement of the vehicle necessitates a certain amount of muscular action, mainly in the muscles of the abdominal region and the waist. Every swaying of the trunk backward, forward or to the side calls for a gentle contraction of these important muscles, and every such contraction accelerates, by just so much, the action of the heart, lungs, stomach, liver and bowels. The mechanical agitation imparted to the body by the vehicle acts in quite a different way to emphasize the same effect—to encourage deeper respiration, heart action and peristalsis. Then the rapid movement through the air, bringing the skin constantly in contact with fresh supplies of air (thus creating a kind of artificial breeze) is of immense value in increasing the amount of oxygen absorbed by it"—[American Cultivator.]

THE DAIRY.

The Farm Separator.

THE increasing popularity of the farm separator and of the taking of cream instead of whole milk to the creameries, is shown by the report of Dairy Commissioner Norton of Iowa, who said that in 1899 there were 1762 in use in that State, and in 1900 nearly twice that number, or 3332. We have not seen a later report, but an increase at the same rate would have resulted in the use of ten thousand the past year. The only objection we have seen urged against them is the difficulty of bringing the cream to the factory in good condition in very hot or very cold weather, and the partial churning of it in the cans when carried over a long route. The former can be overcome in the wagon as it is in the creamery, by making the wagons protected from extreme changes of temperature, and by use of ice in summer and a heating apparatus in winter. The churning can be mostly checked by the use of a float in the can, or other receptacle in which it is carried. We feel anxious for the success of this plan, because it leaves the sweet skim milk at home for table use and for the pigs and calves. It saves time for the farmer, because one cream gatherer from the factory can take the cream from a hundred farms, and allow the farmer to remain at work at home or to oversee his hired men, which on a large farm may be of much more value than his own strength put to hard labor.

When the cream is tested for butter fat at the farms there should be half-pint jars taken of each lot, to be again tested and examined at the factory, that if there is any lack of care in handling the milk there, or in any other particular, as improper food, impure water or a lack of cleanliness, it may be detected and traced to its cause, which should be rectified at once. Such of these samples as are not used in the test bottles can be added to the cream in the vats, and therefore they should be as well protected from excess of heat or cold as the rest of the cream. In fact, if this is not done the second test may not be reliable.—[American Cultivator.]

THE SUGAR BEET.

Banana Sugar.

A BARREL of sugar made from bananas was recently shown in New York, the first of its kind in that city. A correspondent says of it: Some months ago I wrote you concerning a new kind of brown sugar that was being experimented with in the West Indies and obtained from the "meats" of the banana. I also stated that it was fairly satisfactory and that later a few hundred barrels would be manufactured to introduce it in the American market. A barrel of this sugar arrived here last week and I was given an opportunity of testing its merits.

The sugar flavor is all there, and the taste is pleasant and palatable, but there is a slight banana flavor, which is more noticeable when the sugar is dissolved in coffee, tea, etc. Still it is an agreeable flavor, for the banana taste is full and sweet in itself and conveys a really tropical impression.

The great trouble has been, however, to make the sugar perfectly dry, and I notice that it is still quite damp. All the experiments tried would not do away with this condition. But the manufacturers claim to

now possess the secret of this feature and will at once proceed to put it into execution.

Should the dampness be eliminated I can see no reason why banana sugar should not take its place as a regular article of commerce and enter the markets on a fair basis with other similar goods.

It can be sold much cheaper than the present sugars, the most enthusiastic of its champions claiming that 3 cents per pound would allow a handsome profit.—[California Fruit Grower.]

Beet Planting in Progress.

MANAGER J. T. SCHROEDER informed us the first of the week that there were at that time 900 acres planted to beets for the Chino factory and that planting is now going forward steadily. There will be approximately 8000 acres planted for this factory, and Mr. Schroeder says that is as large an acreage as the company wants to handle. In fact, a larger acreage could have been secured had it been desired.

A number of experimental plots of beets are being grown by the company in the vicinity of Indio on the Colorado desert. Should that country appear to be adapted to the culture, a supply of beets could be matured there in time to open the factory by June 1. The matter will be thoroughly tested this year, J. V. Dunn having charge of the desert beet "fields." Freight from Indio would be about the same as from Westminster, so the distance is not considered prohibitive. The great object, of course, of testing that locality is to secure a supply of early beets and so advance and lengthen the sugar campaign.

Several fields of beets, just coming up, in Orange county, were injured by the frost of two weeks ago, and have been replanted. Otherwise the plantings so far are making a good, thrifty growth.—[Chino Champion.]

THE VINEYARD.

Birds and Grape Growers.

IN A REPORT on the trade and commerce of Bordeaux, France, British Consul Hearne refers to the evil of destroying birds. He says:

"A most important matter is that of the insect pests which attack the vines and grapes, to kill which chemicals are used which are certainly not conducive to improving the vines or the wine. I believe these insect pests are largely due to the absence of bird life in France. A bird, no matter how small, can live out a season in these parts bears a charmed life. Every bird, from a tit upward in size, is stalked, potted and devoured by the French peasant, who invariably owns either a fowling piece or a military rifle converted to carry shot cartridges, so that as soon as the shooting season commences every bird that flies finds itself hunted from one row of vines to another. The song of the thrush and blackbird is hardly ever heard in the vine district, and the smaller insect-devouring birds are seldom seen."

He then gives a calculation of a French advocate of bird protection, which, if only half correct, shows the stupendous folly of destroying the birds which are the great friends of all producers.



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Conservative Life Insurance Co., Its Growth and Its Makers

THE wealthiest corporations in the United States today are the great life insurance companies of the Atlantic cities. With few exceptions they are institutions that have been established successfully in business for forty or more years. That the progressive west should permit them undisputed possession of the field of life insurance operations was not to be long continued. Yet until a comparatively few years ago there had been no life insurance company organized west of the Mississippi River that gave promise of development into a national force. With the steady progress and growth of the cities of the Middle and Western States has come naturally the creation of a number of life insurance companies that have met with gratifying success.

It remained, however, for the city of Los Angeles to present to America a corporation constructed for insuring lives that has carved out the distinction of being the most unique and successful life insurance company organized in late years. The Conservative Life Insurance Company of this city is but a youngster in the business, but it stands forth conspicuously for its remarkable growth, its skilled management in all departments and the unquestioned possibilities for its development into one of America's greatest life insurance organizations. That Los Angeles was eligible for place among the ranks of cities having claim to financial distinction has been demonstrated by the prominence attained by the Conservative Life in the financial and insurance world. It is one of the youngest members in the family of life insurance companies. Its present undisputed position among the life insurance companies of merit and worth may well be said to have marked an epoch in the growth of this city as a financial and insurance center. And to the men who have contributed so substantially to the fame of Los Angeles too much credit cannot be given.

The Conservative Life Insurance Company was incorporated under the laws of California, on the sixteenth day of May, 1900, with a capital stock of \$200,000, at a par value of \$100 a share, and with a surplus of \$100,000 all being paid in. The basis of the organization on its insurance operations is that accepted the

world over as the only true scientific calculation for safely offering such indemnity. It is technically known as the "old-line legal reserve" system. In financial circles throughout the State and the country the company was at once recognized as having started under most auspicious circumstances, and within a short time after its incorporation its stock was quoted at 60 per cent. above par.

From the various statements of the company's affairs made to the California Insurance Department, the sound and rapid building up of the company has been recognized. Indeed the growth of its business has been remarkable and is unprecedented in the history of life insurance companies in this country. The last official report, on the company's operations during the year 1902, shows the company to have \$1,236,572.22 in assets with a surplus of \$301,221.25. The insurance in force on lives accepted amounts to \$11,000,000. No company at the same age ever showed so much insurance in force, so much assets and so much surplus.

Probably few people appreciate the gigantic task involved in launching a new life insurance company in this day and age. That such a corporation is "successfully" launched is no guarantee always that success will attend its prosecution of its functions as a life insurance company. Many a life insurance company has been financed in a manner promising flattering prospects, only to meet with crippling consequences in its efforts to develop successfully its life business. Naturally, it was thought that with a field developed as that of life insurance, there would be scant chance for a new company on the Pacific Coast. Yet despite keen competition and a crowded field the Conservative Life has attained within the short space of two and a half years a secure foothold among the recognized safely conducted life insurance companies in this country.

That such a thing was made possible under such circumstances has a contributing cause. It may be found primarily in the character of policy forms offered to the public by the company and the caliber of the men presenting them. In the creation of these policies it was recognized that the company would have to present an

unusually attractive proposition to the public to offset the advantages held by the old established companies whose prestige hampers companies in competition.

Among the founders and organizers of the Conservative Life, the task of creating the company contracts and literature fell to W. H. Tupper, the First Vice-President and General Manager of Agencies. The company's plan of operation is in no small degree directly attributable to the unique forms of policies the product of the mind of Mr. Tupper. His whole life has been devoted to the scientific study of the underlying principles of sound life insurance, supplemented by many years of practical office and field work. His task for the task was, it will be seen, one which brought to the work a knowledge of all that could be found expression in the great sale of the attractive forms.

Perhaps the most interesting thing in the operations in this country was the invention of Mr. Tupper of a policy form whereby a man can secure absolutely complete protection. Under the Conservative Life gives life, accident and health insurance in a form of simple and satisfactory that before, could not be obtained except in separate policies and at greater cost. The growth of the company's business has been largely due to the sale of this special combination contract, now the most popular policy contract on the market. It is calculated with such expert artistry as to make it an absolutely safe proposition to the insured and a splendid holding for the insured.

Mr. Tupper has spent years of study in perfecting his form of policy and has contributed to the insurance business many valuable disquisitions. These articles are scholarly yet easily understood and have been widely quoted in America and by recognized authorities on life insurance. A few pithy extracts from one of his previous articles, "Partial loss in life insurance," will be found at the end. The following is from an address which



CONSERVATIVE LIFE BUILDING—HOME OFFICE OF THE CONSERVATIVE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF LOS ANGELES.

was invited to deliver before the University of Michigan:

"Life insurance rests on the same basis as fire insurance. While life is precious, viewed in the light of investment, it is the financial value of a life which is really insured. Human life is insured for the same reason as a building, and for that reason only. Now let me call your attention to a singular anomaly: suppose that a building or furniture has been insured, and is by fire partly destroyed. That partial loss would not be paid, of course, because the insurance company insures for whatever loss may occur to the property by fire, within the amount of the policy and the value of the property. Now, remembering that it is the productive energy of human life that is insured, what shall we do in case of a partial loss of life through accident or disease? Insurance against accident and insurance against disease are well recognized branches of the business; but they have been heretofore looked upon as something nearly distinct and apart from life insurance. As a matter of fact, they are both life insurance in the full sense of the term, as much as the insurance which protects your building against a partial loss is fire insurance, equally than that which protects it from a total loss. Life insurance policies are now being devised which will protect life fully and completely and pay the par-

closed, wrote over \$1,000,000.00 of new business. The cost of procuring this business, in commission to agents, salaries, etc., was as low as obtains with any life insurance company in this country. The company's field force is being increased each day, with recruits that have been trained in the school of practical experience. They are as fine a lot of well-equipped men as can be found with any life insurance company in America."

In this connection, an interesting event has just been celebrated the past week at the company's Home Office. It was the gathering of a large number of its agents for the First Annual Agency Convention. A programme of instruction and entertainment was carried out that was greatly enjoyed. Agents from every section where the company does business were in attendance. They came as guests of the company, having qualified for the honor by writing a certain sum of business assigned to each. There was never in the history of life insurance conventions a more enthusiastic gathering of a faithful band of workers, and the Conservative Life will certainly reap splendid results from its first plan of bringing the field representatives to touch elbows and get acquainted with the home office officials.

Among the assets of the Conservative Life is the handsome six-story office building, a half-tone of which is reproduced in connection with this article. The

selection and management of the extensive estate left by his father. And the ensuing few years found him occupied in the details of its management. He ever manifested a praiseworthy public spirit, and presented to Cambridge a City Hall, Public Library and a Manual Training School. The latter institution he conducted for over ten years at his own expense, finally turning it over to the city. A direct result of this benefaction was the passing of a law by the State Legislature, making compulsory the establishment and maintenance of similar schools by all cities of over 20,000 population in the State.

Mr. Rindge still retains extensive interests in various manufacturing enterprises in Massachusetts and New England. Upon his arrival in California, he at once became identified with the best interests of this State. He is the owner of much realty, among which is a beautifully-located and highly-productive ranch, which lies along the coast line for a distance of twenty-five miles. It is principally devoted to cattle and grain raising, and has the distinction of being one of the largest ranches in this country of princely domains.

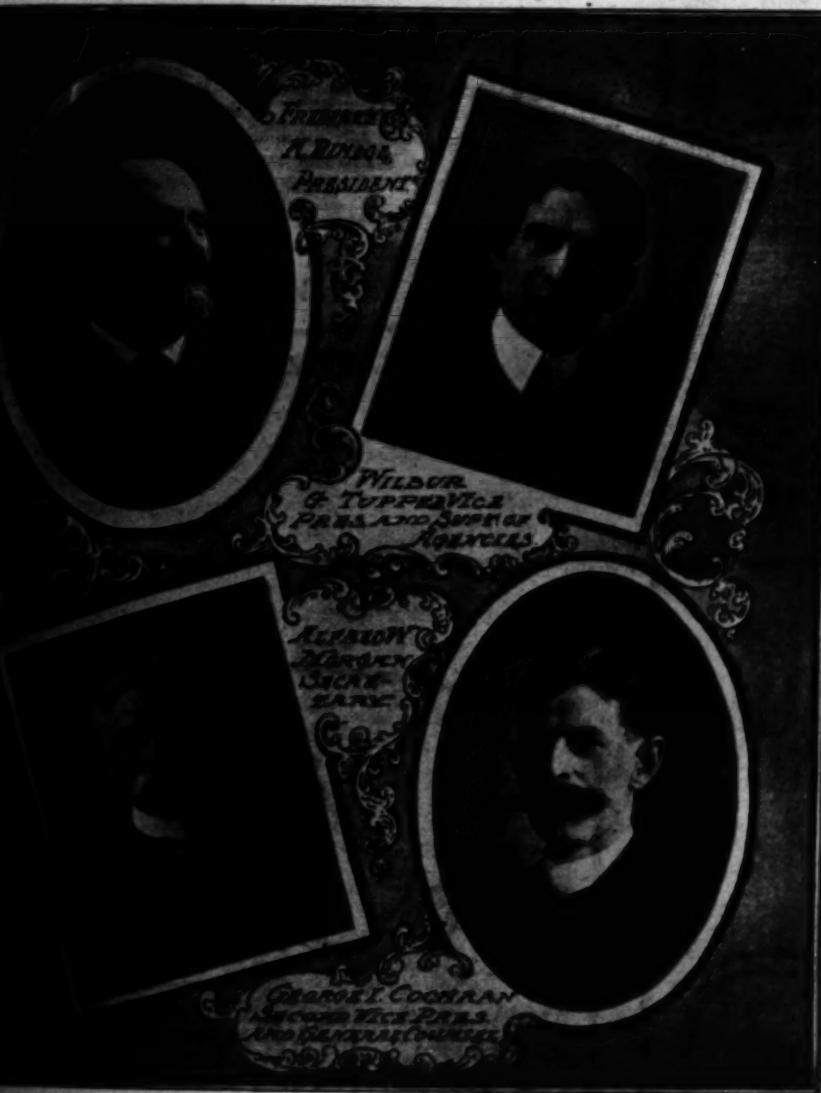
Wilbur S. Tupper, Vice-President and Superintendent of Agencies, owes his nativity to the Badger State, where he was born at Evansville in 1864, following the strenuous days of the war. At an early age he set his heart upon the acquirement of a University education, and so persistently did he work along those lines, that he was an honor graduate of the University of Wisconsin, at a time when he was barely out of his teens. He later was offered a position in his alma mater as instructor. After filling the position for a number of years, he became imbued with the immense possibilities in the field of life insurance, and commenced a systematic and scientific study of the subject. After mastering the theoretical and actuarial details, he became an executive special for one of the great life insurance companies, and thereby familiarized himself with practical field work, where he won gratifying success and distinction.

When the opportunity was ripe for him to assume a place upon the directorate of the Conservative, it will be seen that he came with attributes essential to the success of the new company. His previous experience had equipped him peculiarly for solving the problems which confront a new life company. As Superintendent of Agencies, Mr. Tupper has manifested rare discrimination and judgment in the selection of men, as is evidenced by the few changes made in the working force when installed under his supervision, and by the great band of workers now serving under him. His knowledge of human nature has conduced to this in a generous measure. He is the active manager of the company's immense business. Mr. Tupper possesses that charm of personality, which comes of travel, experience, education and good breeding. He is a man of force and character, and in all relations of business and friendship commands at once the confidence and esteem of all who have the favor of his acquaintance. He is regarded as one of the very best equipped life insurance men in America.

The Second Vice-President and General Counsel, George I. Cochran, is a Canadian by birth, although he has been a resident of this city since 1887, when he commenced the practice of his profession. He met with immediate and gratifying success, early establishing a reputation as a successful corporation lawyer. He has been associated with many corporate organizations in this section of the State, and as a director of the Broadway Bank and Trust Company is in close touch with the financial interests of Los Angeles and California. As chairman of the committee on finances and investments of the Conservative Life Insurance Company, he has contributed in no small degree to the upbuilding of the company's financial strength. He conceived the idea of the new office building, and it was largely through his untiring efforts that it was erected. Mr. Cochran is a man of energy, but is as unassuming in manner as he is forceful in presence. His keen observation is apparent but unobtrusive. His address inspires confidence, and all impressions proclaim him the man of capability his exceptional career has proved him to be.

Alfred W. Morgan, Secretary of the company, was born in England. He became associated with a prominent firm of public accountants in England, as early as 1877, and three years later was associated with the well-known firm of Humphrey, Morgan and Company. He retained his interest in the firm until coming to California in 1887. For a few years after his arrival in this State, he engaged in ranching, with the object of bettering his health. In 1896, he again began the active duties of his profession in this city, where he soon gained as clients some of the most prominent corporations in this section of the State.

Upon the organization of the Conservative Life Insurance Company, Mr. Morgan was made Auditor, a position he held until tendered that of Secretary. His wide experience as an accountant, together with his exceptional knowledge of all that pertains to the science, and his keen insight into insurance principles and methods renders him a most valuable member of the company's executive staff. He is a man of fine personality, as well as of business acumen, and discharges the duties of citizenship in all its capacities with the utmost honor. The names of these gentlemen stand for integrity, business ability and success in everything pertaining to insurance, and they are held in high regard in business and financial circles.—[Adv.]



well as the total loss of life. And in one case. Those who need insurance most to protect their families in case of death, are generally those who can least afford the loss of the productive energy of their lives. When that loss is brought about by accident or disease, the insurance that protects life against a partial loss is as strong to the human mind and the human heart as any insurance can be. Justly, on high principle, insurance against the partial loss should be given, with great force, to the insurer who is a protection to the insured. If he does not protect himself in case of accident or disease, how can he hope to be able to pay a premium that shall protect his wife and children, should he for any reason lose that earning power?

We call your attention to one of the latest, and, we believe, one of the greatest developments of life insurance, a contract which protects the family of the insured in case of death; which protects him in case of accident or disease, and which insures him in its most complete and perfect form.

As mortality tables have been prepared, indicating what the death rate is, as a basis for proper insurance against death, so do we have tables that indicate the cost of insurance against accident and insurance against disease, which are partial or temporary forms of life."

Conservative Life in the month of February, just

building was erected by the company during 1902, and is rented largely to corporations on long-time leases. It is said to net 7 per cent. on the investment, and is one of the handsomest office buildings in Los Angeles, being modern in every particular and fire proof throughout. The location, corner of Third and Hill streets, is most desirable, in the heart of the growing business center of the city.

The stockholders of the company are among the most prominent financial, business and professional men of this city and State, and represent aggregate wealth of many millions. The entire success of the corporation depends upon the men who officer it, and in this respect the Conservative Life Insurance Company is remarkably endowed. The executive staff is composed of the following well-known men: Frederick H. Rindge, President; Wilbur S. Tupper, Vice-President and Superintendent of Agencies; George I. Cochran, Second Vice-President and General Counsel; Alfred W. Morgan, Secretary and Thomas B. Inch, Treasurer.

Frederick H. Rindge is a native of Massachusetts and was born in 1859. The early days of his life were passed in the city of Cambridge, where he received his education, later, graduating from Harvard University in the same class with President Roosevelt and other distinguished men of affairs. Shortly after receiving his degree from the University, he succeeded to the posse-

\$1000⁰⁰
Guarantee



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We know you will never use any other kind. Thirty different sorts of the very finest fruits are used in these goods, including Fig, Guava, Oranges and Loquats.

Every jar is guaranteed by \$1000 to be absolutely free from any substitute for pure fruit or sugar.

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Manufacturers of the largest variety of food products made by any one firm in America.



The Daily Menus served at the Bishop Pure Food Exhibit

Are appetizing, enjoyable and educational.
Eastern as well as home people are cordially invited to visit this

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At 210 W. Third St.

Will give a splendid idea of California Food Products.

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Black Turtle Soup
Oyster Soups
Potted Ham
Preserved Fruits
Grandmother's Cookies

MENU FOR TUESDAY

Celery Soup
Oyster Soups
Chestnut Gumbo
Orange Jelly
Fig Bar

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Manufacturers of the Largest Variety of Food Products Made by Any One Firm in America



ups with the sun

Newmark's Hawaiian Blend Coffee.

RICH. AROMATIC. DELICIOUS.

Imported, roasted and packed by
NEWMARK BROS. LOS ANGELES.



Because it keeps the body sweet and clean, nothing is more essential to physical beauty than to drink plenty of soft, pure water.

Puritas Distilled Water is such water — pure and sparkling—a natural solvent and cleanser. Further than that, you cannot help enjoying Puritas. It is clear and sweet and essentially wholesome.

Five gallons of this splendid table water cost but 30c.

'Phone Exchange Six.

L. A. Ice & Cold Storage Co.